

ADVERTISEMENTS:—neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.
Communications should be prepaid.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor-
ing towns, solicited.

SELECTIONS.

OLD GRIMES'S DAUGHTER.

Old Grimes's daughter well I know,
A comely lass is she;
Her frock is of the plainest kind,
And drops below the knee.
Of disposition mild and kind,
She's innocent and gay;
She wears a pair of square-toed shoes,
And blacks them every day.
She is the neatest girl by far,
Of any in her town;
Her apron's made of calico,
And striped "up and down."
Her mother taught her, when a child,
Her stockings how to darn,
Of which she wears a long black pair,
Made out of woolen yarn.
She seldom tells a known untruth,
But for the sins she weeps;
Her eyes are of a pale light blue;
She shuts them—when she sleeps!
She very much dislikes to hear
The wicked swear and scold;
She'd always have her night-cap on,
Unless—she took it off.
Her feet yet never went astray,
Unless behind her toes;
Her cheeks are very plump and round,
And beautiful as a rose.
Although she's young, she well would like
To wed a wealthy man;
To cool her when she's very warm,
She mostly has a fan.
She's of a meek and humble mind,
Her heart is undefiled;
She is beloved by all who know
She's good Old Grimes's child.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

"Madam, you will please inform me of the
number of inhabitants in this house?"
"Sir?"
"The population in this mansion?"
"Well, there is the room over head."
"How many?"
"Eight."
"Are they all adults?"
"No; they are all Smiths, except two board-
ers."
"Smiths; black or white Smiths, madam?"
"I'd have you to know I don't live in a
house with niggers."
"I don't allude to color; I meant their call-
ing."
"Oh, that's it, is it? Well, if you'd been
here last night, you'd have found out, for they
were calling the watch as loud as they could
scream."
"Madam, I merely wish to know how many
people you have in this house, and what
they do for a living."
"Yes, yes, now I understand. Well, let me
see, there's the two Mullins—that's one."
"That makes two, madam."
"Well, if you know best, count 'em your-
self."
"It is my business to enquire, madam."
"Well, you had better attend to it, then,
and not bother me."
"Madam, I am out with the census, and—"
"Well, you act out of your senses, I should
think, to come into my house asking such
questions."
"It is in accordance with an act of Con-
gress, madam."
"Well, you tell Mr. Congress, or whatever
his name is, that he acts very foolish, sending
you round asking such shallow, silly ques-
tions."

THE WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me,
2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any
beautiful brazen image of a servant girl, to bow
down to her, to serve her, for I am a jealous
wife, visiting, &c.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy
wife in vain.
4. Remember thy wife, to keep her respecta-
bly.
5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.
6. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinner.
7. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.
8. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor.
9. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern;
thou shalt not covet the tavern keeper's rum,
nor his brandy, nor his gin, nor his whiskey,
nor his wine, nor anything that is behind the
bar of the rum-seller.
10. Thou shalt not visit billiard saloons,
neither for worshipping in the dance, nor the
heaps of money that lie on the table.
11. And the twentieth commandment is, Thou
shalt not stay out later than nine o'clock at
night.

RULES IN AN EDITOR'S SANCTUM.—1. Come
in at all times. What business has he to be
private?
2. Take his papers with perfect freedom.
What use can he have for them?
3. If you bring in a long communication,
just to fill his paper, insist on reading and dis-
cussing it. Why shouldn't he be glad to
spend an hour in listening?
4. If you see his exchanges piled up in an
orderly manner on his table, seize and scatter
them all over the floor, and then be sure to
sit a great mouthful of tobacco on them.
What business has he to be particular?
5. If you find his chair vacant at any time,
squat in it, and never think of moving until
you hear the devil cry for "copy" five or six
times. Why should he wish to keep his sta-
tionary and seizer for his visitors?
6. If you find any books in his library that
suit your eye, borrow them, and never think
of returning them. The editor would take it as
an insult.

Hannah Shingle, of Butler county, Penn-
sylvania, complains that a villain named Rain,
entered her domicile through the roof and stole
all her money. It is a poor shingle that is not
proof against rain.—*Rochester Advertiser.*

Why is a soldier more tired in April
than any other month? Because he has just
had a March of thirty-one days.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1851.

NO. 1.

THE POOR LAWYER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I had taken my breakfast, and was waiting
for a horse, when passing up and down the
piazza, I saw a young girl seated near the
window, evidently a visitor. She was very
pretty, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and
was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of
the kind since I had left Richmond, and at
that time I was too much of a boy to be struck
with female beauty. She was so delicate and
slender looking, so different from the hale,
buxom, brown girls of the woods—and then
her white dress! It was dazzling! Never
was a poor youth so taken by surprise, and
suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to
know her? I had grown wild in the woods,
and had none of the habits of polite life.
Had she been like Peggy Pugh, or Sally Pig-
ham, or any of my leather-dressed belles of
the pigeon roost, I should have approached
her without dread; nay, had she been as fair
as Shurt's daughter, with their looking glass
locks, I should not have hesitated; but that
white dress, and those auburn ringlets and
blue eyes, and delicate looks, quite daunted,
while they fascinated. I don't know what
put it into my head, but I thought at once
I would kiss her! It would take a long ac-
quaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I
might seize upon it by sheer robbery. No-
body knew me here, I would just step in and
snatch a kiss, mount my horse and ride off.
She would not be the worse for it; and that
kiss—oh, I should die if I did not get it.
I gave no time for the thought to cool, but
entered the house and stepped lightly into the
room. She was seated with her back to the
door looking out of the window, and did not
hear my approach. I tapped her chair and
she turned and looked up. I snatched as
sweet a kiss as ever was stolen, and vanished
in a twinkling. The next moment I was on
horseback galloping homeward, my heart
thumping at what I had done.

After a variety of amusing adventures,
Ringwood attends the study of the law, in an
obscure settlement in Kentucky, where he
delved night and day. Ralph pursues his
study, occasionally argues at a debating so-
ciety, and at length becomes quite a genius in
the eyes of the married ladies of the village.
I called to take tea one evening with one of
these ladies, when to my surprise, and some-
what to my confusion, I found her the identical
blue-eyed little beauty whom I had so
audaciously kissed. I was formally intro-
duced to her, but neither of us betrayed any
signs of previous acquaintance, except by
blushing in the eyes. While tea was getting
ready, the lady of the house went out of the
room to give some directions, and left us
alone. Heaven and earth! what a situation!
I would have given all the pittance I was
worth, to have been in the deepest dell of the
forest. I felt the necessity of saying something
in excuse for my former rudeness. I could not
conjure up an idea, nor utter a word. Every
moment matters were growing worse. I felt
tempted to do as I had done when I robbed
her of her kiss—bolt from the room and take
to flight; but I was chained to the spot, for I
really longed to gain her good will.

At length I plucked up courage, on seeing
her equally confused with myself, and walk-
ing desperately up to her, I exclaimed,
"I have been trying to muster up something
to say to you, but I cannot. I feel that I am
in a horrible scrape. Do you have pity on me
and help me out of it!"
A smile dimpled upon her mouth, and play-
ed among the blushes of her cheek. She
looked up with a shy, but arch glance of the
eye, that expressed a volume of comic re-
flections; we both broke into a laugh, and from
that moment all went well. Passing the de-
lightful description that succeeded, we pro-
ceeded to the denouement of Ringwood's love
affair—the marriage and settlement.

That very Autumn I was admitted to the
bar, and a month afterwards was married. We
were a young couple, she not above sixteen, I
not above twenty, and both almost without a
dollar in the world. The establishment which
we set up was suited to our circumstances,—
a low house with two small rooms, a bed,
a table, a half dozen knives and forks, a half
dozen spoons,—every thing by half dozen,
a little delf ware, everything in a small way;
we were so poor but then so happy.
We had not been married many days, when
a court was held in a country town, about
twenty-five miles off. It was necessary for
me to go there, and put myself in the business,
but how was I to go?—I had expended all my
means in our establishment, and then it was
hard parting with my wife so soon after mar-
riage. However, go I must. Money must be
made, or we should have the wolf at the door.
I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed
a little cash, and rode off from my door,
leaving my wife standing at it, and waving her
hand and looking so sweet and so becoming,
wont to my heart. I felt as if
I could go through fire and water, for her. I
arrived at a country town on a cool October
evening. The inn was crowded, for the court
was to commence on the following day.

I knew no one, and wondered how I, a
stranger and mere youngster was to make my
way in such a crowd, and get business. The
public room was thronged with all the idlers
of the country, who gathered together on such
occasions. There was some drinking going
forward, with a great noise and a little ac-
tuation. Just as I entered the room, I saw a
rough bully of a fellow, who was partly intoxi-
cated, strike an old man. He came swagger-
ing by me, and elbowed me as I passed. I
immediately knocked him down, and kicked
him into the street. I needed no better intro-
duction. I had half a dozen rough shakes of
the hand and invitations to drink, and found
myself quite a personage in this rough assem-
bly. The next morning the court opened.
I took my seat among the lawyers, but I felt
as a mere spectator, not having any idea
what business was to come from. In the
course of the morning a man was put to the
bar, charged with passing counterfeit money,
and was asked was he ready for trial. He an-
swered in the negative. He had been con-
fined in a place where there were no lawyers,
and had not an opportunity of consulting
any. He was told to choose a counsel from
the lawyers present, and be ready for trial the
following day. He looked around the court
and selected me. I was thunder-struck! I
could not tell why he should make such a
choice. I, a boundless youngster, unpracticed

at the bar, perfectly unknown. I felt diffident
yet delighted, and could have hugged the
rascal.

Before leaving the court he gave me one
hundred dollars in a bag, as a retainer fee. I
could scarcely believe my senses—it seemed
like a dream. The heaviness of the fee spoke
but lightly of the man's innocence—but that
was no affair of mine. I followed him to the
jail, and learned of him all the particulars in
the case; from thence I went to the clerk's of-
fice, and took minutes of the indictment. I
then examined the law on the subject, and
prepared my brief in my room. All this occu-
pied me until midnight, when I went to bed,
and from that sleep, I was all in vain.
Never in my life was I more wide awake. A
host of thoughts and fancies kept rushing into
my mind; the shower of gold that had so un-
expectedly fallen into my lap, the idea of my
poor little wife at home, that I was to as-
sist her with my good fortune. But the awful
responsibility I had undertaken to speak
for the first time in a strange court, the ex-
pectations the culprit had formed of my
talents; all these, and a crowd of similar no-
tions, kept whirling through my mind. I had
tossed about all night, fearing morning would
find me exhausted and incompetent; in a word,
the day dawned on me a miserable fellow.

I got up feverish and nervous. I walked
out to breakfast, striving to collect my
thoughts, and tranquilize my feelings. It was
a bright morning—the air was pure and frosty;
I bathed my forehead and my hands in a
beautiful stream, but I could not allay the
fever heat that raged within. I returned to
breakfast but could not eat. It was time to go
to court, and I went there with a throbbing
heart. I believe, if it had not been for the
thoughts of my dear little wife in her lonely
house, I should have given back to the man
his dollars, and relinquished the cause. I
took my seat, looking, I am convinced, more
like a culprit than the rogue I was to defend.

When the time came for me to speak, my
heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and
dismayed, and stammered in opening my case.
I went on but a few words, and felt as if I
was going down. Just then the public pro-
secutor, a man of talents, but somewhat rough
in his practice, made a sarcastic remark on
something I had said. It was like an electric
spark, and ran tinkling through every vein in
my body. In an instant my diffidence was
gone. My whole spirit was in arms. I an-
swered with promptness, for I felt the cruelty
of such an attack upon a novice in my situa-
tion. The public prosecutor made a kind of
apology. This, for a man of his redoubtable
powers, was a vast concession. I renewed my
argument with a fearful growl, carried the
case triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.
This was the making of me. Every body was
curious to know who this new lawyer was that
had suddenly risen among them, and bearded
the Attorney-General in the very outset. The
story of my debut at the inn on the preceding
evening, when I knocked down a bully, and
kicked him out of doors, for striking an old
man, was circulated with favourable exaggera-
tion. Even my beardless chin and juvenile
countenance was in my favor, for the people
gave me far more credit than I deserved. The
chance business which occurs at our courts
came thronging in upon me. I was repeatedly
employed in other causes, and by Saturday
night, when the court closed, I found myself
with a hundred and fifteen dollars in notes,
and a horse that I afterwards sold for two hun-
dred dollars more.

Never did a miser gloat more on his money,
and with more delight. I looked the door of
my room, piled money upon a heap on the
table, walked up and with my elbow on the
table, and my eyes upon my hands, and gazed
upon it. Was I thinking of the money? No.
—I was thinking of my little wife and home.
Another sleepless night ensued, but what a
night of golden fancies and splendid air. As
soon as morning dawned, I was up, mounted
the borrowed horse, which I had got to court,
and led the other, which I received as a
fee. All the way I was delighting myself
with the thoughts of surprise I had in store
for my wife; for both of us expected I should
spend all the money I had borrowed, and re-
turn in debt.

Our meeting was joyous, as you may sup-
pose; but I played the part of the Indian hunt-
er, who when he returns from the chase,
never for a time speaks of his success. She
had prepared a rustic meal for me, and while
it was getting ready, I seated myself at an old
fashioned desk in a corner, and began to
count over my money and put it away. She
came to me before I had finished, and asked
me who I had collected the money for?
"For myself, to be sure," replied I with af-
fected coolness, "I made it at court."
She looked at me for a moment incredu-
lously. I tried to keep my countenance and
play the Indian, but it would not do. My
muscles began to twitch, my feelings all at
once gave way, I caught her in my arms,
hugged, cried, and danced about the room like
a crazy man. From that time forward we
never wanted money.

A FRENCHMAN'S OPINIONS.—A French trav-
eller who has made the tour of the States, has
published the result of his observations of men
and manners, in book. He was displeased with
nearly everything he saw here. He prefers
the Turk to the Yankee. The tactfulness, the
voracious and hasty eating, the curiosity, the
national pride and the ugliness of this nation
filled him with the most profound disgust.
The following is his portrait of the Yankees:
"Picture to yourself, if you please, a lean
figure with bony wrists, feet of dimensions
that would furnish the scutcheon of a
gentleman, a hat stuck upon the back of the
head, straight hair; cheek swollen, not by an
accidental cold, but from morning till night by
a lump of tobacco; lips stained yellow by the
juice of the same plant; a black coat with
narrow skirts, a tumbled shirt, the gloves of a
gendarme, trousers in harmony with the rest
of the equipment, and you have before you the
exact portrait of a thorough bred Yankee."

SHOEMAKERS.—Of the 293 Chinese recently
arrived at San Francisco, 221 were "Knights of
the Last." The Herald thinks that all the re-
lations of the son who have stayed at home
will have to go barefooted until a new genera-
tion of cobblers grows up in the dominions of
Atine, Asting, Atoy & Co.—*Stockton (Cal.)*
Journal.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

For the Journal.

Mr. Editor:—I speak for a corner in your
Journal, for which I will send you my "cull-
ings" from a good store of such documents as
I think will interest your readers and instruct
the rising generation. I shall begin with some
of the scenes of our early settlements. The
following account of the "Battle of Bloody
Brook" will be read with interest; I have
visited the spot, seen the grave—the brook,
and could in imagination see the grape-vines,
the trees, and the gallant youths gathering the
grapes, the savage war-whoop, the battle, and
the slain:—

"Like the dew upon the mountain,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
They are gone forever!"

BATTLE OF BLOODY BROOK.

A PASSAGE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

Every incident connected with the early
history of our country, in which the valor of
our forefathers was signally displayed, comes
to us with all the interest of self-love,
and all the freshness of romance. We love to
dwell, for reasons better felt than explained,
on the deeds of our sires, and the times that
tried their souls. There is something hallow-
ed in the associations which gather around us,
while reflecting on those instances of devoted-
ness and chivalrous patriotism which distin-
guished their acts, a feeling almost of devotion.
Too many of these deeds have gone down to
oblivion "unhonored and unused," and when
a fragment of the past is snatched from the
grip of time, it excites in us sentiments the
more sacred from the lapses of years.
But there was a period in our country's
story, beyond that in which our forefathers
struggled to make us a free and happy people
—a time whose history is but faintly chroni-
cled—when the sufferings of our pioneer
ancestors were unwept and unrequited. That
epoch would seem to have been swallowed up
in the interest of the events which followed;
yet those earlier periods afford us examples of
unparalleled sufferance and unmatchable hero-
ism.

It was a gloomy era, when the face of our
country was everywhere a dark wilderness,
when our pilgrim fathers were at all times
surrounded by the beasts and the savages in
the forest—and when all was rude and cheer-
less. In the progress of scenes, from that time
forward, many and dangerous were the vicis-
situdes by which they were marked. The
eternal solitude which gave place to the busy
hand of the settler, and the umbrageous dark-
ness that disappeared from around this humble
domicil, were yet the stiller haunts of the In-
dian. As the place, in time, was made to
yield support for the new comer, and the
cabins of the white men began to thicken
along the valley, the red man reluctantly re-
tired to the mountain. His pleasant places on
the uplands, beside the rivers, stocked with
the seals tribes yielding to him substance, had
become occupied. The level patches where
he raised his corn, with the beautiful hills
where his tribe loved to congregate, were in
the possession of the stranger; his near hunt-
ing grounds disturbed, and his game began to
disappear. Thus dispossessed of his inheri-
tance, and disquieted in his neighboring solitudes,
the primitive and rightful lord of the soil
deeply fostered a secret hate against the
cause of the grievance. As he gathered
around his corn-field, and reflected on the
stranger's encroachments, or listened to the
complaints of his brethren, and the exciting
discourse of his chiefs, his soul began to
kindle within him, and his bosom to swell
with rage. Already had the numbers of the
pale faces become alarming, and their bold
hardihood inspired a spirit of dread. The
fearless missiles which the stranger so dexte-
rously used, above all, excited his fears, and
deterred him from manifesting his resentment.
Continued irritation, however, overcomes ap-
parent impossibilities, and gradually wears
away the most obstinate objections. The
cunning of the savage was deemed a match
for his enemy; his dexterity, his daring, his
tricks, and his poisoned arrows, were pre-
sented by the orators to force up his courage to
the determined point. Nor was it long be-
fore the Indian's fostering hate broke forth.
The war song now resounded along the moun-
tain side. The fearful yell is heard in the
distance, and each settler prepares himself for
the worst. And now it was that the direful
note of death ran along the Connecticut val-
ley, and deeds of blood began to desolate the
land.

For many years was this pleasant valley the
scene of heroic struggles—of suffering, and of
death. Long did the hardy white man sustain
himself against the superior numbers and
the wily arts of the savage; but sadly did he
pay the cost of attachment to the land of his
choice, and the endearing associations of home.
Frequent and deadly were the conflicts in
which he engaged with his implacable enemy.
Deep and lasting was the mutual hate of the
combatants, and as deep and as arduous were
their schemes of destruction. Victory often
crowned the untiring efforts of the foe, when
painful captivity or indiscriminate slaughter
ensued. To tell of the many murderous deeds
and the deep agonies which marked the
triumphs of the unbitten savage, would long
employ the pen, and harrow up the feelings
of the soul. To the cruel perseverance of the
Indian, in this war of extermination, were
added the secret promptings of base cupidity.
The Canadian Frenchmen now urged on the
brutal force of the not less barbarous foe, by
their liberal reward and legalized hunting
privileges, and for scalps. Still more powerful
motives actuated the red men, while large
numbers of the reckless whites joined them in
the execution of their most desperate deeds;
and it was said that the cruelty and bruti-
tality of the French man far exceeded those
of the savage wild man.

It was thus with our forefathers, when an
attack was anticipated from combined forces
of the Indians on the little nucleus of farm-
houses at the present beautiful village of
Deerfield, in Massachusetts. A little army
had collected at Hadley, composed of the hardy
peasantry of the valley, determined on de-
cisive and desperate efforts against the common
enemy. The produce which had been gather-

ed and housed at Deerfield, was necessary for
the support of this band of determined yocun-
nery, and for the afflicted families who had
there congregated; nor was it desirable that
so much valuable substance should fall into
the hands of the Indians, the more effectually
to enable them to continue their bloody war-
fare. It was therefore resolved, that one hun-
dred choice young men, justly denominated
"the flower of the country," should be select-
ed to go forth with teams in the face of dan-
ger, and transport the rich products of the
soil from Deerfield to Hadley. The expedi-
tion was cheerfully undertaken by the equivo-
cable number of brave youths. Already were their
teams loaded and on their way to the place of
destination. The watchful enemy had, how-
ever, obtained intelligence of the expedition,
and, with the greatest secrecy and celerity,
collected in fearful numbers on a neighboring
hill, shut out from view by the dense forest
with which it was crowned.

Here their eloquent chiefs encouraged them,
by every effort of language and of gesture, to
deeds of bravery and desperation. Their
plans were matured, and every means devised,
which power and strategy could suggest, to
destroy the devoted band, and to capture the
treasure in their charge. And now their royal
leader, with all the force and enthusiasm
which had characterized the most potent war-
rior and consummate general that the history
of savage life had ever revealed, broke forth,
and thus revealed his great and impassioned
mind: "Warriors! see you the treasure of the
pale faces—the richest stores of the long
knives? See you the young men, few and
feeble, that yonder carelessly stroll in the val-
ley? See you our numbers, and the brave
warriors that stand around you, and feel not
your hearts strong? And who is he that goes
before you? Who will direct you in the am-
bush and the fight? Is it not he who never
knew fear—whose heart is like the mountain,
and his arm like the forest oak?—the great
chief of the Narragansetts, whose people are
like the leaves, and whose warriors are the
terror of the pale faces? Follow him and all
is yours! Each hatchet give a fatal aim—
sink deep these knives—these arrows drink
their blood! Away! to death!—our fathers
and our homes!"

The wild spirit of the proud and lofty Philip
ran like electricity through the savage horde.
Each burned for the fray, and quickly
sprang into the trail of his captain. Silently
he glided from the mountain, and covered
along the meadow land that lay in a vale by
the road side.

Here, deeply immersed in the luxuriant
wild grass, shrink one thousand warriors,
fiend-like exulting in the anticipated victory
and slaughter. Now came the train of teams,
cautiously guarded, as they had been thus far,
by the chosen corps, and descended the small
hill which conducted them into the green vale
towards the Narragansetts, and near which, lay
concealed the foe, ready to dart to their prey.
Tradition says that here the noble youth,
dreaming little of danger from the enemy,
rested for the moment, and gathered grapes
from the clustering vines that hung thick with
their rich fruit by the road. When "sudden
as the spark from smitten steel," the thousand
savage forms sprang from their ambush, and
with hideous yells rushed to the onslaught.
The vigorous youths, unfettered by the sud-
den assault, the yells, or the fearful numbers
of the enemy, instantly rallied, and as quickly
brought their rifles to their shoulders. They
had received the cloud of arrows, as the sav-
ages approached within bow-shot of their
victims, but now, in turn, the fatal lead from
a still more deadly weapon made many a war-
rior bite the ground. The certain aim of the
young band had told death to as many of the
savage clan. Still onward they pressed,
over their dead, and thickly hurled their
missiles. Again, with deadly aim, the fire
of the little and determined group of
whites brought down the foremost of the de-
perate foe, and threw confusion into their
ranks. A gleam of hope broke through the
fearful prospect, and for a moment relieved
the doubts which the overwhelming numbers
and fierce desperation of the savages had in-
spired. But quickly in front was heard the
animating voice of their valiant chief, and
as quickly did they rally and return their
desperate fire. The noble youths, though with
half their numbers slain, resolved to sell their
lives at a fatal cost. Nor was a nerve thrilled
with fear, or a heart disposed to flinch, as their
ultimate fate now became too plainly apparent.
Still onward, with brutal force wrought to
madness by the example and the thundering
voice of the gigantic Phillip, pressed the ex-
ulting foe.

To utmost deeds brave Kathrop now in-
spired the daring band, as each had caught
from him the thrilling cry: "Our God!—our
homes!—our country and our sires!" But in
an instant, pierced with many arrows he falls
among the slain. The heroic captain, the
"bravest of the brave," now fallen, the enemy
express their fiendish joy in loud and terrible
yells. The fight thickens, and man conflicts
with man. The dying groans of the Christian
nerves each youthful arm, which still deeper
returns successive blows.

Impelled by fury at the destruction which
was making in the ranks by the almost super-
human efforts of the brave whites, they strove
with all the brutality of fiends, to complete
their deadly work. At length the number
of the valiant youths was reduced to a solitary
few; in the foremost of these, on turning
to animate his comrades, saw himself support-
ed by seven only of his associates. These,
finding all efforts at victory hopeless, and that
longer warfare would but add to the scalps of
the victors, dashed their weapons in the face
of the foe and attempted to escape. The two
who stood last in this unequal contest—the
most athletic of the chivalrous corps—bound-
ing over the slain, took a direction toward the
Deerfield river, followed by two hundred In-
dians, hurling almost with deadly precision
their arrows and hatchets. The whizzing of
these missiles urged the powerful remnant to
their utmost speed. One of these, plunging
into the stream, vainly attempted to reach its
opposite bank; pierced by the arrows of the
savage, he sank lifeless to the bottom, while
the other, running along the shore, screened
by the underbrush on its banks, silently sunk
into the water. Here, amid a thick and dark
cluster of weeds and bushes, he supported
himself by the trunk of an old tree lying on
the edge of the stream, with his face sufficiently
elevated to admit of respiration, until the In-
dians had relinquished their search for him,

JOB PRINTING.

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS,
COMPREHENDING IN PART

Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blankets, Cat-
alogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills,
Shoe Bills, Notices, &c.,

PROMPTLY AND TASTEFULLY EXECUTED AT THE
JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE,
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type through-
out, and we are prepared to execute all orders for Print-
ing in the best manner and at short notice.
Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superior
style, at reasonable rates.

continually hearing, near him, their hasty
stamp and fearful yells of disappointment.
When all was still, and during the darkness of
the night, he swam across the river; and, stiff
and cold, began his march for Hadley, where
he arrived on the following day, the last and
only living witness, as tradition says, of the
battle of Bloody Brook. Reader, this youth
was the writer's grandfather!

Returning to the spot which history has so
justly designated as "Bloody Brook," the bar-
barous enemy, on completing their destruc-
tion of life, began that of the dead. The busy
scalping knife was doing its frightful office,
and the naked heads, severed from the lifeless
trunks, were dancing high in air on the points
of poles. The sickening sight made the less
savagely foe revolt. Death had not done its
last kind duties, when this infernal work com-
menced. The convulsive throes still showed
the struggle between life and death. The
spouting blood, still warm with life, was seen
to gush forth from the gaping wounds and
trickling along the greenward and a reposi-
tory in the gurgling brook near by. The gory
sils were fast purpling the little stream, and
transporting the red tide down to oblivion—
the richest tide that ever rivulet bore. All
around was horror, torture and death; when
suddenly appeared on the crown of the hill, a
large company of white men, who had come
from Greenfield with all possible haste, to the
succor of their brethren. But, alas! it was
too late! The scene we have described was
presented instead. Filled with rage and mad-
ness, this furious band rushed down the hill
upon the brutal force, yet glowing in blood,
and falling like lions among them, made ter-
rible havoc. Alarmed at this furious and un-
expected assault, the savages sprang, with fear
and desperate fleetness, from the scene, striv-
ing only to escape the death which their bar-
barity so justly merited. But full many a
warrior fell by the strong arm of the vengeful
white man. Flight alone saved the few re-
maining enemy.

A sad duty now devolved on the fatal vic-
tors. They dug on the spot the rude
sculpture which to this day contains the com-
mending dust of their youthful brethren, and
over its mouth is to be seen a smooth flat stone,
the only humble testimonial of posterity. Yes,
there by the side of the road leading from the
pretty villages we have mentioned, and near
the little brook destined to give immortality to
the event, may the curious traveler, as he
passes through the green fields of the Con-
necticut valley, see the mound which designa-
tes the place where fought and sleep the
unhallowed brave. Hence to thy names, he-
roic youths? Thy country's history shall
preserve thy memory!
It is not a little curious, among the pheno-
mena of mind, to mark the effect of external
objects in recalling long lost impressions.
While standing on the spot thus hallowed by
deeds of bravery, and while dwelling on the
scenes which the imagination was picturing
before me, I was all at once overwhelmed, as
if by a sudden rush of light from the darkness
of the past. Circumstances, localities—the
realities, in all the vividness with which they
were related to me, when but eight years of
age, by my grandfathers—started fresh into life.
More than thirty years have elapsed since
memory recalled one of those impressions, and
yet every word that was dropped from the
lips of that venerated man—his actions—his
very look, while relating to me the affair at
"Bloody Brook," came back upon me more
freshly than a dream of yesterday. Every
incident of that sanguinary fight, then which
none in the history of our country was more
fatally decisive, came up from the abyss of time
with all the vigor and clearness of present
vision. He was then but eighteen years of
age—of powerful mould, and great muscular
activity. The thrilling particulars which he
described in his venerable age, thus presented
themselves to my mind, a short time since, on
the concentrated spot, to which neither his-
tory nor tradition has yet done justice.

For the Journal.

MUSIC IN SCHOOLS.

Mr. Editor:—'Tis but a few years since the
experiment was tried of introducing music into
our public schools. It was advocated by Mr.
Mason, and other musical instructors, and was
for a time resisted as an innovation that would
produce no benefit to the schools, but rather
be a positive injury. But by the exertions of
a few individuals, who were not so wedded to
custom and precedent as to fear a trial of the
new measure, the experiment was made. It
took but a little time to demonstrate the uti-
lity of this new element in our public schools;
and now, in all the schools in Boston, and in
many other places, vocal music is taught as a
regular and systematic part of the exercises.

In the smaller towns, the facilities for in-
troducing music into the schools are of course
much diminished. To engage competent
teachers, and secure the requisite aids in the
way of instruments, would require a larger
expense than most towns or districts could af-
ford. But as it seems to be fashionable to fol-
low the example of our cities and large towns,
in devoting a portion of the school hours to
music, it is an important question to deter-
mine what is the best method of accomplish-
ing the object proposed, in the absence of such
help as these cities and towns can avail them-
selves of,—I say fashionable to follow them, be-
cause it seems in many places to be the object
merely to introduce what is called music, with-
out any regard to its quality or effects. The
children are set to singing certain tunes, which
they have learned by hook or by crook,—per-
haps some by one process and some by the
other,—and are allowed to go on screaming at
the top of their voices, without any regard to
rhyme

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 18, 1851.

POSTAGE LAW.

Any subscribers in Middlesex County, who desire the Journal mailed to them, will receive it free of postage under the present law.

TO THE READER.

An editor in making his first bow before his patrons, does so with many feelings of mingled fear, hope and faith. Thus we appear before you to-day dear readers, with a few natural fears lest we may not please you all, a good deal of hope that we shall, and yet more of faith that we will be successful in suiting the "Woburn Journal" to the wants and tastes of our townsmen.

We will not use any argument, or method of reasoning, to prove that such a paper as we intend to establish is needed in our midst, as we consider it entirely unnecessary so to do, it may be said to be a truth "self-evident." After briefly stating what we intend to do, we shall then leave the subject with our readers, for them to decide whether or no we shall be sustained in our efforts.

Judging from some experience, and from what we think a Family Journal should be, we propose to publish every Saturday, a paper suited to every Family in Woburn and vicinity, and intend that it shall merit the patronage of those to whom we send this our first number. It will be our intention always to give a general summary of all the news of the week, and hope to make the paper interesting, as well on account of the general as local matter it shall contain.

In political matters we deem it proper that we should occupy neutral grounds. We shall always give our readers a variety of political news such as we think will prove of interest. We doubt not that an abiding love for our country, her institutions, and political privilege, can be made manifest in our columns without giving our peculiar views of the details of Governmental law.

Our paper shall occupy a high position in connexion with all moral and religious subjects, and while we would not be pledged in our capacity, to any set or set of moralists, we would desire always to be found on the side of Right, no matter under what garb or in what profession it may be found. Our Columns shall always be open to the free discussion of such principles as are connected with these subjects.

CROCHET.

For the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been musing on the years which have passed and gone, and there is a peculiar feeling felt by the aged in reviewing past scenes. When the mind is calm and unruffled—when the body is free from pain, memory, the everlasting mirror of the mind, brings to our view actions and occurrences of our youthful years, and we seem to live again amidst those bright and cloudless days. Our playmates at school—our sports and our pleasures—all are remembered: they are past and gone, and the tears of remembrance steal down our aged cheek, reminding us that they will never come again. I belong, Sir, to the age which has passed. I have seen more than half a century, and have marked its incidents, and in the active scenes of busy commerce and political actions, I have mingled to my heart's content. I am now a retired private on nature's pension. I can look calmly from my little cottage upon the broad surface of mankind, and discern men acting the part of guides and dictators for society now, who were pismires in their youth—who have grown up like stubble in the field, without culture and without value. I have wondered at their progress. Others better fitted for high stations, have toiled hard and late, but never reached the goal. I have wondered at their misfortune, and have said to myself, how is it that my fellow-men live by the same being, breathe the same air, and yet so various in fortune, it is as strange as fiction, yet it is true. If in my old age, I can retain my memory—I may send you occasionally the items of some fifty years, which have past and gone forever.

THE HERMIT.

A MONIED BEGGAR.—An Irishman, answering to the name of Patrick O'Callahan, has been for the last week calling at many of the dwellings in East Cambridge soliciting charity, and when refused, in a number of instances, was quite insulting to the females of the house who happened to go to the door. In consequence of which he was arrested by chief constable Welch, as a vagrant, and taken before Justice Ladd, who sentenced him to the House of Correction for two months. In going through the usual change of dress at the House of Correction, he was found to be in possession of twelve sovereigns and other money, to the amount of eighty dollars.—Cambridge Chronicle.

THE TORNADO.—The Commonwealth says, "Mr. Thomas Thorpe, of West Cambridge, has handed us a horse-chestnut blossom taken from one of his trees—blossom as fair as one could find in May. Mr. Thorpe informs us that his horse chestnut and plum trees were entirely stripped of branches and foliage; scorched and withered so as to seem 'past praying for' but within a short time the withered stumps had put forth snow and green leaves and bright blossoms are the cheering witnesses of their renewed life."

When Michael Angelo first saw the Pantheon at Rome, "I will erect such a building," said he, "but I will hang it up in the air." With what truth he spoke this, the cupola of St. Peter's will evince, but which, unhappily for him, was not executed while he was living, and to which his original design was to append a magnificent portico.

ADVICE GRATIS FOR THE EDITOR.

BY JONATHAN—IN LONG METRE.
Much to the astonishment of him who pens these lines,
To-day I've heard about a new "chronicle of the times,"
And that Fowle & Brother, descendants of a Colonel,
Mean to give the folks a Weekly "Woburn Journal."

Without consulting Jonathan in taking such a stand,
I almost thought they didn't know the laying of the land;
Yet I'll not be cross, or show an ugly temper,
But tell them what they order do for good old "Woburn Centre."

To get "Advice gratis" with nothing to pay,
Can't be good for much, methinks I hear you say;
But wait a bit, and do not judge so quick,
Jonathan tells facts, and sometimes tells them slick.

So I'll just talk to you of the Editor's qualifications,
Them great and mighty engines, what moves so many nations;
The man who writes the piece, a funny man should be,
To suit the folks and people—yes! I suit them all should be.

Folks talk of Inger rubber, and stretchy Gutta Percha,
You must be 'em both, as well as have all virtue;
Be loco, whig, and soiler, yes! one and all, then,
You'll be as "Poetic Paul was," "all things to all men."

Fix up your paper handsome, to suit the "ladies fair,"
For if you suit the darlings, then free yourself from care;
No matter how the wind may blow, or what the folks may say,
Better have five fair ones on your side than twenty men pay.

And don't forget among your tales, the little children dears,
Some good nice stories to them give, that won't wake up their fears.
For all a line, for all a word, be ready in due season,
And if the "critter" don't succeed, I'd like to know the reason.

I would say more for this your maiden number,
But on the whole I guess, I'd better save some thunder;
Then one word more I'll add, to hope you will possess,
All that can be said or meant, in that one word, Success.

Woburn, Oct. 15th, 1851.

OUR NEW DRESS.

For the neat appearance which our paper makes we are indebted to the Boston Type and Stereotype Foundry. We think no person will have cause to complain that it is a difficult matter to read the paper, for the type is entirely new, and for its style of clearness and beauty reflects great credit on the makers.

The paper used in printing is of the best quality, got up especially for the "Journal" by Messrs. Jones and Wheelwright of Boston, and the paper shows for itself that they have taken pains to give us a No. 1 article. As we now begin, so shall we continue, and always endeavour to make the "Journal" attractive in appearance, as well as in the matter it may contain.

WINCHESTER.

It is very pleasant to notice what rapid strides this young town is making towards being well filled with fine residences, stores, &c. Probably no spot within a ten mile circuit of Boston gives better evidence of internal prosperity than this place; the fine building now in course of erection near the Railroad depot will be a great ornament to the town, and taken in connection with the beautiful houses now under way, forms quite an item in the history of Winchester.

There is one point connected with the history of Winchester which deserves special notice, and we are confident that in after years, the residents will reflect upon this fact with great satisfaction. We refer to their prompt action in regard to education, and the energetic measures taken to provide all parts of the town with good schools. Surely the "rising generation" of Winchester need not grow up in ignorance. We think if our good old Fathers could just look in upon us, they would feel proud to know that among the excellent towns that have sprung from old Woburn we can rank Winchester as a model.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank our friends for their contributions to this our first No., and hope they will continue their favors. Our columns will ever be open to all who may wish to express their views, and we shall be happy to publish any matter that may be sent in, reserving to ourselves the privilege of excluding all personal or improper expressions.

Benj. Franklin considered the habit of writing for the public eye, as one calculated to be of great benefit to the composer, in very many points of view, and as we believe the truth of his assertion to be self-evident, we will not use any argument to prove the same. All communications should be addressed to the Editor of the "Woburn Journal," with the author's name, and left at our office, over Fowle's Book Store, Main St.

MIDDLESEX CANAL.

The proprietors of this canal, have nearly closed their sales of property in this town, they having disposed of it to owners of land adjacent thereto. It will be quite a loss to our town in parting with this pretty stream of water, which for many years has flowed through our borders. We understand the City of Boston complain that the portion of Concord River which supplies the canal, draws upon the waters of Long Pond, and that they had appointed sometime since a Commissioner on their part, to take care of their rights.

Farewell good old Canal, in earlier days thou didst good service, and now we say "peace to your ashes" and a good closing dividend to Stockholders.

President Filmore, when in Boston, honored Mr. Whipple, the distinguished Daguerrean Artist, with a visit to his establishment, who, with his usual success, obtained several excellent likenesses; they can be seen at his room, No. 96 Washington street, Boston, affording a fine opportunity for those to see him who were not so fortunate at the time of the Jubilee.

THE LATE TORNADO.

The recent Tornado in our vicinity has given rise to many inquiries, in regard to the philosophical way of explaining this and other wonderful phenomena connected with storms; we propose to give to our readers in a series of articles, some facts connected with these interesting subjects, and shall endeavour to state in as simple a manner as possible, the opinions and views of scientific men on the various points we may notice. The air we breathe, the light that surrounds us, the sky above, the clouds that move therein, the dew, rain and snow that falls on every side, the wind that blows, and changes of the weather, are all matters of which we know much by experience; but we venture to say, that few, very few are aware of the laws of motion that govern and regulate the various beautiful, as well as terrible effects we daily notice, by our senses in the world around us; and yet these laws are simple, easily understood and comprehended, they only need a little attention from an enquirer, to be seen in all their interesting detail, and the more studied, the stronger will be our love of nature, and the clearer will be our views of the power of that Supreme Ruler who governs all the Universe by fixed and unchangeable laws.

While scarcely an individual of good common sense can be found in this enlightened age, who doubts the value of acquiring such knowledge as this field opens to our view; yet there are many well informed and excellent persons, who both entertain, and declare their opinions, that those individuals who work for their subsistence are not in any respect fitted for the study of the laws of nature; in fact they would have mental and philosophical labor, entirely and completely separated, they believe study has a great tendency to diminish, if not entirely to destroy that industry which is so necessary for the support of those who walk in the humbler paths of life. In such philosophy as this there may be sincerity, but in it there is not a word of truth. We do not believe that any species of knowledge will make a person less industrious, or give him a distaste for any honorable calling in life. The truths, that if a man will study romance or go into the depths and mysticism of much of the trashy, yellow-covered literature, with which our country abounds, he will almost naturally be led into extreme indulgence of such a vitiated taste, but not so with knowledge. In studying nature or science, the mind is naturally elevated, and a man will realize more than over the value of his time, and of so improving that time as to turn it to the best advantage.

There is no necessity for our intruding upon hours allotted to other pursuits. We believe there are but few persons to be found in this or any other community, who do not have at their command leisure hours, now scarcely used, and perhaps wasted, which might be turned to advantage in the acquirement of much practical knowledge; and there is no one so limited in his circumstances, or acting in ever so humble a capacity, who may not exercise a beneficial influence in the circle of society where he moves, and effect this by improving the little time and pecuniary surplus, however small—in the culture of intellectual powers that may be entrusted to his care.

We had intended in commencing this article, to give some little attention to the subject of air, and the atmosphere, and in some subsequent numbers to speak of the various phenomena so often witnessed around us, of which air is the mighty moving cause; but as we have a great aversion to long articles, and have occupied so much room in moralizing, and philosophizing, we will forbear for the present, and in our next will take up the first named subject, and hope to be able to give our readers from time to time short pieces that may prove interesting, and worthy of their perusal.

POLICE DOINGS.

Last Monday morning two men, named Peter McBride and John Pierce, were brought before Justice John Nelson, to answer to several charges which had been made against them by Constable Porter. It seems that on Saturday night last, about 12 o'clock, persons residing in Warren street, Academy Hill, were awakened by noise occasioned by breaking in the windows of a house occupied by a Mr. Hughes, an Irishman, who, having been assaulted by the above-named persons, had ejected them from the premises; and they, out of revenge, fell to stoning the windows. This aroused the neighbors, who turned out in good numbers, and, having secured the assistance of Constable Porter,—"as tall" and efficient an officer as we know of, by the way,—took the offenders, in spite of missiles thrown, and carried them to the lock-up.

On the first indictment, for an assault on John Hughes and wife, Pierce was fined \$5 and costs; McBride \$2 and costs.

1. For breaking windows, &c. in the house occupied by John Hughes, both were committed, in default of bail for \$200, to appear at the October term of Court at Lowell.

For assault on T. J. Porter, Peter McBride was committed, in default of bail for \$100, to appear at the same Court.

THE PUBLIC SQUARE.

There is nothing which is more admired in a city or village, than a public square, and it seems to us that ours can be improved, and the autumn is the best time to set out trees. We must make Woburn the attractive town and those in authority should begin to move.

ATTENTION, PHALANX!—Members of the Phalanx, notice orders in another column.

WOBURN RECORDS.

It is our intention to publish extracts from the early records of our good old town, and also to give in connection therewith a record of the early births. We feel assured that they will prove of interest to the general reader, from the fact that they are all so intimately connected with the times when our forefathers were laying broad and sure the foundations of this great confederacy.

For the article of to-day we are indebted to one of our fellow-citizens who well understands such matters, and he promises to favor us with similar contributions from time to time. We commend his selections to the reader:—

BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOUBURN.

FROM THE YEAR 1641 TO 1652.

The following births are copied from that admirable copy of the births, marriages and deaths in Woburn, made by the Rev. Samuel Sewall, of Burlington, whose researches and labours in making them clear and perfect should entitle him to the warmest thanks of every descendant of the early Woburn families. The records, as copied by Mr. Sewall are now in one volume of 492 pages, and are written in a neat, legible hand, with an elaborate preface, index and marginal references which materially enhances their value. The number of births found recorded on the old records were 6675; the additions made from various sources 102; total 6777. Marriages 1702; added 119; total 1821. Deaths 1208; added 1537; total 2845. Intentions of marriage (of which there were only 14 previous to 1739) 1991.

In this list the arrangement of the records has been somewhat altered and abbreviated, that they may be consulted with more convenience, the spelling of proper and christian names are as found on the old records. The letter S, for son, and d, for daughter will be readily understood.— W.

1641.
Winn, Increase, s. of Edward, 5th day of 10th month.
Bacon, Elizabeth, d. of Mitchell, 4th of 11th.

1642.
Richardson, Hannah, d. of Samuel, 8th of March.
Lepinwell, Hannah, d. of Mitchell, 1st of 11th.
Conover, Zachariah, s. of John, 1st of 11th.
Howard, Rebecca, d. of James, 4th of 10th.
Butterfield, Nathaniel, s. of Benjamin, 1st of 11th.

1643.
Pierce, John, s. of Thomas, 7th of March.
Tristram, Samuel, s. of Nicholas, 7th of 3rd.
Richardson, Isaac, s. of Thomas, 14th of 3rd.
Simonds, Sarah, d. of William, 28th of 5th.
Carter, Elizabeth, d. of John, 28th of 6th.
Richardson, Ruth, d. of Ezekiel, 23rd of 6th.
Farr, James, s. of George, 23rd of 9th.

1644.
Conover, Hannah, d. of James, 15th of 5th.
Pierce, John, s. of John, 23rd of 9th.
Simonds, Sarah, d. of William, 28th of 5th.
Bacon, Sarah, d. of Mitchell, 24th of 6th.
Snow, Daniel, s. of Richard, 4th of 12th.
Piercy, Thomas, s. of Thomas, 21st of 11th.
Fuller, Thomas, s. of Thomas, 30th April.

1645.
Conover, Elizabeth, d. of Allen, 7th of 1st.
Dunham, Patience, d. of John, 8th of 1st.
Parker, Elizabeth, d. of James, 12th of 1st.
Perry, Caleb, s. of George, 1st of 2nd of 2nd.
Thompson, John, s. of Simon, 4th of 2nd.
Bacon, Thomas, s. of Daniel, 13th of 2nd.
Carter, Nicholas, s. of John, 13th of 4th.
Fuller, Elizabeth, d. of Thomas, 13th of 7th.
Richardson, Thomas, s. of Thomas, 4th of 8th.
Chamberlain, Samuel, s. of Thomas, 7th of 8th.
Parker, Hannah, d. of Abraham, 25th of 8th.
Conover, James, s. of James, 16th of 9th.
Lepinwell, Hannah, d. of Michael, 6th of 11th.

1646.
Simonds, Judith, d. of William, 3rd of 1st.
Hill, Jonathan, s. of Ralph, 30th of 2nd.
Richardson, Samuel, s. of Samuel, 3rd of 3rd.
Wright, Ruth, d. of John, 23rd of 2nd.
Kendall, John, s. of Frances, 2nd of 5th.
Trottingham, Nehemiah, s. of Henry, 23rd of 6th.
Piercy, Joseph, s. of John, 12th of 7th.
Wyman, Samuel, s. of John, 20th of 7th.
Carter, Mary, d. of John, 8th of 1st.
Littlefield, Mary, d. of Frances, 14th of 10th.
Piercy, Elizabeth, d. of Thomas, 25th of 10th.
Parker, Ann, d. of James, 5th of 11th.
Thompson, Sarah, d. of Simon, 28th of 12th.
Green, Hannah, d. of William and Hannah, 7th of 12th.
Farr, Mary, d. of George, 27th of 12th.

1647.
Richardson, Ruth, d. of Thomas, 14th of 2nd.
Butterfield, Samuel, s. of Benjamin, 17th of 3rd.
Conover, Sarah, d. of Allen, 11th of 5th.
Snow, Samuel, s. of Richard, 24th of 3rd.
Conover, Deborah, d. of James, 25th of 5th.
Faulder, Deborah, d. of James, 26th of 5th.
Lemard, Mary, d. of Isaac, 27th of 6th.
Bacon, John, s. of Daniel and Mary, 8th of 7th.
Parker, John, s. of Abraham, 30th of 8th.
Lepinwell, Sarah, d. of Michael, 30th of 8th.
Simonds, Mary, d. of William, 9th of 10th.

1648.
Wyman, John, s. of John, 26th of 1st.
Fuller, Ruth, d. of Thomas, 17th of 1st.
Carter, Mary, d. of Rev. Thomas, 24th of 5th.
Carter, Abigail, d. of John, 24th of 2nd.
Richardson, Phoebe, d. of Thomas, 24th of 11th.
Kendall, Thomas, s. of Frances, 10th of 11th.
Parker, John, s. of James, 18th of 11th.
Wright, Deborah, d. of John, 21st of 11th.
Thompson, Mary, d. of Thomas, 26th of 11th.
Lepinwell, Thomas, s. of Michael, 13th of 11th.
Piercy, Joseph, s. of Thomas, 22nd of 7th.

1649.
Thompson, James, s. of Simon, 29th of 1st.
Snow, Zachariah, s. of Richard, 29th of 1st.
Conover, Sarah, d. of James, 21st of 2nd.
Piercy, Thomas, s. of John, 3rd of 3rd.
Lemard, Hannah, d. of Isaac, 34th of 6th.
Conover, Joseph, d. of Allen, 31st of 2nd.
Chamberlain, Timothy, s. of William, 13th of 6th.
Richardson, Stephen, s. of Samuel, 15th of 6th.
Butterfield, Joseph, s. of Benjamin, 15th of 6th.
Piercy, Joseph, s. of Thomas, 15th of 6th.
Carter, Abigail, d. of Rev. Thomas, 10th of 6th.
Chamberlain, Sarah, d. of Edmund, 18th of 10th.
Ames, Mary, d. of John, 3rd of 12th.
Lepinwell, Ruth, d. of Michael, 2nd of 11th.
Green, John, s. of William, 11th of 8th.
Simonds, Caleb, s. of William, 11th of 8th.

1650.
Parker, Abraham, s. of Abraham, 8th of 1st.
Holden, John, s. of Richard, 17th of 1st.
Bacon, Isaac, s. of Daniel, 4th of 2nd.
Parker, Sarah, d. of James, 29th of 6th.
Baldwin, Susanah, d. of Henry, 30th of 6th.
Chamberlain, Isaac, s. of William, 1st of 8th.
Brooks, John, s. of John, 23rd of 9th.
Johnson, Edward, s. of Edward & Katherine, 5th of 9th.
Wyman, Sarah, d. of John, 15th of 2nd.
Carter, Hannah, s. of John, 19th of 11th.
Richardson, Nathaniel, s. of Thomas, 2nd of 11th.
Polly John, s. of George, 10th of 10th.
Fuller, Deborah, d. of Thomas, 12th of 3rd.
Kendall, Mary, d. of Frances, 20th of 11th.

1651.
Piercy, Stephen, s. of Thomas, 16th of 5th.
Cleveland, Moses, s. of Moses, 1st of 7th.
Jebb, John, s. of Henry, 11th of 3rd.
Knights, Sarah, d. of Frances, 20th of 11th.
Cutler, Mary, d. of Joseph, 6th of 7th.
Piercy, Judith, s. of Robert, 30th of 7th.
Nutting, son of John, 30th of 7th.
Conover, Mary, d. of Allen, 26th of 7th.
Richardson, Thomas, s. of Samuel, 31st of 10th.
Conover, Rebecca, d. of William, 15th of 8th.
Green William, s. of William, 22nd of 8th.
Carter, Deborah, d. of Thomas, 17th of 7th.
Thompson, Sarah, d. of Simon, 25th of 11th.
Wyman, Deborah, s. of John, 26th of 12th.

A TOWN BY-LAW OF 1664.

"7 of 1 mo. 1664. it is ordered and agreed by the Select men of this Towne that all inhabitants shall have liberty at any general Town meeting to declare either by word or writing any grievance that may be upon their spirits provided it be done orderly ad by leave of him that is to order speech ad silence and that who so ever shall disorderly speak or goe on to take up the time unnecessary, they shall pay to the town five shillings for every such offence."

STONEHAM.

Stoneham can boast of much as a town, it being one of the prettiest villages in Middlesex, and one of the best regulated in the State; in military matters they are "all right," for they have one of the smartest companies that we have seen on drill for many a day. We understand they stood second best at the "Salem Muster," and did themselves much credit by their performance.

If some of our good South Carolina friends who go in for secession could only look at a gathering of our Middlesex soldiery, we imagine their idea of taking the North, would rather vanish into smoke.

PUBLIC HOUSE.

We have often been asked by persons in Boston, "why dont you have a public house in Woburn, with gardens and grounds, sufficient to accommodate families. We would spend our summers there, but you have no house for us to board our families in the centre of the town." This is too true, and we hope to see some of our spirited citizens come forward, and erect a house, which will draw our friends here—there are plenty of fine locations, where every thing desirable can be combined to make a "Woburn house."

WINCHESTER SUBSCRIBERS.—Dr. Youngman will act as our agent for Winchester, and will receive subscriptions for the Journal, and also any advertisements that we may be favored with from that place. Subscribers will please hand in their names to the Doctor.

"We are a little ahead of time in getting out our paper on the 16th dated the 18th, but do so for the purpose of giving it a general distribution, which could not be done, if we had waited until Saturday morning.

MUSICAL.—We would call the attention of the public to the singing school now in operation in the vestry of the Baptist Church, under the direction of Mr. M. A. Stevens. The school is held every Tuesday and Friday evenings, and bids fair to be one of unusual interest.

Mr. Stevens is a pupil of G. P. Webb, and being personally acquainted with him, we believe him to be worthy the patronage and entire confidence of the public, either as teacher of the piano-forte, (in respect to which he has been highly approved) or singing. We hope as good order will be maintained throughout the course, as has been manifested thus far, which we are assured will be the case, we can then guarantee efficient progress to all. We would advise all our friends to improve this opportunity, and learn to sing, not only because singing conduces to health, social order and happiness, nor for the sake of mere sensual gratification, but because it improves the affections, ennobles and elevates the whole man. This is the proper and legitimate object of music; and judging from the classic style and lofty character of the music in the book which has been introduced into the school, we are confident the teacher understands this part of his subject, and can learn his scholars to love and appreciate really good music, as well as lead them through the mazy labyrinths of crotchets and quavers, rhythmic melody or dynamics.

NEWS ITEMS.—We find our general news is entirely crowded out by local matters. In future we shall give due attention to this part of our paper, and hope to make amends for any faults in this number.

In these days of cold water and Hydropathy, it is quite important that every person who can, should possess the means whereby they can enjoy the luxury of bathing. Our friends, Messrs. Lockwood & Co., whose advertisement may be found in another column, rank among the best workmen in their line in Boston, and are prepared to do any kind of plumbing business in as thorough, economical and substantial manner as desired. We can cheerfully recommend to our readers to call on them for any of the articles needed or for any plumbing business.

THANKSGIVING.—Governor Boutwell has, by and with the advice and consent of the Council, appointed Thursday, the twenty-seventh of November, as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer. The Post learns that there is an understanding among all the Governors in the Union to appoint the above day for the observance of the annual holiday.

We call the attention of our readers to Mr. Shute's hat and cap rooms, 175 Washington street, and we think it but just to say further, that the assortment of Mr. S. is extensive, and in the matters of style and quality, nowhere exceeded. Prices reasonable, and no danger of imposition; such is the universal testimony of Mr. Shute's customers.—Recorder.

HOW TO AFFIX A POSTAGE STAMP.—Always affix your postage stamp in the right hand corner of your letter, allowing a slight margin, about one quarter the width of the stamp, on the upper and right hand side. It will greatly facilitate the labors of Post Office clerks if this rule is generally adopted. Try oblitterating stamps on a hundred letters, and you will soon see reason for a uniform mode of affixing the stamp.—Transcript.

DAMAGES FOR INJURIES BY A RAILWAY COLLISION.—In the Supreme Court last Saturday morning, in the case of Arad T. Linfield, vs. Old Colony Railroad Co., committed to the jury at two o'clock yesterday, a sealed verdict of him that is to order speech ad silence and that who so ever shall disorderly speak or goe on to take up the time unnecessary, they shall pay to the town five shillings for every such offence."

POETRY.

THE SHOEMAKER.

BY MISS H. P. GOULD.

"Aet well your part, there all the honor lies."
The shoemaker sat amid wax and leather,
With lap-stone over his knee,
Where, snug in his shop he defied all weather,
Drawing his quarters and sole together;
A happy old man was he.

This happy old man was so wise and knowing,
The worth of his time he knew,
He bled his ends, and he kept them going,
And felt to each moment a stitch was owing,
Until he got round the shoe.

Of every deed that his wax was sealing,
The closing was firm and fast.
The prick of hisawl never caused a feeling
Of pain to the toe; and his skill in healing
Was perfect, and true to the last.

Whenever you gave him a foot to measure,
With gentle and skilful hand,
He took his proportions with looks of pleasure,
As if you were giving the costliest treasure,
Or dubbing him lord of the land.

And many a one did he save from getting
A fever, or cold, or cough,
For many a foot did he save from wetting,
When, whether in water or snow 'twas setting,
His shoeing would keep them off.

When he had done with his making and mending,
With hope and a peaceful breast,
Resigning his awl, and his thread was ending,
He passed from his bench, to the grave descending,
As high as a king to rest.

[Golden Tale.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Hisself must either hold or drive."

Under this head we shall give such original matter and selections, as will, we hope, prove interesting and instructive to all. He who earns his bread by tilling the soil, should be one of Nature's greatest noblemen. We commend the following, from an old pamphlet, written more than sixty years ago, by the late Rev. Nathl. Fisher, of Salem, addressed to farmers:—

THE CHARACTER OF A COMPLETE FARMER.

A complete farmer is a most careful, industrious and frugal, as well as reputable and useful man; and unless carefulness, industry and economy are united in the character, it will be an imperfect one. Although a farmer cannot live without labor, by labor alone he never can grow rich and reputable. Much depends upon his laying out and performing certain kinds of labor in the times when they ought to be performed. If he will not cart out his summer dung, nor plough those lands in the fall, which he means to feed in the following spring—if he will not put his seeds into the ground early, and as soon as the season will admit, if he will not attend to his fences and see that they are sufficient—and if he will not cut his grass when it is ripe and do everything necessary to secure it in good order; he will be perpetually hurried from one kind of labor to another, and every one will be slighted; his flax will not be well cared for, nor his grain properly filled out; his corn will be shortened for want of being well hoed, and his grass will become dead, and dry away in the field. Let every kind of labor, therefore, be performed in due season. A complete farmer is also a man of great carefulness and solicitude; without care, the severest labor on the best of farms, will never produce riches nor plenty. If the farmer will not mow his corn in season, so that they are properly tended—so to the male in time for the next year's profit; and that his dairy is neatly and carefully managed, he may labor without ceasing, will have a small poor breed of cattle, and never enjoy a fulness of good butter and cheese. It is care which makes a flock increase and grow to a good size, which brings forth the profits of a dairy, and which fills the house of the farmer with good things. If he will not carefully inspect his fields and meadows, and see that his fences are in good order, his grass and his corn will be cropped by his cattle; and if he will not gather and put up them in due season, he will have a short and mouldy crop. If he mows, rakes, and fodders his cattle in a careless slovenly manner, his flock will be pinched through the winter, and become poor and lousy in the spring—poor cows too poor to do the labor of the season—poor cows with little or no milk, and wretched calves and poor horses, too feeble to draw, and too weak to ride with safety. If his swine, poultry and stock in general, and if his carts, rakes and tools of all kinds, are not carefully attended to, the farmer never can grow rich and respectable. It is attention which gradually collects from various sources, and covers the soil with manure; it is attention which causes the hills, fields and valleys to yield their increase, and advances and completes the most beneficial improvements.

There is a third virtue without the practice of which, the farmer can never attain to wealth and independence; I mean economy. Without this, both his rising and his falling in preserving the fruits of the earth, are absolutely thrown away. Economy is an excellent virtue in any man; it is indispensable in the affairs and profession of a farmer. And of this he should never be unmindful when he looks into his barn, his cellar or his garret, or even his pastures; to say nothing of his fields, mowing lands and meadows. But farmers, as well as other men, are too apt to forget, that in their pursuits after riches, almost everything depends upon economy joined with care and industry.

A frugal, industrious man, blessed with but a common share of understanding, will undoubtedly succeed and advance his interest, beyond whatever he expected, when he first set out in life; provided no singular providential evil should overtake him. More is gained by saving than by hard labor. A farmer therefore whose utmost profits are small and slow, as he cannot grow rich suddenly from his profession, should be a rigid and steady economist. He should consider the saving he may make in everything; in his fuel, tools, clothes, meat, drink, and pocket expenses; above all in his time, which is equal to so much money in hand. Every day that his neighbor runs down to market on his horse, with a pound or two of butter and a few eggs, if he stays at home and keeps steady to his labor, he gets two, if not three days the start of him. While his neighbor wastes his time and spends his money by this imprudent and trifling pursuit, he saves both time and money in dressing and improving his lands,

and which demands all his attention. There is no leisure hour to be found on a farm from early in the spring till late in the fall. Through all that whole period, a good farmer knows how to spend every hour profitably on his lands. He can have no time to pass in idleness—in chatting with people as they pass by—in making needless visits—in attending courts, horse races, taverns, and the like. By these means the public is annually deprived of many thousands of bushels of potatoes, corn, tons of hay, &c., and individuals themselves become poor, and fall into the worst of habits—into idleness, gaming, drinking, &c.

There is no kind of economy in the farmer which will not be well rewarded. Early rising will contribute to his health, and preserve his fields from the inroads of unruly creatures, which commonly begin their trespasses just as the day begins to dawn. Close mowing and careful raking will enable him to winter one cow extraordinary. Feeding his hogs by weeds and other vegetable substances, will enable him to pay his shoemaker. Scrapping his door and barn yards after rains and showers, will clothe his boy. Saving his early apples, and which are commonly lost entirely, will pay his tailor; his poultry well attended will pay his maid. His calves will pay all his taxes, and some part of his hired labor, if proper care be taken of them. In fine, let a farmer who possesses only fifty acres of good land—who owes no man, and who has a common blessing on the labors of his hands, strictly attend to the management of his affairs, live a life of patient industry, and practice agreeable to the principles of economy, and I think he may live well—may be excused the hardest of labor—leave his hoe and spade to the next generation, by the time he has lived fifty years, when most men begin to think of comfort, ease and independence.

PEACH TREES.

The present is a suitable time for calling the attention of horticulturists to the propriety of frequent heading of peach trees. This should be repeated as often as once in four or five years, for several reasons; first, by repeated headings the branches are more upright, and not so subject to be broken by the weight of fruit, as when they have extended horizontally the same or a greater length; secondly, young and thrifty shoots produce the finest fruit, both in size and flavor; and, lastly, an upright growing top has a more ornamental appearance than when the horizontal limbs have become ill shaped and stunted. We say the present is a suitable time for calling the attention of horticulturists to this subject, because some of the evils of neglecting this practice are very common, viz: the breaking down of the branches. Another advantage is, that when trees are throwing out young wood, it is a favorable time to change the fruit of such as are not good, by budding, which it would not do upon old wood. Never reject an old stock as long as it will spend out young wood by heading, for it will produce fruit sooner than young trees; and never reject a tree because the fruit is bad, when it can be so easily changed.—*Genesee Farmer.*

FATTENING HOGS.

Boil potatoes and sweet apples mixed with a little rye or oat-meal. For this purpose every farmer ought to have a kettle set in an arch into which pumpkins, squashes, sweet apples, peas, corn in the ear, and other vegetables may be thrown to be boiled with meal. It is a fact well ascertained, that a bushel of corn or other grain ground will fatten a hog, nearly or quite as much as two bushels given to him hard, in the ear or kernel. In the latter case it is imperfectly masticated, and of course not well digested. Boiling the meal makes it much better, and affords the advantage of adding other things to the mess, which improve its flavor, and add to the amount of nutrition. It is to the economy of the hog-pen, what soups are in the kitchen.—*Kenn. Journal.*

CORN HUSKS FOR BIRDS.—As soon as the husks of Indian corn are fully ripe, they should be gathered when they are dry, and in a clear field, and the outer hard husks to be rejected, and the softer inner ones to be fully dried in the shade. Cut off the hard end formerly attached to the cob, and draw the husk through a hatchel, or suitably divide it with a coarse comb. The article is now fit for use—to be put into an entire sack as straw is, or to be formed into a mattress as prepared hair is. And upholsterers can do the work. This material is sweet, pleasant and durable.

PRESERVATION OF CABBAGES.—Among other modes of preserving cabbages which have often been detailed in the papers, the following in some circumstances may prove most eligible. After the heads are gathered and freed from their loose leaves and stalks, so that nothing remains but the sound part of the heads, head them up in a tight cask. By thus excluding them from air they may be kept a long time. Those intended for the longest keeping should be put into small casks, as they will soon spoil, when exposed to the air.

A HINT ON DIET.—Both the quantity and the quality of food should be proportioned to our habits of bodily exercise. When we have active exercise in the open air we may with impunity eat a hearty dinner, taking care, even then, to leave off before the appetite is pallied; but on days when persons of weak digestion do not go out of doors, and especially when the mind has not been energetically occupied, it would do well to abstain altogether from solid animal food, and satisfy themselves with simple farinaceous matters, in the composition of which care should be taken that eggs are sparingly used as possible, for nothing is a grosser blunder than that eggs are eligible for weak digestion, and for the diet of the sick.

MAXIMS RELATING TO HEALTH.—It is an ill custom to drink out of proportion to the solid food we eat. When more liquor is taken than is sufficient, with the saliva, to dilute the aliment, it wears on the secretory organs, (by which perspiration is effected) hastens on old age, and brings death the sooner.

There can be nothing more true than the simple maxim that exercise is indispensable to health. They who do not make use of exercise, either for profit or amusement, soon find themselves advancing on the downhill of life. They who do not work must not eat; or if they do eat will suffer by dyspepsia.

"Now, then, Thomas, what are you burning off my writing table?" said an author to his servant. "Only the paper that's written all over, I hav'n't touched the clean," was the reply.

POPULARITY.—The kind of popularity to be esteemed, says Lord Mansfield, is that which follows, not that which is run after.

MISCELLANY.

[From "Bentley's Miscellany."]

LONDON TIMES PRINTING-OFFICE.

About half way up Ludgate hill, on the right hand side, is a narrow court called St. Martin's court. In a dark corner of this place the wayfarer may discover, in consequence of the brickwork being removed to a sufficient depth, to afford porters, &c. ample space to enable them to rest their loads, a portion of the old London wall. Although this is but a small fragment, it is altogether the most ancient in Blackfriars, of an older date than the great fire of 1666; still the neighborhood is not devoid of interesting associations.

In 1276 a church was founded here for the order of the Black or Dominican Friars, from which circumstance the district takes its name. At the dissolution of the monasteries the church was pulled down, and the house dissolved. In Elizabeth's time Blackfriars contained the residence of many persons of note and fashion, and here the famous Queen was wont not unfrequently to favor with a visit such of her loving subjects as seemed to be getting overburdened with wealth. In passing from St. Martin's court, towards Apothecaries' hall, several of the fronts of the houses are decorated with small stone carvings. These marks are often met with on London houses, and sometimes contain the badge of the incorporated company to whom the property belongs; but more frequently they are relics of the now almost neglected custom observed by every class of tradesmen of that time of using a sign. After passing Apothecaries' hall, and proceeding a little further in the same direction, a mark on the corner of a narrow lane indicates the way to Printing-house square.

It is a singular old-fashioned looking place, and but for the many voices of numerous children at play, and the passage of small streams of persons to and from the Times advertisement-office, the whole would form as retired a looking nook as could be met with in London. In the reign of Charles II. proclamations, &c. were printed here by the King's printer. The building of that date was destroyed by fire about the middle of the last century, and what remained of the completed printing-house in the works erected on the spot. After the removal of the Queen's printer to New Street, Fleet-street, 1770, this house became in 1788, the printing and publishing place of the celebrated Times newspaper, a publication which may be justly classed among the wonders of the age.

The Times was first commenced by Mr. John Walton, printer to the Customs, who was for many years before his death the principal proprietor. The son became joint proprietor, and exclusive manager of the Times at the commencement of the year 1803. The latter gentleman first imparted to the daily press its vast range and celebrity of information; its authentic accuracy, its universal correspondence, its lucid arrangement, and marvelous despatch; and, more than all, its dignity in the social scale, and its political position as what has been called the fourth estate of the realm. Mr. Walton was the first to bring the steam-engine to the assistance of the public press. To take off 5,000 impressions in an hour was once deemed as ridiculous as the idea of paddling a ship fifteen miles against wind and tide. It took a long while in those days to print off 3000 or 4000 copies of the Times. After obstacles, not only caused by the difficult application of the machinery, but by the opposition of the workmen, Mr. Walter succeeded in secretly completing the steam press in a house adjoining to the printing-office. The suspicious pressmen had threatened destruction to every one whose inventions might suspend their employment—"destruction to him and his traps." They were directed to wait for expected news from the Continent. It was about six o'clock in the morning of Nov. 29, 1814, when Mr. Walter went into the press-room and astonished its occupants by telling them that the Times was already printed by steam, but that if they were peaceable, their wages should be continued until similar employment could be procured. The number of sheets then impressed in the hour was 1000. A machine erected in 1816 threw off 6000 sheets of eight pages an hour; but another has since been erected which throws off 10,000 an hour. A newspaper and supplement of date 23, 1815, contained 1700 advertisements. A page of advertisements, containing six columns, is worth £108. The usual daily circulation of the Times is 35,000; but on extraordinary occasions 54,000 copies have been printed. Mr. Walter, who so long and ably conducted this wonderful journal, died in 1817.

THE HARP.

"All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely connected with the idea of herself. It belonged to the little story of their loves, for some of his sweetest moments of his courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice."—*Sketch Book.*

Go, leave that harp! Twined round its strings
There's many a magic spell;
Leave that untouched—the strain it brings
This heart remembers well.

Let that remem' all else beside,
Go—scatter to the wind!
The cords that won my home a bride,
No other home shall find.

It hath a power, though all unstrung
It lies neglected now,
And from my hands 'twill ne'er be wrung,
Till death these limbs shall bow!

A spirit like a summer night,
Flings o'er that cherished lyre;
And whispers of the calm moonlight
Are trembling from the wire.

Still on mine ear her young voice falls,
Still floats that melody,
On each loved haunt its music calls—
Go—leave that harp and me!

The New York Tribune says:—The most difficult of all the virtues is forgiveness. Mahew, in his recent work on the London poor, gives the following as the language of a little coaster boy, (a fruit vendor) when questioned about the Saviour:—"I have heard a little about our Saviour—they seem to say he was a good kind of a man; but if he says as how he loves to forgive a fellow as his own, I should say he knowed nothing about it. That's the practical belief of many who have greater advantages than the poor coaster boy.

A brave soldier was in the habit of drinking too much. His Colonel remonstrated with him. "Tom," said he, "you are a bold fellow, and a good soldier, but you will get drunk." "Colonel," replied Tom, "how can you expect all the virtues of the human kind combined, for seven dollars per month?"

MY FIRST AND LAST COURTSHIP.

BY GRADY HARTFILL.

Well, I suppose if I must tell you about my courtship, I must. You will know our old man made a great fuss about my stickin' to home, round the fire cold winter nights, and said to me one night, says he, "Well now, Obed," (you see he always called me Obed, but my name is Obadiah), he said, "Well, now, Obed, you might as well be out courtin' Deb Jones, as to be squatin' down here on your hunkers, and you know, Obed, if you die unmarried, the name of Bashful will be extinct." "Oh, well now, father," said I, "I don't know nothin' about *instin'*, but I can't go to court Deb, for you know, she dresses her hair so nice, and she's such a rotti'n nice gal, that every feller bout these parts is half crazy arter her; there's Joe Turner, and Bill Davis, and a hull squad o' chaps, as wears all the new fashions, and now, father, said I, what would I look like with my buckskin suit that I have wore six years, long side o' their blue coats, and pants, and shavess, and them are things"—but father wouldn't hear nothin' against his own opinion, and so I had to go jest to please the old man.

Deb used to go to the old white church, you know, up uncle Ephraim's lane, near the blacksmith shop, right by the orchard. Well, it wa'n't there—no, I guess it wa'n't—I wish it had been. Well, I went off dressed tarnation slick, I thought, and guess I rubbed two talow candles, there or thereabouts, into my hair, trying to make it curl, but I swan to man it was a mistake, there wa'n't no curl about it, arter all; it stuck out for all sense like pork and ping quills, as Jim Stevens says. Well, somehow or other I got myself into tolerable slick order, had on the new hat and coat I got at the raffle the night before, and off I bolted to the church, with my hands in my pockets, whistlin' Hail Columbia. I felt jest as big as Bony Lard at Waterloo—I seed Deb step off her horse like a feather, and she wa'n't to speak to her, when up comes that eternal Joe Turner, dressed amazin' nice, as if he had been put in a band-box to keep, and walks her off right before me, before I could get out, "How dew, Debby?" If I didn't look nation sheepsick, I reckon taint no matter: I blushed none too—never mind, thinks I, meeting will have to break some time or other, and Deb will have to go home; so I went up to their house to wait for her.

She did come at last, and oh, my golly! she did look scream'n nice! I felt so flustered I didn't know what to say, no more than I did get out Deb—that is, I mean Debby, or Debby, don't I look jest as if my face was all over goose pimples?—and darn my buttons if Deb and that eternal Joe didn't laugh till I wished to die nearly. But we all went in, and Deb handed me a chair, but I felt so flustered I never looked right in I was sittin', and down I came kervallap right on Deb's bonnet and her fixups, and overset the chair and sprawled right over on the floor, and split my new coat right down the back all open! Here was a pickle, but Deb pinned it up, and that gave me a kind o' notion for her, and so I staid to tea, but was so flustered I split my tea over Joe's new pants, and he called me a darned awkward hog!

I never said one word while I staid; Deb had to talk all, and I answered yes or no. She asked me, "Mr. Obed, did you ever hear a sarahnaide?" said I "no, Miss Debby. I never heard of Sarah Nade, but I know Sal Edwards," and Joe, the fool, he laughed at that. But Deb said she didn't mean Sarah Nade, it was what the town chaps call their music when they go out to play nights, and then she looked a kind o' slantindicular at him, and I think he kissed her.

But I soon saw that Deb loved Joe more than me, and I got ready to back out—Deb said, "I suppose you are going to see that Moll Mickle." "Why," said I, Debby, I reckon I got a little more taste for the fine arts than to go arter such a lookin' critter as she is"—and then she looked right smart at me, and said she always thought I was a better judge of furniture than to squawk with such landies; that tickled me like old snakes, and I rise up to make a bow for it, but somehow or other I caught my knee together, and I sprawled right against her—I overset her in Joe's lap!

She got up darned mad, I tell you; I wonder what, "Mr. Obed, that is too bad; I should say you will do next!"—but I had to laugh; I never knowed after that Deb wore false hair, and when she fell, all her heart-catchers, as she used to call them, fell off, and she looked jest like a piece of furniture that she had broken.

A PARAGRAPH FOR MOTHERS.

Mother! if you would train up your children to be useful members of society, keep them from running about the streets. There the archer learns the vulgar oath, or the putrid obscenity. For one lesson at the fireside, he has a dozen in the kennel. Thus are scattered the seeds of falsehood, gambling, theft, and violence. Mothers, as you love your own flesh and blood, make your children cling to the hearth-stone. Love home yourself; sink the roots deep among your domestic treasures; set an example in this, as in all things, which your offspring may follow. It is a great error that children may be left to run wild in every sort of street temptation for several years, and that it will then be time enough to break them in. This horrible mistake makes half our spendthrifts, gamblers, thieves, and drunkards. No man would raise a colt, or an ox, on such a principle; no man would suffer the weeds to grow in his garden for any length of time, saying he would eradicate them at any time. Look at this matter, parents! See, more especially, that your children are not out at night, loitering about some coffee-house or theatre. Mothers! make your children love home, and by all means encourage them to love you better than all other human beings.—*Church Chronicle.*

Gen. Washington was sometimes given to pleasant joking, just on one occasion, attended by two of his aids, he asked some young ladies at a house where he breakfasted, how they liked the appearance of the young men. One of them promptly replied: "We cannot judge of the stars in presence of the sun." A beautiful reply.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Charlotte Elizabeth is, we may safely say, "One of the few, the immortal names, That were not born to die."

Or if the name itself (a matter of small amount), should cease to be mentioned, never can her teachings fail to cultivate and bless wherever they spread. They are teachings that come home to the heart of our common nature, and touch its tenderest sensibilities. They make us feel that we are in relationship with the world of sin and suffering around us, and that we have something more to do than to become acquainted with the condition of our race; that it is our privilege and duty to weep with those that weep, and put forth our best and most earnest efforts in labors of benevolence and love.

No reader who imbibes the spirit of this excellent woman can longer be a drone in the hive of society. He must "act, act in the living present." He must become a working member of the commonwealth, and must practically feel that a man's worthiness is to be estimated ultimately by his usefulness, or at least, by the strength of his desire to be a blessing to others.

Multitudes of our readers are already familiar with the writings of Charlotte Elizabeth, and will fully accord with our estimate of her utility. Many more are yet to enjoy the advantage and the pleasure of the same acquaintance. We are glad that this is rendered practically by the republication, in convenient form, and on reasonable terms, of her works, by Mr. Dodd, of N. York. We are aware that some things from this authoress are more especially adapted to the peculiar state of society in England, but as a whole, and in their spirit, her works belong to all climes and all time.—*Mother's Magazine.*

IT IS WELL.

"Is it well with the child?"—And she answered, "It is well."

But I gazed on the mother who spoke,
For the tremulous tear as it burst from its cell

Bade a doubt in my bosom awake,
And I marked that the bloom from those features had died.

So late in the loneliness rare,
And the hue of the watcher that bands o'er the dead,

Was settling in pensiveness there.

"Is it well with the child?"—And she answered, "It is well."

But I thought of its beauty and grace,
When the tones of its laughter did tuncfully swell.

In affection's delightful embrace;
And through their long fringe, as it rose from its sleep,

Its eye beamed a rapturous ray,
And I wondered that silence was brooding so deep.

O'er the home of a being so gay.

"Is it well with the child?"—And she said, "It is well."

It hath taints of sickness and pain,
Of the pang, and the groan, and the gasp it might tell,

But it will never suffer again.
In my dreams, as an angel it stands by my side.

In the garments of glory and love,
And I hear its glad lays to the Saviour who died.

'Mid the choir of the blessed above.

EFFECTS OF NOVEL READING.

We have heard the particulars of one of the strangest suicides on record, and give them to our readers just as they were given to us. For our part, we do not believe a word of the entire statement, simply because we cannot trace the story to any reliable source. It seems that a very imaginative young man in this city had been in the habit of reading "Ten Thousand a Year," as it appeared in chapters; as a matter of course he became desperately enamored of that most exquisite creature, Kate Aubrey, the sweetest picture of a woman ever drawn. He used to weep over the details of her sufferings, while she was sharing the misfortunes of her brother; and when the chapter came which gave a history of the proposals made to Kate, by the long-headed Oly Gammon, he vented his spleen upon that worthy by flogging him in the street, in his back yard, directing the cook to peel the poor man with all the stale eggs she should happen to buy in market.

As the story progressed, and misfortunes came thicker and faster upon poor Aubrey and his devoted wife and sister, and it appeared altogether impossible that Kate would ever marry Delamere, our romantic youth determined to convert his real estate into cash, go to England, rescue the Aubreys from their difficulties, and make an offer of his hand and heart to the gentle Kate. Before he could effect a satisfactory sale of his property, the chapter came announcing the death of Oly Gammon, and showing a decided improvement in the fortunes of Aubrey and those dependent upon him, and fore-shadowing other important events not before anticipated by the young man. He took to drinking at once. By and by the last chapter came, announcing the complete triumph of the Aubreys and the marriage of Kate. This filled his cup of sorrow to the brim,—the glorious dreams of three long years were ineffectually knocked into a cocked-up hat. Straightway he became as mad as old Lear, and performed all sorts of antics. For two or three weeks he promenade the streets arm in arm with old Marquette, sometimes in the character of Nydia, the blind flower girl, and at other times representing himself to be a hamper of Irish potatoes. Old Carr Meal was driving slowly down St. Charles street, plaintively singing, "Tis the last rose of summer." The young man suddenly jumped upon the cart, and much alarmed, Old Carr Meal suddenly jumped off. Terribly frightened by the grotesque appearance of his new driver, the fine spirited horse started into a run, and neither horse, cart, meal-bag or driver has been heard of since. So much for reading romances.

Religion is the only source of true happiness; it yields us the purest pleasures in time, and reveals to us the brightest joys in eternity. It is a system admirably adapted to the immortal nature of man, and nothing else can restore us to primeval happiness. It enables its possessor to exercise unshaken confidence in God, both with regard to this world and that which is to come.

What under the sun can cause that bell to ring to-day?" said one man to another as they were approaching a country village. "If I was to express my candid, unbiased opinion," was the reply, "I should say that some one was pulling the rope."

What often prevents our abandoning ourselves to a single vice, is our having more than one.

THE GOOD WIFE.

There are some blessings, which coming to us in a single large lump, or in distinct and stated installments, are capable of a tolerably exact valuation, while those which glide in unseason and mingle imperceptibly and noiselessly with the current of our existence, are not only not appreciated, but are scarcely noticed. The short and sudden shower which refreshes us on a sultry day, and imparts new life and brilliancy to the drooping, fading fields and foliage, is paid at sight its demand for grateful recognition; while the silent, unseen dew that comes with evening twilight and departs in the morning, leaving a blessing on every hill and valley, on every herb and flower where they have rested,—these blessing-spraying dews come and go almost without awakening a thought or an emotion in those whose acres they have refreshed.

And so it often happens in regard to the manifold, quiet influences of a good wife upon the happiness and fortunes of her husband. Each link in the chain of her influence is so small and delicate, and has been so quietly wrought and added to the rest, that we have made no note of it at the time. It is only when we see the whole chain, as we shall see it in the light of eternity, or as it is often seen when the history of one is slumbering in the churchyard, that the full force of our obligation to a faithful, affectionate and judicious wife is felt. Such a view of this latter was that of Sir James Mackintosh, after the death of his wife. His feelings on that occasion he thus communicates in a letter to his friend Dr. Parr: "Allow me in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent, sensible and a tender friend, a prudent mistress, a most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who by the tender management of my weakness, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her I owe whatever I shall be. In her solitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause (would to God I could recall those moments), she had no silliness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was pliable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I have lost."

This testimony of one of the loftiest minds in English literature to the worth and varied influence for good of the partner of his life, records no extraordinary experience. Mrs. Mackintosh was an excellent wife, but not more excellent than thousands, perhaps not more so than the majority of wives. Multitudes of men who now regard the influence of their wives upon their happiness, character, standing and prospects in society, as of inconsiderable amount and value, will judge differently when the cold grave hides those wives from sight for ever. Many a husband, who seldom thought of his obligations to a patient, enduring, forgiving, affectionate wife, will feel, when he returns to his lonely dwelling, that his best friend, his wisest counsellor is gone—that no earthly influence has equal power to sway, subdue or soothe him—and looking back upon the line of life from the hour when he led her a bride from the altar, to the moment when he surrendered her a lifeless form to the inexorable grave, will be ready to exclaim with Sir James: "To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be."—*Mother's Magazine.*

THE BIBLE.

"I am of opinion that the Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written."—*Sir William Jones.*

"I will hazard the assertion that no man ever did or ever will become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language."—*Fisher Ames.*

"The Bible is a book worth more than all the other books ever printed."—*Patrick Henry.*

"Young man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed a certain degree of fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker; read the Bible every day of your life."—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

JOHNSON AT THE TEA TABLE.—"At the tea table," says Mr. Cumberland, "Johnson had considerable demands upon his favorite beverage, and I remember when Sir Joshua Reynolds, at my house, reminded him that he had drank eleven cups, he replied, 'Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine; why should you number up my cups of tea?' And then laughing, in perfect good humor, he added, 'Sir, I should have released the lady from any further trouble, if it had not been for your remark; but you have reminded me that I want one of a dozen, and I must request Mrs. Cumberland to round up my number.' When he saw the readiness and complacency with which my wife obeyed his call, he turned a kind and cheerful look upon her, and said, 'Madam, I must tell you, for your comfort, you have escaped much better than a certain lady did a while ago, upon whose patience I intruded greatly more than I have done upon yours; but the lady asked me for no other purpose than to make a zany of me, and set me gabbling to a parcel of people I knew nothing of; so, madam, I had my revenge of her; for I swallowed five and twenty cups of the tea, and did not treat her with as many words.'"

THOMAS'S PREDICTION.—When Thomas was preparing one of his first almanacs, a man who was engaged upon the work with him, asked him what he should say about the weather opposite a certain week in July. "Thomas, ha! merrily or piously or redly," "Thunders, hail, and snow," it was put down and printed; and it so happened that it did thunder, hail, and snow at the very time. This fortunate prediction raised the almanac-maker in the estimation of many, and made his almanac the most popular in America.

Our enemies come nearer the truth in their judgments of us, than we do in our judgments of ourselves.

Blacksmiths, it is said, forge and steel every day; but we think people speak ironically of them.

ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.
Communications should be prepaid.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor-
ing towns, solicited.

TALE OF EASTERN ROMANCE.

HADJEE MEER MEERZA; —OR— THE LAMB WITH THE LION'S HEART.

Hadjee Meer Meerza, or as he was called among his brother shepherds, from his remarkable gentleness and courage, "The Lamb with the Lion's Heart," was a simple shepherd, herding his flocks on the beautiful plain which spreads itself along under that famous mountain, Ararat; and a very merry and happy fellow he was, and known and loved, that pastoral country round, for his good-humored gibes, his imperturbable gentleness, and his stout heart. He was not a native of the district where he fed his flocks, for he was born in the little village of Humamloo, which lies in the valley of the same name, on the boundary of Persia, where it meets the frontier of the gigantic realms of Russia. But having been hired by old Abdool Allee, the wealthiest flock-holder of the country-region around Erivan, in one of his journeys, as his chief shepherd, he quitted his own pleasant valley, and followed his master and his sheep into the plains on the other side of the heights of Aberan, which separated him and his own beloved valley—his own humble home, and his old widowed mother, who still lived happily in her adopted Humamloo, surrounded by her children and their children—one member of her fold only being a straggler, the merry Meer Meerza. But as she heard from him, and heard that he did well, she was happy to let him live estranged from her, knowing that, when he had enriched himself, he would return, and bless the evening of her life with his affection: for she knew that her favorite son, Meerza, loved nothing so much in the world as his good mother, his rude home, and his brethren.

Having passed three summers in the plains, the shepherd longed again to see his native valley: and, having obtained from the good Abdool permission to depart, the old man, who loved him as his son, loaded him with gifts, and sent him rich away; and away he went upon his journey, rejoicing. One care only lay heavily on his head, but did not weigh upon his heart: for he knew that he would be as welcome at his home in Humamloo, if he brought nothing back but his good spirits and his shepherd's crook, as if he returned with a caravan of wealth which he could call his own. In passing from the plains of Erivan, he had to journey over the wild, rocky heights of Aberan—a desolate region which had long been the terror of rich travellers; for it was the hunting-place of the most ferocious of robbers, the terrible Caussim Al Kadjer, who had defied the soldiers of the great Shah Abbas to take him, and therefore mocked at the puny efforts of the peasantry to hunt him down: the country people, accordingly, gave him up, and let him prey upon whom he listed, for they had grown to think him invulnerable by human hands, and that he bore a charmed life. All that the dwellers did on either side of the rocky Aberan, was to warn the travellers of whom they had to meet, and how to meet him—if they loved their lives, to let him levy toll, and then they might pass safely. His strength and prowess had spread such a dread of him the country round, that it was believed no single man, or any number of men, could overmatch him.

Hadjee Meer went not away unwarmed, but he heeded it nothing. He was told that it was in vain to arm himself, unless he could wield the weapon (with as mighty an arm) of the great hero of Persia, the famous Bala Beg himself. That weapon and that arm only could be the safeguard of him who had to contend with a robber of such tiger-like stealthiness, and when that failed, and he had missed his spring upon his prey, it was useless to think of escaping from one of such terrible strength and unsubduable courage as Caussim Al Kadjer—"The Blood-lover," as he was called. Hadjee Meer laughed, however, when they sought thus to alarm him; for he was young, strong, and had some conceit of his good courage, "If he was to be conquered," he said, "it should not be by a fellow who slays so many, but by superior prowess." But being beaten, and that soundly, should convince him that he could be beaten. And leave me to know when I have had enough of blows to satisfy me that I am beaten," said the stout-hearted shepherd. "A hundred blows, on body and brow, are enough for me; when I have had them fairly counted down, I give up the bargain, unless a few more will decide it on both sides, and then it is as well to strike on till the affair is settled and the bargain struck."

It was in a small caravanserai or house of entertainment for travellers, on the Persian side of the heights of Erivan, that Hadjee Meer had halted before he had made his ascent. The dealers in cattle, and trader in black lamb and sheep skins, and merchant adventurers of Cashmere shawls, cloths and stuffs called variously *casabs*, *aleghas*, *tajetas*, *kuddas*, *culum-cars*, *peeraun shahes*, (or king's shirts), carpets of Herat and Isaphan, velvets of Cashan and Tabrees, and other silken, woollen, and linen goods, rested here with him; for it was the day *Junah*, the Mohammedan Sabbath, on which it is not lawful to trade, and if it can possibly be avoided, to travel. Hadjee Meer was known to many of the merchants, who loved him for his pure simplicity of heart, his honest nature, and unweary good humor; and as there are jokers in all countries, and matter for mirth—thank heaven!—all over the face of the earth, the Hadjee's daring journey alone over the hill of Aberan, served their turn, and kept the mouths of the Mohammedans in a roar. Though forty sets of chaps and as many beards wagged at him, and grave Muslims rolled over on their carpets in uncontrollable laughter at poor Meer Meerza's foolish bravery, which one of the itinerant story-tellers of the country had taken for his theme, and was setting in the lights of ludicrousness; and though a brace of sedately sour moollahs, or priests, and three fakcers, or mendicant fanatics, who sat at opposite corners of the divan, apart from all the travellers, could not smoke their kallecoons without spitting and spitting at the jesting went on, in spite of their habitual bravery, poor Meer bore up good-humoredly, laughed as loud as the best, and now and then contributed his joke to swell the uproar to the highest. There was but one voice there which deprecated the unfairness of so much merriment being enjoyed at the sole

expense of one. This was a brother shepherd, who knew that Meer Meerza's bravery was no empty boast; and when a cowardly Kermaneze, presuming upon his safety where more than forty beards seemed pitted against one, carried his mockery beyond a jest, by emptying his pipe ashes into a bowl of mass which Meer Meerza was lapping up, the brother shepherd cried out to the insolent Kerman trader, "Beware, thou mocker, at whose beard thou throwest dirt! The shepherd-boy who has brained a lion in his fold at a blow, and hugged the breath out of a bear, is no plaything for such a scraper-up of dirt as thou art, thou puny reed of a man—thou poor *chou-been*! Beware, I say!"

The Kermaneze no sooner heard these things, than, pulling his legs from under him, and rapidly working his heels against the ground, he hurriedly shuffled off on his haunches, and took sanctuary with the Moollahs, at which proof of his discretion there was a burst of merriment, and afterwards much murmuring of contempt. From this moment the jesting turned from Hadjee Meer to the poor shrinking trader; the Hadjee sat respected, finished his mass in peace, and, that despatched, filled up his kallecoons, and settled comfortably down to a bowl of the lawful *mau-ul-hyat*, a spirit which the faithful will drink till they are drunk, because it is not the forbidden *vine*. The sun being now down, and the Sabbath ended, enjoyment had its fill, till smoke, and opium, and lusty draughts, and, lastly, sleep, came over all the travellers, and, one after another, they sunk into repose, even where they squatted on the floor.

At sunrise Meer Meerza awoke punctually as a shepherd wakes, and shaking himself up, throwing his wallet on his back, and grasping a sturdy staff to steady his steps in the stony high places, and, if need were, to defend the little store of wealth with which he was travelling to bless his good old mother, he set forward on his day-long, dreary journey. The few who were awake when he departed bade him good cheer, and gave him "the blessing of the Prophet" for his protection. The good-humored shepherd, laughing at their fears for him, then went his way, as light of heart and of foot as cheerful youth, strength, and a good conscience could render him. And so, during the first five hours of his journey, he trudged merrily along, now breaking the silence of the solitude around him with snatches of shepherd's songs, and now pausing for a minute to gaze reverently on the sun—admire the wildness of the scenery—pick up a mountain flower—listen to the chirping of the passing birds, and watch their rapid flight.

Thus amused, some hours of the day passed unaccounted away, and it was noon ere he felt hungry and weary; for ere he started he had swallowed a score or two of dates, a fruit so strength-sustaining that many an eastern traveller will journey on from sunrise to sunset and want no other food. Not so our traveller. He had a shepherd's appetite, which the fresh mountain air made tiger-keen. He looked around him, therefore, for a sheltered spot, where he might rest awhile, and this he found—a nook among the dark blue rocks which wildly spread the heights of Aberan, near which a little mountain rivulet ran brawling and wrangling with the impeding stones. There, throwing himself on the ground, he opened his well-packed wallet, and rummaged out some coarse but sweet bread, a flask of goat's milk, and a second flask, which he had stuffed with the hair of the same dog that had bitten him at the caravanserai. Having eaten heartily, and drunk up his goat's milk, and still feeling thirsty, he laid his lips to the mountain stream, and drew up a long draught of its delicious water. "Water is not so sweet as goat's milk, nor so strong as *mau-ul-hyat*," said the shepherd, wiping his mouth upon his rough, coarse *kabba*, or humble vest, "but it will do very well till they abound." And so saying, he turned to flask the second, and took a qualifying dram.

Cheerful and refreshed, he now resumed his way, and, in another hour, approached the spot which the robber was said most to haunt. It was then, and not till then, that he felt an undefinable dread—not fear, but some feeling next of kin to it—retal gradually over him. "The air of these heights is cold," said Hadjee Meer, "or else the water, which I drink too freely, has chilled me, for I feel as if winter searched my poor *kabba* through;" and he shivered, and muttered "La-illah-he-il-Allah." Poor Hadjee! the dread of danger, which makes cowards of the strong at heart, who yet, when danger comes, can meet it firmly, had got fast hold upon his fancy, and made his strength to tremble and his warm blood to turn water-cold.

Suspense is more terrible than certainty. He halted a few moments and looked around him; and, far as the eye could reach, no living thing—not even a wild bird—appeared, distant or near. Loneliness itself is an inspirer of dread; and when the expectation of some danger is added, the heart may well shrink, if it do not faint. Again he set forward, singing a shepherd's song as he went; his song was, however, often interrupted by serious pauses of rumination; but these gave place, at last, to his old natural cheerfulness and stoutness of heart, and his singing was as loud and as light as ever. Thoughts of the robber, however, still haunted him, and recurred the more seriously the higher he mounted the steep path which wound over the hills. "This goat-path is precipitous," murmured he, breathing laboriously, "and might put the stoutest lungs at a goat's gallop!" and he halted again to recover his breath. He still deceived himself; it was his apprehension, and not the steepness of the path, which made him pant and breathe so irregularly.

And now he had reached the rugged head of that hill which he had so often gazed upon with wonder at the home door of his childhood; and being weary with the toilsome ascent, he flung himself on the ground, and once more unbuckling his wallet, drew forth a second dose of bread, and swallowed it with ravenous hunger, and washed it down with a long draught of flask the second. Home being now in sight, and his body refreshed, his spirits mounted up as high again as they were low; and he laughed and was merry when he turned his eyes towards the beloved valley of Humamloo. His dread was gone; so, springing upon his feet, he set forward on his descent, and wantonly amused himself, as he went almost headlong down the heights, by striking with his staff at every stone and sturdy shrub which came in his way, till one half of it was

shivered into splinters; and as often as he struck a more than common blow he cried, "By the beard of my father, thus would I beat Caussim Al Kadjer!" He had now entered upon a dreary path, overhung with lofty pines, which darkened the ground with their thick masses of dusky foliage, and threw a solemn, shadow dreariness around. Huge round pebbles made his steps uncertain, and giving way as he trod upon them, sometimes threw him down, to the bruising of many a bone. Gigantic blocks of porphyry jetted overhead, or lay disorderly around, looking like the vast remains of some old mountain-altar of the Fire-Worshippers. It was a wild and melancholy scene, and he felt its awfulness creep over him. Again he rallied, and again plied his staff on the right hand, on the left, till, just as he was about half spent with his sport, at one blow so great a portion of it was broken off, that he had but three strong feet left in his hand. Half vexed at his folly in thus disarming himself, he struck at a huge stone in humorous spite, and again cried aloud, "And thus would I beat the bones of Caussim Al Kadjer!"

A giant figure, which looked black as a sable bear, in the darkness made by the sycamores, started up instantly from behind the block of stone, and with a growl, which sounded more like that of a beast than the voice of a man, cried "Vendist thou?" "Even as I said," answered Meer Meerza, briskly, and not at all startled by the sudden interposition; but when he lifted his eyes, and beheld who it was that had spoken, his hand clutched convulsively the poor fragment of his staff, and he felt that now he had need of the original whole, and another weapon to boot, to stand up for him. For a moment he quailed, and in the next he felt assured; for the danger he had dreaded stood before him, and he had not to meet it—it was there; and he made up his mind, and strung up his strong sinews to meet it like the shepherd who, among shepherds, was known as "The Lion-hearted Lamb."

"I take not so much beating as thou hast valiantly bestowed upon my stock and stone representatives," said Al Kadjer, with a surly sort of humor.

"Bismillah! Art thou to say how much? I never give less when I bestow a cudgelling," said the shepherd. "If thou wilt not have all, have none, in the name of the prophet!"

"How, then, shall we agree? I am unwilling to take so much, and thou art unwilling to give less—say we shall decide it thus: I will take as many blows as thou canst give me, and thou shalt take two of mine in return. If I am not satisfied, I will let you fall, and do thou keep the reckoning. Come, I will begin! Score thou one!" And saying this, the robber set upon Hadjee Meer with a staff six feet in length, and of a thickness which made him wince to look at it. He parried the blow, however, which else would have laid him sprawling; and a second was coming, when he leaped aside, and exclaimed, "Caussim Al Kadjer!—for thou art he, and none other—giant as thou art, and terrible as thou art to men, hadst but a weapon such as thine, I would make thee to keep the reckoning on thy bones? But look at my staff—it is a straw!"

"Ho! sayest thou so? None shall report of Al Kadjer that he took a fair antagonist at a vantage! Here, take my staff," and he threw it to the shepherd; "for I have it by me; and, should these fail, deadlier weapons to wind up the quarrel!" and stooping behind a block of stone, he produced a staff in all respects like to the other.

Hadjee Meerza unstrapped his wallet, deposited it behind a pine, and, being now fairly armed, he shied his ground, and chose an open space, where the stems of the trees were so far apart, that his staff might fly freely round his head; and, planting his foot firmly, awaited the assault. The next hit was again the robber's, and had the shepherd failed to ward it off, he would have bitten the dust. He then put in a blow; but, as his foot slipped in delivering it, it fell so feebly, that Caussim smiled in scorn at such boy's play, and said, "We are not a match, shepherd, for thou strik'st weakly!"

"Sooth to say," replied Meer Meerza, "I am weary, for I have journeyed so far, and flung so much of my strength away upon stock and stone Al Kadjer, that I have not strength to deal with Al Kadjer himself, I am but as a child!"

"By the sacred mouth of the Prophet, that is honest! I will not take advantage of thy weariness," cried Al Kadjer. "Take it, if thou canst," cried the Hadjee, put on his mettle. "Thou dost not fear me, then?" demanded Caussim.

"I fear nothing that wears a beard," replied Meer Meerza.

Hearing this confidence, the robber gazed at him with astonishment, and having surveyed him from head to foot, and duly considered his bodily capabilities, he said, "What art thou?"

"A shepherd in Erivan."

"Art honest?"

"I trust I am. I never yet stole a lamb from a neighboring shepherd's fold."

"Ah, a glorious robber was spoiled when thou wert made a simple keeper of sheep!" cried Al Kadjer.

Meer Meerza laughed, and said, "Haply; but who shall murmur at his fate? Not I. I am content to be honest and right of heart."

"Thy name?"

"Meer Meerza, youngest son of old Allee Meerza, now with the dead, of the valley of Humamloo."

"Bismillah! What art thou indeed a son of the double-jointed iron master of the valley?"

"No other man's son. My mother said so, and my father believed her; for, as she ever respected the Prophet, she spoke the words of truth."

"Allee Meerza, saidst thou? Do I live? He was a man! Bismillah! We have no men like him in these latter days! His hand was a smith's hammer! Sacred be the dust upon his grave!"

"Thou knowest my father, then?"

"By the Prophet, yes, Allee Meerza was indeed a man! He could handle a sword, spear, or staff! Ere I took up his trade, he broke two of my bones in a caravanserai quarrel."

"I inherit his bones," said the Hadjee, with a significant laugh.

"Sacred be his memory!" cried the robber.

"And thou art journeying to thy home? And what say that wallet of thine contain?"

"Some twenty toman, sooth to say, which I am carrying as a tribute of piety to my poor mother, with half a dozen black lamb skins, and four kid skins, for her winter comforting."

"A pious son!" cried the robber, and he sighed heavily. The shepherd started at hearing a sigh from such a bosom! Caussim, after a struggle with his conscience, added, "By the head of my father, I reverence thee! Thou art a brave, and good, and pious son of double-jointed Allee! And to show thee how I love thee—and he was silent for a time as if his better nature was contending with his rapacious habits,—"give me a fourth portion of thy store, as tribute, and go thy ways."

"Not I!" cried the Hadjee. "What thou seekest to have, thou must take it in despite of this strong arm, and this good staff!"

"Bravely said!" cried Caussim: "I love thee more and more! The poor wretches I have battled with hitherto were half beaten before a blow was struck on either side; but thou—come, thou shalt suit with me, and drink with me; and after that, if we must fight, we will fight fairly, like friends. The wager shall be for two toman. If I win, thou shalt count them down; if I lose, I will pay thee down the same. Follow me!"

"Have I looked upon the tomb of the Prophet, and polluted and blinded mine eyes since," demanded the Hadjee, "that thou thinkest to lure me into such a pitfall?"

"True, men of calling," said the robber, "are to be doubted; but I mean thee fairly."

"Well, then, a match be it; but, look thou, no tricks when I have laid down my staff!" said Meer Meerza.

"Ah, if thou still doubt'st me, take both weapons into thine hands," and he threw his second staff to the shepherd: "And now, behold, I am unarmed!"

"Well," said the Hadjee, "for a robber, that looks honest! I will trust in thee!"

"Follow me, then," commanded Caussim, and the shepherd did, undoubting.

"Hold him but a little way, when, coming to a rocky recess, he entered it, while Meer Meerza loitered at the door, and immediately he handed out abundance of fruits, a plentiful portion of recently-roasted kid, and, lastly, a couple of flasks of the forbidden *mau-ul-hyat*. These he afterwards spread upon the ground, and invited the Hadjee to fall to. He did not require twice bidding, for he looked as ravenously on these dainties as if his eyes were an appetite independent of his stomach. The shepherd was about to fill his mouth, when the robber, to his astonishment, interrupted him by crying, "Give Allah and the Prophet thanks, my son, before thou eatest, for these are thine mercies!"

"Why, thou presumptuous hypocrite!" cried the Hadjee: "Darest thou give thanks to Allah and his Prophet for these good things, which thou hast violently taken, haply from the poor, with blows and blood? Dost thou Allah that thou art a villain—the Prophet, that thou art powerful to shed blood? I dare not be so wickedly profane. I shall thank no giver of this food but he from whom it was forced away."

Al Kadjer knit his dark brows—as the shepherd sternly kept his eyes upon him, he seemed to blush—and suddenly he sat reproved. From that moment the robber was morally conquered. The shepherd now fell to; and, after a time, Al Kadjer shook off his uneasy thoughts, and began to eat in silence.

"Excellent kid-flesh, by the holy mouth of the Prophet! Who eaters for thee?" cried the Hadjee, smacking his lips at the first mouthful, and then craning in lump after lump, as if he were hungry.

"Who eaters for me? Those who fear me, feed me."

"Then, by the bowels of the sacred camel, it is better to be feared than loved. And this flask—by the lips of an honest man, you robbers of men—"

"What!" cried Caussim; "wouldst thou stone my dog at mine own door?"

"Well, then, you shepherds of men have better notions of the luxuries of life than we poor dwellers of the valley, when we dream of them, and know no more of their sweet sinfulness. I am a shepherd and kidnapper, too; but muttons and kids are dainties too delicate for my mean mouth: my masters know what kids and muttons are, and it is my business to see that they get them in good condition and in due season; but as for me—Bismillah! who am I, that I should have a mouth?"

"Rob, then, as I do!" counselled Al Kadjer.

"Yea, become a lion, and ravage flocks and folds, to have every man's hand against me! Nay, by the Prophet, nay!" cried the simple shepherd.

"Every man's hand, as thou knowest, has been uplifted against me, and thou seest, has done me no little mischief hitherto. When they have lifted their right arm, mine was always raised at the same moment, and fell the heaviest," vauntingly cried Al Kadjer.

"That was yesterday: to-day, or to-morrow, a mightier arm may be lifted up against thee, and what then?" quoth the shepherd.

"Why, I have lived to-day, and many yesterdays!" exulted the robber. "What more wilt thou have lived when thy flocks are folded by another shepherd?"

"I shall have lived well," said the shepherd, humbly.

"Tush!" cried Al Kadjer, angrily. "Good *Moolah* (or priest) Meer Meerza," he added, with a sneer, "thou dost not drink!"

"But I will, and that thirstily!" said the Hadjee, smiling. "Thy sarcasm!" Here's to thy beard!" The two of the Prophet fall on it like a fragrant oil! And he bowed to his rude host, and drank.

And so for some time the antagonists sat beard to beard, chatting and chinking flasks together. The Hadjee, as merry as a bird, talked till he laughed, and laughed till he grew; but he failed not to observe that the higher and good humor mounted, the more grave and serious grew the robber. Al Kadjer, in his turn, regarded the happy face of Meer Meerza, while it brightened up with mirth, as if he had not seen such an expression of cheerfulness and inward peace for many moons. He had been accustomed to see faces agitated with fear, resentment, and abhorrence: the sight of a face looking happy and unfeigned in his presence was new to him; and the Hadjee sometimes paused in his mirth to read the

troubled thoughts in his, written as plainly as holy texts in the leaves of the sacred Koran. But these ineffectual glimpses of his better nature soon vanished, and all was darkness in his countenance; and again he read in his brow that, notwithstanding his unusual sociality, the robber was a robber still, and meant not to forego his prize, if he might win it. He again returned to his old demand of a tenth of all he had; but the stout shepherd would not hear of it for a moment. "Was my father a worm," cried he, "that thou thinkest to tread upon me so easily? No—a bargain is a bargain. One of us twain is to lose two toman—I care not which; so, as the day declines, the sooner we decide it the better."

"Well, even as thou wilt!" said Al Kadjer: "I am in a good humor this day, or thou wouldst not have thy will thus freely. Honour thy father, and I respect thy courage, Hadjee! Some wealthy coward shall reward my moderation to-morrow."

Thus saying, the old robber arose from the ground, and the shepherd leaped up also, as nimbly as an antelope. "Is it to be the old weapon?" asked the former. The Hadjee nodded assent. "Well," added the old man, "I'll humour thee. This has been a white day with me, for I have done no evil work in it; and I care not if I finish it in sport. Take thy ground! And now thy guard, good Hadjee!"

The shepherd lacked not his reminding; he was on his guard, as his antagonist soon discovered, to his cost; for, after some little show of feigning, he dealt him such a blow above the eyes as laid him on the ground—"Thanks to thy kid and the forbidden, that hit is worth a toman!" cried Meer Meerza, exultingly. But when he observed, after many moments had elapsed, that Al Kadjer stirred not a limb, the conqueror became alarmed, and feared that he had killed him. At length the robber opened his eyes, and looking up at the shepherd who was bending over him with almost the tenderness of a son expressed in his good countenance, he said feebly, and kindly, too, "Hadjee, thou hast vanquished me! Never man till now hath made old Caussim Al Kadjer to bite the dust! Thou hast; but let it not be known on either hand of these hills, of which I have been the terror; for when the common herd shall hear that I am vulnerable, there will be a thousand sparrows pecking at the old eagle."

"Ah, now do I pity thee!" cried Meer Meerza. "But fear not. I promise thee, by the true lips of my mother, that none shall hear of thy discomfiture! We meet as foes—shall we part as friends? Such friends as honest shepherds should be with a—But I will not fling a stone at thee now that thou art hurt! I could go without thy leave; but I will not quit thee till thou sayest, 'Go, my son!' Thou art stunned, not wounded; let me lead thee to thy safe hiding-hole, and then leave thee! For look, the sun is down; and the star that hovered over the hut of my father when I was born, shines on it now, and bids me welcome home! Give me thy hand in kindness. Should we meet again, shall we meet as friends?"

"Ay, for a thousand moons!" exclaimed the robber, and he trembled when the earnest youth snatched his hand, and pressed it warmly; for now did he feel how inferior his prowess had been; that it had been the daring of a brutalized man—not the unflinching bravery, born of a good conscience, and a heart strong in honesty. Awe and trembling, with glittering eyes he looked into the face of the young shepherd, and said, "Meer Meerza, my son, thou hast the gentle looks of a lamb, but the heart of a strong lion! I am the dust at thy feet! Go thy ways! Let thy shadow bless thy mother's door! Let the light of thy countenance gladden her eyes! Let thy comeliness bring back thy father to her heart! Let thy goodness satisfy her! Would that I had had such a father! Would that I had such a mother! Would that I had such a son! I have no one who will keep my lamp lit when I am in the grave! Go, and leave me! The blessings of the prophet go with thee!" And he covered his face with his hands.

"The prophet be with thee!" piously ejaculated the simple youth; and he moved to depart.

"Stay, my son!" cried Al Kadjer. "Take thy two toman, which thou hast fairly won; and may they turn to thousands!"

"I will not touch them," said the shepherd. "I will not gather up fallen fruit which the serpent has licked over," thought he, for he would not speak it, but spared the humbled man. He would have stayed to cheer him, but thoughts of one who was more entitled to his tenderness came upon him, and once more he moved to depart; but ere he went away, he looked compassionately on the miserable man, still struggling in his soul with sin, repentance, pride, and shame. "The darkness thickens," said the shepherd. "I lend me thy staff, to feel out my path among these ruinous rocks and stumbling-blocks of stone."

"Take it, my son, and leave me!" And the old man rose, and, embracing him, turned heavily away. The Hadjee looked after him, and saw that he had reached his hiding-place: then snatching up his wallet, he bounded downwards, leaping the craggy places like a kid at play; and soon he disappeared in the thick-coming darkness, which rapidly rolled up the heights like a black fog, while night and silence brooded over his beloved native valley beyond.

"I have been a thriving ruffian, and the terror of my fellow-men—would that I were that simple shepherd!" groaned Al Kadjer, as he slunk into the corner of his lonely lair on the desolate hills.

Seven days thereafter Hadjee Meer Meerza returned by the same way, and sought to meet his robber-friend; but he was nowhere to be seen. He sought him everywhere, and sought in vain. Guided by finding his broken staff on the ground where he had left it, he wound his way among the shivered rocks, and threaded through the tall ferns, rude *awthorns*, and lofty sycamores, till he at length discovered the haunt of the old robber, and trembling lest he should find him dead, glanced hurriedly into the dark cavern, like a sepulchre with the entrance-stone removed. He was not there! He was turning away from the spot when a table-rock, with marks on it of recent inscription, met his eyes. He hastily read the lines, which ran thus:—"Ashamed of his outlaw's life, Caussim Al Kadjer forsakes it forever; and in some distant region of this land will

JOB PRINTING,
OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND PORTABLE DESCRIPTIONS,
COMPRISING IN PART
Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blanks, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills, Shoe Bills, Notices, &c., &c.
Promptly and Tastelessly Executed at the
JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE,
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type throughout, and we are prepared to execute all orders for Printing in the best manner and at short notice.
Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superior style, at reasonable rates.

with the blessing of the Holy Prophet, expiate, by days and nights of contrition, his long career of crime and cruelty. Pray for the peace of his spirit, all good Moslems! Pray for him, Hadjee Meer Meerza, the Lamb with the Lion's Heart!"

"There is but one God! Blessed be the name of his prophet!" cried Hadjee Meer Meerza, as he descended the solitary heights of Aberan, and looked with tearful eyes upon the pleasant plains of Erivan.

TO KATE.
I'm thinking of the time, Kate,
When sitting by thy side,
And picking beans, I gazed on thee,
And felt a manly pride.

In silence leaned we o'er the pan,
And neither spoke a word;
But the rattling of the beans, Kate,
Was all the sound I heard.

Thy auburn curls hung down, Kate,
And kissed thy lily cheek;
Thy azure eyes, half filled with tears,
Bespoke a spirit meek—
To be so charmed as I was then
Had ne'er before occurred.

When the rattling of the beans, Kate,
Was all the sound we heard.

I thought it was no wrong, Kate,
So leaning o'er the dish,
As you snatched up a lot of beans,
I caught a nectar'd kiss—
A sudden shower made blind my eyes,
I neither saw nor stirred.

But the rattling of the beans, Kate,
Was all the sound I heard.

THE ROAD TO FORTUNE.
When M. Lafitte came to Paris, in 1778, the extent of his ambition was to find a situation in a banking-house, and to obtain this object he called on M. Perregaux, the rich Swiss banker, to whom he had a letter of recommendation. This gentleman had just taken possession of the hotel of Middle Gurnard, which had been put up to lottery by that lady, and won by the fortunate banker. It was to this charming habitation, which has since been demolished, that M. Lafitte paid his first visit in Paris, and, as it were, took his first step in the Parisian world. The young provincial, poor and modest, timid and anxious—entered by that gateway which had witnessed so many of the fortunes of the last century. He was introduced into the boudoir of the dame, then became the cabinet of the banker, and there modestly stated the object of his visit: "It is impossible for me to admit you into my establishment—at least for the present," replied the banker; "all my offices have their full complement. If I require any one at a future time, I will see what can be done, but in the meantime I advise you to seek elsewhere, for I do not expect to have a vacancy for some time." With a disappointed heart the young aspirant for employment left the office, and while with a downcast look he traversed the court-yard he stooped to pick up a pin which lay in his path, and which he carefully stuck in the lapel of his coat. Little did he think that this trivial action was to decide his future fate; but so it was. From the window of his cabinet M. Perregaux had observed the action of the young man. The Swiss banker was one of those keen observers of human actions who estimated the value of circumstances apparently trifling in themselves, and which would pass unnoticed by the majority of mankind. He was delighted with the conduct of the young stranger. In this simple action he saw the revelation of a character; it was a guarantee of a love order and economy, a certain pledge of all the qualities which should be possessed by a good financier. A young man who would pick up a pin could not fail to make a good clerk, merit the confidence of his employer, and attain a high degree of prosperity. In the evening of the same day, M. Lafitte received the following note from M. Perregaux:—"A place is made for you in my office, which you may take possession of to-morrow morning." The anticipations of the banker were not deceived. The young Lafitte possessed every desirable quality, and even more than was at first expected. From a simple clerk, he soon rose to be cashier, then partner, then head of the first banking-house in Paris, and afterwards, in rapid succession, a deputy and president of the council of ministers, the highest point to which a citizen can aspire. On what a trifle does the fortune of a man sometimes depend. But for the simple incident of the pin, M. Lafitte would, perhaps, never have entered into the house of M. Perregaux; another employer might not have opened to him so wide a field of action, and his talents and intelligence would not have led to such magnificent results. Little did M. Perregaux think that the hand which would pick up a pin was that of a man, generous to prodigality in doing good, and best always open to honorable misfortune. Never were riches placed in better hands—never did banker or prince make a more noble use of them.—*French Paper.*

He that gives a portion of his time and talent to the investigation of mathematical truth, will come to all other questions with a decided advantage over his opponents. He will be in argument what the ancient Romans were in the field; to them the day of battle was a day of comparative recreation, because they were ever accustomed to exercise with arms much heavier than they fought; and their reviews differed from a real battle in two respects, they encountered more fatigue, but the victory was bloodless.

A cobbler has just located himself at Spalding, and attracts attention with the following address outside his shop:—"Surgery performed upon old boots and shoes, by adding of feet, making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, altering the constitution, and supporting the body with new soles. No cure, no pay. Advice gratis on the most desperate cases."—*London Weekly News.*

A country clergyman being opposed to the use of a violin in the church service, was however, over-ruled by the congregation, who procured one. On the following Sunday, the parson commenced by exclaiming, in long-drawn accents, "You may f-i-d-d-l-e and s-i-n-g the fortieth psalm."

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 25, 1851.

AGENTS.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETERSON & Co., State Street, are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

BROOKLINE.—Mr. G. W. DICK, will act as agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TEMPERANCE.

The Maine Liquor Law is now agitating the mind of the Temperance community throughout New England, and every day we hear various opinions expressed as to its utility, its aims, and its results; and while we find all temperance men agree as to the evil effects and results of intemperance, we find opinions expressed as to the means of curing the evil as diversified and opposite in their details as the North is from the South, and as different as white is from black.

No man who has studied the history of the temperance movement for the past twenty-five years, can doubt the truth of the above statement; and while, to a person of rational judgment, it cannot but be a matter to be deeply regretted that the brethren who work in this noble cause do not agree, yet to the one-sided advocates of peculiar views it is strong argument for them to know that they have opponents who profess to seek the same end.

We say all agree as to the evil effects of intemperance. Who in this land, that possesses the least observation, can pass by the daily sights that greet our eyes, without noticing, interwoven closely in the events that continually transpire, the influence of this debasing and soul-destroying principle? The hydra-headed monster is seen in New England, adapting himself to all our customs and peculiarities; in the Middle States, we find him under a different and more open aspect; in the West, custom and taste brings him even more prominently before our eyes; and at the South, we find his power almost entirely untrammelled; and in all these spots we also find the truth—a matter of prominent fact—that progression is the path in which intemperance treads.

When we take a broad and comprehensive view of our beloved land, with the above facts before our eyes, we cannot but admit that the power of intemperance is very great. We believe but few realize it to anything like its actual extent; we never heard it exaggerated, and doubt if the tale was ever fully told. Of its individual, its social and its public influence, we might fill our sheet, and then, perhaps, give but a faint idea of what intemperance is.

If, then, we all agree in the starting-point, why cannot temperance men fight under the same banner? Why can they not say—We will not be satisfied until the monster is annihilated; we will not rest until every liquor shop and every distillery is driven from our land; we will not stop until weak man is in that position that he cannot obtain the poison which destroys him, and the peace and comfort of his family. These questions are easily asked, but not so readily answered; for one man will say, such is my object and desire, but this is my way of bringing about the desired end. Another will say—I agree about the result wished for, but my way is different. And so we differ and clash. Intemperance gains by temperance quarrels, and thousands yearly reach a drunkard's grave.

Now, to our views, this is not, nor should it be, a sectional question. The North cannot say to the South, "you are meddling with our business," nor vice versa, for our whole country is equally interested in the temperance movement. The nation's firesides and homes,—the nation's welfare and future prosperity,—are all closely connected with this vital question; therefore we maintain that some plan of action should be fixed upon which shall suit all; and few men of good common sense can be found in any community, who will not acknowledge that such plans are only to be arrived at by mutual concessions, and by a general giving-up of preconceived prejudices.

In commencing this article we spoke of the Maine law, which is entirely a new feature in the treatment of this traffic; and we cannot but admire the starting point or ground work of the law in question,—it is this. It treats the manufacturing and dealing in liquor as contraband, and thus aims a blow at the root of the whole difficulty. By this law, no person is now shielded who has any interest in disposing of this poison. Licensing a man to injure his neighbor and his brother, is not now on the Statute Book of Maine. And while we would not place ourselves in the position of those one-sided reasoners of whom we have just been speaking, we cannot help remarking that we respect the wisdom of this movement, and consider the uproar made among interested parties as a strong argument in favor of the law.

We hope the time will speedily come, when the temperance men of America will have a single purpose and aim; and then we believe with a "strong pull and a pull all together," they will accomplish in a short space more than has ever been done before.

NEW BRIDGE.—Subscribers will receive their papers at the store of Messrs. Nichols, Winn, & Co.

Our article on air, &c., is crowded out this week.

D. S., on Education, will appear next week.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

An oak and pine now mark the place,
Where silent lies in death's embrace
The body of our son;
His time on earth has been but short,
He soon has reached his distant port—
His time on earth is done.

These trees will flourish every year,
And in their season green appear;
With each returning Spring;
But this poor little mortal must
Return and moulder into dust,
This is a certain thing.

Three sister and an elder brother
Lie mouldering close to one another,
Near where they lived and died;
But this young stranger far hath come,
Away from friends—away from home—
And here he must abide.

His parents and his friends may mourn,
Yet he can nevermore return—
Oh! what a solemn thought;
Yet they may hope the heavenly dove
Hath wing'd his soul to heaven above,
And hath it safely brought.

Now let us all prepare for death—
Then when we yield our latest breath
And have our sins forgiven,
Triumphantly we shall ascend,
A long eternity to spend,
With our bliss and friends in heaven

WOBURN, OCT. 1851.

A. B.

OUR RECEPTION.

We do not desire to sound any trumpet as to our looks, as a paper, or the matter in our paper, but yet we cannot resist the inclination to let our readers know what our brethren of the press think of the "Woburn Journal," and accordingly place below some of the notices which we have clipped from papers received at our office.

We return our thanks to the press, and also to our correspondents who have seen fit to speak of our sheet in such flattering terms; and would also add, that it will hereafter be our desire and aim to merit all the good opinions that have been so liberally bestowed on us.

A NEW SUBURBAN PAPER.—We have received the first number of a new weekly newspaper, called the Woburn Journal, published by Messrs. Fowle & Brother, at the pleasant suburban village of Woburn. The paper is very neatly printed, and bears marks of good taste and good sense in the editorial department. It bears, in the outset, marks of strength which we have no doubt will give it stability and usefulness.—*Traveller.*

A NEW PAPER.—We have received the first number of a large and handsome looking sheet, published in the smart and thriving village of Woburn, by Messrs. Fowle & Brother, bearing the title of "Woburn Journal." Mr. Fowle officiates as editor. The paper is well edited and neatly printed, and the people of Woburn should, and we doubt not will, give it a hearty support. Success to the Woburn Journal.—*Herald.*

WE have received the first number of the Woburn Journal, a new paper published in the thriving town of Woburn, by Fowle & Brother, and edited by John A. Fowle. It is a handsome sheet, and is well filled with reading matter of local and general interest. It should be sustained.—*Journal.*

WOBURN JOURNAL.—We have received the first number of a weekly with the above title, published in the enterprising and intelligent village of Woburn. It certainly looks well, reads well, and we have no doubt is a very well. It is edited by John A. Fowle.—*Idee.*

A very neat looking weekly journal has been commenced at Woburn, by Messrs. Fowle & Brother, which is worthy the support of the citizens of that vicinity.—*Courier.*

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.—This is the title of a new weekly paper just started in Woburn by Messrs. Fowle & Brother. It is of respectable size, neatly printed and well filled. It should receive a cordial and hearty support at the hands of the good citizens in that vicinity.—*Lowell News.*

LYCEUM LECTURES.

Agreeably to notice, a meeting was held at the room over Mr. G. W. Fowle's store, on Monday evening, 20th inst., to take measures necessary to provide a course of Lyceum Lectures for the approaching season.

Dr. John Clough was called to the chair, and Geo. M. Champney appointed Secretary.

On motion, it was—

Voted, To proceed to choose a board of officers for the government of the Lyceum for the ensuing season.

A committee of five was appointed to nominate a list of officers, (to consist of a President, Vice President, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer,) who, through their Chairman, Hon. Charles Choate, made the following report, which was unanimously accepted:—

For President, Rev. J. C. Stockbridge; Vice President, Rev. Jona. Edwards; Corresponding Secretary, George M. Champney; Treasurer, G. R. Gage.

Voted, That season tickets be issued at the price of fifty cents each.

Voted, That all arrangements necessary for the procuring and delivery of a course of lectures be left to the officers of the Lyceum, for which purpose they are hereby constituted an executive committee.

Voted, To dissolve the meeting.

JOHN CLOUGH, Chairman.

GEORGE M. CHAMPNEY, Secretary.

THE BEST KEY.—The best key ever invented is a Yan-kee. As an instance, see young Hobbs of this city, who has picked everything in John Bull land.—*Idee.*

Tuckey is the best key for securing those who pick-locks illegally.—*Journal.*

We go in for a nice fat tur-key—especially about Thanksgiving time.

WE are happy to say that the response in the shape of subscriptions to our paper is all that we could desire, and our list is already quite lengthy.

John G. Flagg, Esq., has been appointed by the Governor and Council, as Justice of the Peace, for Middlesex county.

"MUSIC IN SCHOOLS" AGAIN.

MR. EDITOR.—Your correspondent "Crotch-et," reasons well on the subject of "Music in Schools," but for one, I must take decided exception to his side of the argument. I do not think we ought to go on in our schools, murdering music in the style in which it is now done, and for this very reason (which he brings up in his letter,) I say it should not be taught in our schools at all.

You know sir, the good old adage about "two many irons in the fire," and the conclusion there drawn, that some of them will get burned, so I believe it is in education; we crowd too much into the mind of the young child, and the result is that, instead of learning a few things well, it gets but a few general ideas on all points, and very little of thorough education.

I think the idea of infantile precocity, or the hurrying ahead of the young mind, is exceedingly injurious, and in after years recoils on the injured party with great power; it would certainly be much, yes! very much better, if our teachers, or those having the arrangement of these matters, would strive to have our children learn as they go along, not merely commit a little of all kinds of information to memory, to be forgotten the next day perhaps; but let what education they do receive be thorough.

I would not Mr. Editor, desire to be found among the class of fault finders, but I cannot help saying that I am among the number of those who have a perfect horror of modern accomplishments; it does seem to me perfectly ridiculous, to see a little child of seven to nine years, sing in *Italian*, or *finger* with the grace of an artist; I would have "a time for everything and everything in its time," and, therefore, would have the great science of music taught as an art, and taught at the proper age and time; and the place at which it is taught, should not be in a common school, where children should learn the common English branches.

I am aware there are arguments that can be brought to show the utility of learning to sing at school, but would it not be vastly better to teach singing by itself, and make it a thorough study; and in this way, a teacher who understands his business, would answer for a whole town, which would be a great saving, as an item of expense, for now, if we have a teacher who has all these accomplishments, why, of course they have a good argument to demand higher pay.

Music is a great study, and should not be trifled with, and for one, I hope the day will come, when people's eyes will be opened to see the importance of its being a study that demands more than a passing note, now and then to be learned.

QUAVER.

FOR THE JOURNAL.

THE HUSBAND'S HYMNS.

MR. EDITOR.—As you have published "A Wife's Commandments,"—she is over-righteous, I think, as they number twelve,—I hope you will be as willing to publish a husband's hymns.

A good wife should be like three things, and three things she should not be like:—

Good wives like snails should be akin,
Always their houses keep within;
But not to carry fashion's knicks,
All they are worth upon their backs.

Good wives like echoes still should do,
Speak only when they're spoken to;
But not like echoes—most absurd—
To have forever the last word.

Good wives, like city clocks, should chime,
Be regular, and keep in time;
But not, like city clocks, aloud
Be heard by all the vulgar crowd.

A HUSBAND.

THE LATE TRIAL OF LOCOMOTIVES.—The following, from the Lowell Courier, is the award of the board of judges, upon the late trial of engines and exhibition of railway machinery, connected with the Middlesex Mechanic's Fair:—

To John Howe, Jr., Agent of the Brandon Works, a silver medal, for Mowry's carriage coupling.

To the Addison Gilmore, from the Western Railroad, a gold medal, for the best time made.

To the Nathan Hale, Boston and Worcester Railroad, a silver medal, for the second best time made.

To the Dedham, from the Boston and Providence Railroad, for the best arrangement of the engine and tender, the importance of which we have alluded to, and for the drawing apparatus, which increases the adhesion, with increased load or increased draft, on inclined planes, a silver medal.

To the Milo, freight engine, from the Boston and Lowell Railroad, for the best performance according to the prescribed rules, a gold medal.

To the St. Clair, freight engine, for the second best performance, a silver medal.

THE FIREMEN.—Fountain Company paraded last Saturday in good numbers, and looked finely. They worked their old machine like heroes, but it was no match for Winchester's "Excelsior," as it proved, and the "Fountain" tub—not the boys—was beaten. We hear that a trial is talked of between "Excelsior," of Winchester, and the "Gen. Worth," of Stoneham, both first class machines, and of the same build and size. If this trial take place there will be warm work, and "may we be there to see."

ELECTIONS.—The various political parties, are marshalling their forces for the State election, which comes off on Monday, Nov. 10th, the prospects are, that there will be quite a warm contest; the most distinguished and effective lecturers of all the parties are now thoroughly canvassing the counties. Next week we shall give the various tickets that are offered for the support of our citizens.

BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN.

FROM THE YEAR 1851 TO 1850.

In this list the arrangement of the records has been somewhat altered and abbreviated, that they may be consulted with more convenience, the spelling of proper and christian names are as found on the old records. The letter s. for son, and d. for daughter will be readily understood:—

1851.
Trottingham, Eliah, s. of Henry, 28th of 13th.
Leavenwell, Michael, s. of Michael, 8th of 4th.
Simonds, William, s. of William, 15th of 2nd.
1850.
Chamberlin, —, d. of Edmund, 11th of 1st.
Wynman, Juleth, d. of Frances, 29th of 7th.
Baldwin, Susan, d. of Henry, 23th of 5th.
Knight, Samuel, s. of Joseph, 8th of 2d.
Brooks, Sarah, d. of John, 21st of 1st.
Kendall, Elizabeth, d. of Frances, 15th of 11th.
Tedd, Hannah, d. of John, 21st of 7th.
Simonds, Joseph, s. of William, 18th of 8th.
Convers, Theopais, s. of Allen, 21st of 7th.
Carter, John, s. of John, 6th of 13th.
Wright, Sarah, d. of John, 14th of 12th.
Gardner, John, s. of Richard, 14th of 6th.
Polly, Joseph, s. of George, 23th of 10th.
1853.
Cutler, Susanah, d. of John, 23d of 1st.
Carter, Timothy, s. of Thomas, 12th of 4th.
Cleveland, Hannah, d. of Moses, 4th of 6th.
Read, Elizabeth, d. of George, 29th of 5th.
Leavenwell, Rachel, d. of Michael, 4th of 1st.
Convers, Sarah, d. of Allen, 29th of 5th.
Fuller, John, s. of Thomas, 1st of 1st.
Pierce, Samuel, s. of Thomas, 20th of 19th.
Carter, Sarah, d. of Thomas, 23th of 3d.
James, Samuel, s. of Robert, 7th of 2d.
Convers, Lida, d. of James, 8th of 1st.
Pierce, Mary, d. of Robert, 21st of 11th.
1854.
Wynman, David, s. of John, 7th of 2d.
Knight, Aaron, s. of Joseph, 23th of 1st.
Baldwin, Piche, d. of Henry, 7th of 7th.
Read, —, twins, sons of George, 14th of 9th.
Kendall, Hannah, d. of Frances, 30th of 11th.
Baker, John, s. of John, 25th of 1st.
Tedd, John, s. of John, 30th of 12th.
Simonds, Benjamin, s. of William, 18th of 1st.
Garner, Anna, d. of Richard, 17th of 11th.
Convers, Edward, s. of James, 27th of 12th.
1855.
Carter, Thomas, s. of Thomas, 8th of 4th.
Brooks, Emis, d. of John, 10th of 8th.
Leavenwell, Abigail, d. of Michael, 24th of 3d.
Baker, Mary, d. of John, 23d of 13th.
Richardson, Elizabeth, s. of Theopais, 28th of 8th.
Convers, Mary, d. of Allen, 30th of 9th.
Fuller, Jacob, s. of Thomas, 14th of 3d.
Wynman, Elizabeth, d. of John, 18th of 11th.
John, s. of William, 14th of 12th.
Knight, John, s. of Joseph, 16th of 11th.
Polly, George, s. of George, 4th of 11th.
Pierce, Nathaniel, s. of Robert, 4th of 10th.

CORRECTIONS.—In the last week's paper, in the year 1847, Scudder, the christian name of child and parent not recorded. In 1851, Knight, for "Frances" read "Joseph," for "30th of 11th" read "28th of 1st," Cutler, for "Joseph" read "John," for "8th of 1st" read "7th of 6th."

FOR THE JOURNAL.

"SEND ME YOUR PAPER."

MR. EDITOR.—I have a few words to say to you, on the reception of your first number in my family. You must know that I have three children—two boys and one girl; my wife has four sisters, all out of their teens,—well, we had a family circle in the evening, the Woburn Journal was handed to me to read, I gave a hasty look at its columns, to see if there was any matter in it, which I could not as a moral man, read aloud to my family; (for many of the papers, contain matter not fit to be read in a family circle.) I read the "Journal" through, and had you seen the bright faces and heard the remarks, you would have felt satisfaction for your labor; but, there is another feature in this "Woburn Journal," it has turned over a new leaf in my family; we have all taken to reading—my wife's sisters carry a pair of scissors and clip pieces from every paper I carry home, they are perfectly delighted with the selections, and intend to send you some—and my children are perfectly crazy to be editors; my oldest boy wants to know if he can't write a piece about good children obeying their parents—my wife is over eloquent, in all she does and says, and when I come home at night, I find them all reading; all these are indications of the influence of a moral Journal—and I rejoice to see it. If your first number is a specimen of what you mean to perform, and you do not deviate from it, you will receive the thanks and support of this community, as sure as I am a

FATHER.

Woburn, October 22nd, 1851.

Rev. George F. Simmons, of Springfield, will preach in the Unitarian Church, tomorrow, Oct. 25th.

QUILL AND SCISSORS.

The Town House has been newly painted, and looks nice as a new hat.

"Did you ever see Niagara Falls?" said a lady passenger to her friend. "No, I never met them, but I've heard them highly spoken of."

It is stated that Mr. Gleason, the publisher, has purchased the Montgomery House for \$80,000, and will convert it into a publishing house.

The following toast was given at the supper of the National Guards, New York:—"The four Boxes which govern this world: The Ballot Box—the Jury Box—the Cartridge Box—and the Band Box!"

The editor of the Lynn Bay State has been presented with a "lot of apples," and the editor of the Lowell Journal with a big pickerel. We are also pleased to acknowledge a rich loaf of sponge cake!

Absence diminishes moderate passions, and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes tapers, and adds fury to fire.

If you have an acquaintance you wish to out-loan him a "ten spot," and he will never trouble you again unless you follow him.

Dr. Graham used to say that the best food for a consumptive patient was a cedar shingle fried in saw-dust, battered, washed down by half a pint of hickory shavings.

The difference between love and law is this, in love the attachment precedes the declaration, in law, the declaration comes before the attachment.

An Irishman writing a sketch of his life, says he early ran away from his father, because he was only his uncle!

A man out West, who owns a large farm, says he stacks up all the hay he can out doors, and the remainder he puts in his barn.

The truest mark of being born with great qualities is being born without envy.

A Western editor cautions his readers against kissing short girls, because this habit has made him round shouldered.

A man without secrecy, is an open letter for every one to read.

The number of persons who have visited Niagara Falls this season, has been 80 to 100,000.

To the virtuous man or woman, home is the most splendid mansion.

A Catholic priest, 110 years of age, preached at Dayton, Ohio, a few days ago.

Genin, is going to give Kossuth a thousand dollars towards—selling his hats. Where is Dodge?

Cobblers are mostly all whole sold fellows; but some of them come to a bad end at last.

The Commonwealth tells its readers to "Trust the People." We much prefer the cash system.

A rice euk was arrested in the streets of Bangor, last week, and found to contain a quantity of joist, some meadow hay, and a barrel of gin! Nobody belongs to it.

To secure room in a crowd, carry a paint-pot in each hand. Such people are treated with as much deference as if they were grand lamas or cardinals.

The Ohio State Journal tells of a fellow that is "eight feet high, weighs four hundred pounds, with good proportions," and then, says he is "a beardless boy, and still growing."

Men have more sympathy with others' prosperity—and women with their adversity.

The Governor of Maine has appointed Thursday, November 27, as the day of the annual Thanksgiving in that State.

A man in Boston advertises "Railroad Wrappers and Knee Blankets" for sale.

NEW COMPANY IN SOUTH READING.—At South Reading, a new company has been formed, called the "Richardson Light Guard," in honor of Dr. S. O. Richardson, proprietor of the celebrated "Sherry Wine Bitters." The Doctor, in return for the compliment, generously gave the company \$500 for their use.

The Bunker Hill Aurora says, "The Commissioners of this county have purchased the estate adjoining the House of Correction, Jail, &c, at East Cambridge, and are now enclosing the same in order to enlarge the premises of the institutions mentioned."

ALTERED BILLS.—We have seen a ten dollar bill, purporting to be on the bank of Newbury, Wells River, Vermont. The bill is worthless, being altered from a broken Michigan Bank. The alteration is very skillfully performed, and would deceive any but the best judges. The vignette represents three females, one bearing a horn of plenty, another having in her hand a key, while the third is in the background. On the left is a female figure bearing a pair of scales, with a row of barrels, and a maritime scene in the background. The bill can be easily detected by the letter V in Vermont, which has the right hand stem heavy instead of the left.

A counterfeit \$200 bill on the American Bank, Providence, R. I., was offered in Boston on Thursday.—*Traveller.*

MIDDLESEX COUNTY TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—The County Temperance Convention is called to meet in Concord, on the 12th of November. The design is, to form a County Society, and to adopt such measures as the present state of the temperance cause may seem to demand.

ECCLASTICAL.—We understand that the Rev. J. Buxford has resigned the Pastorate of the "Harvard Street Baptist Church and Society," to take effect on 1st Dec. proximo, with the view of accepting a call from the Baptist Church in West Cambridge, Ms.

MILITARY.—The Soul of Solldery, Capt. F. W. Bridge, celebrate their 74th Anniversary, on Monday, by a parade, target shooting at Somerville, and a dinner at the residence of their past commander, Captain Griggs, at Charlestown.

The Grand Jury of Essex County have found an indictment against Chas. F. Furbbush for the murder of John J. Purdy, at Lynn, last Spring. His trial will take place in the Supreme Court.

SHIP BUILDING.—We are informed that ship building is very dull at present, and ship carpenters who, three months since, could command two and three dollars per day, are now working for a dollar and a half.

The Supreme Court has recently decided that no action can be maintained for compensation for the use of horses and vehicles for travelling on the Sabbath, excepting when so let for the purposes of necessity or charity.

APPOINTMENT.—The President has appointed Judge Sharkey, of Mississippi, Consul at Havana. The Judge was President of the National Union Convention, and has accepted the appointment.

"Homestead Exemption," exclaimed Mrs. Partington, throwing down the paper; "it's come to a pretty pass, indeed, that men are going to exempt themselves from home just when they please, without any proviso for cold nights."

POCKET PICKER.—A gentleman from the country had his pocket picked of a watch and gold seal, in Sudbury street, last evening.—Value, \$15.

The Middlesex Society of Sabbath School Teachers held their annual session at Concord, on Wednesday.

A letter from Havana states that a Spanish officer, who captured Lopez was assassinated.

FOR THE JOURNAL.

MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir,—The officers and members of Fountain Engine, No. 1, regret that an invitation which was intended for you, to be present at their collation, was not, for some cause or other, given, and I would take the liberty to give the following as a report of the proceedings at the collation.

After the officers and members of each company had heartily partaken of the eatables spread upon the table, and the noise of cheering, and the cracking of jokes had somewhat subsided, the following sentiments were given, interspersed with music from the Salem Band, and the singing of several spicy songs, by the Kimball's of this town, three of them, members of the Fountain Company, and all of whom are not only good singers, but good fellows.

Before going on to give the sentiments, allow me to say, that the company desire to take this opportunity to express their thanks to Messrs. L. Holden, and S. Daland, for the services which they kindly and gratuitously rendered in the Band.

THE SENTIMENTS.

By Capt. Sims, of the Excelsior, Winchester.—"The Fountain Engine Company, No. 1.—With such a company, the good old town of Woburn will never want a Barnum's Fire Annihilator."

By Capt. Tav, of the Fountain, Woburn.—"The Firemen of Winchester and Woburn—May the same friendship which exists between the two companies to night, exist forever."

The spirit of Capt. Tav's sentiment will be more fully understood, and better appreciated, when it is known that some unfavorable impressions may have existed with the members of Excelsior Company and the Fountain Company.

Capt. Garland, of Somerville, after a few complimentary remarks to each of the companies, said—"although I am not a Fireman myself, I will give you a sentiment"—"The Firemen of Woburn and Winchester—One and one, may they never be ex-one, and although one has a little better machine than the other, may their friendship never be less."

By a member of Excelsior Company, No. 1.—"The Fountain boys.—Not only a fountain of every thing that is good to eat,—but fountains at heart."

By Mr. Frye, 2nd Foreman of Fountain Company.—"The Winchester boys.—Dealers in Washing Fluid; hereafter they will have to go to some other place to sell their article, for they have given Woburn a sufficient supply to day."

By a member of Excelsior Company.—"The Fire Department of Woburn, and the contest.—Although their tub has been beaten, the Company has not."

Mr. Dodge of Winchester, was several times called upon for a sentiment, but to no effect, until Capt. Sims

SCHOOL CELEBRATION AT STONEHAM.

The three large new school-houses, recently erected in Stoneham, were dedicated with appropriate ceremonies Oct. 24, 1851. A procession was formed at the Town Hall at one o'clock, P. M., composed of the children, to the number of four hundred, attending the public schools, marshalled under their respective teachers, and the citizens generally, escorted by the Stoneham Light Infantry, Capt. Dike—sixty strong—with the Salem Brass Band.

The procession moved to the residence of the Hon. Geo. W. Dike, where His Excellency Governor Boutwell, Messrs. Dike, Hubbard, Gilson and Leach, of the Executive Council, Dr. Sears, Secretary of the Board of Education, Hon. N. P. Banks, Jr., Speaker of the House of Representatives, were duly received and escorted to the new house at the corner of Spring and Washington streets.

The several apartments having been duly examined, and the new and much improved chairs, tables, and the magnificent astronomical drawings carefully inspected, Solon Dike, Esq., on behalf of the Building Committee, in a very neat and appropriate address, formally presented the keys of the several houses to the Chairman of the Superintending School Committee, as follows:—

MR. CHAIRMAN, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It seems appropriate upon the completion of three such edifices as this, that some demonstration should be made to stamp the event upon the minds of the people, and to manifest, perhaps, to the mass, than any other that has transpired in this town within the last half century.

The condition of the school-houses in this town has for some years past called for some improvement. There has been but one school-house in town for several years (except the High School room) that was worthy the name of school-house. They were really unfit for the purpose for which they were used; and with a praiseworthy liberality the citizens determined that school-houses should be erected that would be ornamental to the town, while they would be blessings to the rising generation.

To carry the wishes of the town into effect, a committee was chosen, and full powers were granted to them to erect school-houses for the use of the town. That committee, at a subsequent meeting, exhibited a plan of this house to the town, which plan was adopted, and the town voted to build three houses like the one you see before you, the buildings were erected by Mr. Orrin Herson, of this town. The underpinning was supplied by Messrs. Chandler & Colby, from the Town of Concord, N. H.

The plan was drawn by Amos Farrier, Esq., Chairman of the Building Committee.

And, ladies and gentlemen, it may not be improper for me, on behalf of the Building Committee, to state that it has been the aim of each contractor to do his part of the work to the satisfaction of the committee; and where all have been so eminently successful as the contractors on this job have been, the committee do not feel at liberty to praise one of the contractors more than another. The committee believe that each has done his work faithfully, and in a manner that will be a credit to the town, and of this town, will be better able to judge of the quality of the buildings after the test of years.

It may not be out of place to compare this school-house with the old ones, where the scholars have been to school the past summer. The two houses that have been used for years here, are about 18 by 28 feet, with eight feet of height, with no ventilation, except through the cracks and crevices in the walls, with benches; while in this house we have a Grammar School room, 36 by 37 feet, 12 feet high, warmed with Emerson's Ventilators, and provided with Emerson's Ventilators. The Primary rooms are 18 by 46 feet, 11 feet high, warmed and ventilated in the same manner as the old bench school-house, where our children can sit the long hours of their pilgrimage without contracting diseases of the spine that will last them during life.

Mr. Chairman, I need not tell you the advantages to be derived to the scholars from the new houses. Your experience in managing schools will enable you to perceive all the benefits that will be likely to follow from the superior conveniences of these houses, and in conclusion, I may say that the Building Committee, in presenting the keys of this house to you, as Chairman of the School Committee, feel that the interest you have manifested in the cause of popular education is a sufficient guarantee that the houses, while under your control, will be properly cared for.

To the above, A. V. Lynde, Chairman of the School Committee, replied and said:—

MR. CHAIRMAN—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Upon an occasion like this, upon the presentation by the Building Committee of the keys of this and two other similar houses, recently completed in this town, some laudatory and appropriate reply may be expected from those in whose possession they have been delivered, and in whose keeping they are to remain.

The School Committee receive these keys with emotions of gratitude; they receive them as the emblems of the liberality and deep-felt interest pervading the hearts of the people of this town, in the cause of education, and popular instruction to their children;—a liberality in advance of all other towns of similar capacity in this our honored Commonwealth. We are pleased to witness this grand exhibition of their wisdom, their great and deep concern to make their offspring useful, intelligent and happy; and to the citizens of the State and country that venerated and cherished principle of their Puritanic ancestry—that though the Church was of the most vital consequence to the security of the State and the prosperity of the liberties of the people, the Common Schools of our country were equally important, and the best protection and only safe safeguards of those liberties, and of the free and full liberty of conscience.

But, Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen, let me in a few words give you the history and conditions of our schools.

In 1725, Stoneham was incorporated. In the act of incorporation, provisions were made for the support of the gospel, and a public school for the instruction of all youth in reading and writing. These provisions, the foundation of our whole religious and educational measures, were duly carried out, and the church and school-house, side by side for a long period, graced the neighboring eminence. Till within twenty-five years the town was but one district, with one house near its territorial centre, in which scholars of all ages, from twenty-five years of age, attended. Twenty years since, a division was made of the town territorially into four districts, and separate school houses erected in each district, and the management was changed, and a further sub-division made into six districts. To these several schools, children of all ages attended, except, occasionally, one district; or two or more would unite, or the scholars of the whole town would unite, for a short time during the winter season of the year, when of necessity the younger scholars would be excluded. In the elementary branches, and when sufficiently advanced, or to be removed to the Grammar, Intermediate Schools, for thorough instruction in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Physiology, Geography, &c. A High School is to be kept in the Town House, to accommodate all qualified and sufficiently proficient in Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Astronomy, Philosophy, and the rudiments of the Languages. Such are our arrangements for the education of over five hundred children attending schools in this place.

With our limited means—a population of 2000, a valuation of \$600,000—the citizens expend this year \$16,000 for the erection of new school-houses, and make an appropriation of \$1700 in addition to the State Fund, for the support and maintenance of the schools therein. For such maintenance, should not the friends of education, should not every parental bosom here swell with gratitude and pride?

Ladies and Gentlemen,—For and on behalf of the School Committee and the inhabitants, I return to you, for the beauty of design, the substantial elegance, and the high and well ventilated apartments,—to the builder, for his faithfulness and perseverance,—for the painter, for his brilliant imagination, his lofty conceptions, and well executed illustrations of the sublimity of the planetary system,—to the Building Committee, for their care, interest, and self-sacrificing zeal in the location, erection and rapid completion of these, the most valued legacies ever bequeathed to their children,—to all these I return our warmest thanks. And, finally, to all the citizens of this town, who have so honorably advocated, so cheerfully aided by their counsel and influence, who have so willingly made appropriations to effect this revolution from darkness to midday, accept our deepest congratulations. And, in conclusion, let us all hope and trust, that these structures may stand to greet the earliest rays of the sun in his coming; may they be temples for the diffusion of wisdom and intelligence; may crowds of smiling children drink deeply of these fountains of literature and science; and may all youth here be taught, not less the importance of the traffic of revelation than sympathy for humanity, and obedience and fidelity to the laws and the Constitution.

Gov. Boutwell was then introduced, by A. V. Lynde, presiding officer of the occasion, who addressed the large assemblage with great power and elegance, showing the great importance of free schools for the preservation of free institutions,—the necessity, not only of studying books, but of learning men—the liberal application of knowledge—the liberality of the citizens of Stoneham, and the commendable reformation begun in their school system.

At the close of the address, the procession repaired to the grove near by, where eloquent speeches were made by Hon. Mr. Hubbard, Counsellor, the Secretary of the Board of Education, and Mr. Speaker Banks. Messrs. Banks and Hubbard pronounced these structures the best they had ever seen, bestowing a high compliment upon the intelligence and liberality of the town, contrasting the well ventilated rooms with those visited in other parts of the State, pointing out to parents their indifference to the success of their children, as manifested by them in never visiting the school-room, to witness their progress, or questioning them at home, to learn of their advancement, and the great importance of well sustaining the excellent arrangement commenced.

The company, having listened to several songs from the children, and partaken of the collation provided, and letters from the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop and others having been read, at sunset quietly dispersed, all highly pleased and well satisfied with the first dedication of public school-houses to the sacred cause of education.

THE ACTON CELEBRATION.—This affair will take place on Wednesday next, October 29th. A procession will be formed at Acton Centre, under direction of Col. Winthrop, E. Faulkner, Chief Marshal, at 9 o'clock, A. M., and will move to the place where Captain Davis and Private Homer are buried; and will return to the Monument Ground, where the remains of these revolutionary heroes are to be interred. After the funeral services shall have been concluded, the procession will proceed to the residence of Mr. John Wright, where Governor Boutwell will deliver an oration, and where the assembled company will afterwards dine. Rev. James T. Woodbury, of Acton, will act as President of the Day, and Rev. Barzillai Frost, of Concord, as Chaplain.

The military attendance at Acton is expected to be large. The Acton company, the Danvers Guards, will be out, and the Concord Artillery will be there, accompanied by Plagg's Band. Several other companies have been invited, but we have not learned whether they have accepted the invitations tendered them, or not.—Times.

EXECUTION OF A MISSIONARY.—The last accounts from China give an account of the execution of a Roman Catholic priest, who had visited that country as a missionary. The execution took place with much ceremony; a body of soldiers and elephants being ordered out. Before the procession a soldier marched, carrying a board affixed to a pole, on which was written:—

"Notwithstanding the severe prohibition of the religion of Jesus, a European priest named Augustin, has dared to come here clandestinely, to preach and seduce the people. When arrested he confessed everything—his crime is evident. Let Augustin have his head cut off and thrown into the river." On arriving at the place of execution, the martyr fell on his knees, kissed the crucifix three times, and at the request of the executioner, he took off his coat and turned down the collar of his shirt.

GOOD ADVICE TO AMERICANS.—The Journal Debates of October 1st, as we learn from Mr. Walsh's correspondence, contains a copious review, signed by Professor Michel Chevalier, of the thirteenth French edition of M. de Toqueville's Democracy in America. He ascribes the growth and prosperity of the United States to moral causes—to wise institutions and religious impressions. He observes,—"As long as the Americans preserve their religious spirit and social ethics, they will keep their Democratic Republic. When they lose them the world will see a corrupt aristocracy of wealth and debased masses." All history—all experience—all analogy—prove the irresistible truth of this. It is not institutions alone that keep a people free. In the intelligence, religious spirit, and social morality of the people themselves lies all hope of their continuance under a free, righteous and equal form of government.

STUNK!—Some thirty or forty ladies—the wives, relatives or intimate friends of those implicated in the Syracuse rescue—attended the preliminary examination before Judge Conklin. They returned yesterday. There was a gentleman in the cars with them, whose official position made it incumbent upon him to take a prominent part in the prosecution. But these ladies did not deem this sufficient excuse. They accordingly got up and signed a request, that he would seek some other car to ride home in! Nor were they content with this. They determined, formally, to collect "thirty (thirty cent) pieces of silver" and present to him, as "the price" of his services! None but enraged women would have conceived so cruel a punishment for a fancied wrong.—Albany Journal, 22d.

MAINE LAW TOO LATE.—Mr. J. W. Hawkins, writes to Mr. Marsh, of the Temperance Union, from Waterville, Me.: "The authorities here have poured out 120 gallons of rum, which had been deposited for safe keeping in the cellar of the Almshouse. They took it out in front of the building, and as soon as it began to run, a woman, an inmate of the Almshouse, cried with a loud voice; 'If that had been done thirty years ago, my husband would not have died a drunkard, and I, with my six children, would not now have been here!'"

DIVIDENDS.—The New England Ice Company, and the New England Railroad Company, have declared a semi-annual dividend of 10 per cent. on their capital stock.

The following dividends have been declared by Banks in the vicinity of Boston:—Cambridge Bank, 4 per cent.; Charles River Bank, Cambridge, 4 per cent.; Bunker Hill, Charlestown, 4 per cent.; Tradesman's, Chelsea, 4 per cent.; Abington Bank, 34 per cent. The Banks in Haverhill will pay the following semi-annual dividends:—Haverhill Bank, 5 per cent.; Merrimack Bank, 4 per cent.; Union Bank, 4 per cent.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Mr. Dexter Ware, a highly respectable and well known gentleman residing in West Newton, was instantly killed on Monday afternoon, by being struck by the New York train, on the Worcester Railroad. He was an agent for the company, and was out for the purpose of purchasing wood. He leaves a wife and several children.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—The newspapers are discussing the claims and merits of candidates for the Speakership and Clerkship of the next Congress. Mr. Boyd, of Kentucky, appears to be the prominent candidate for the Speakership. It is said the Free Soilers intend to go for Mr. Burt, of South Carolina, as an anti-compromise man.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY.—The furnishing goods store of John W. Smith, 231 Washington street, Boston, was entered on Tuesday night by means of false keys, and robbed of goods to the value of \$2500.

BARNUM IS A NEW CHARACTER.—It is stated by the Bridgeport Standard, that Peter T. Barnum will be nominated for the next Governor of Connecticut by the Temperance and Democratic parties of the State.

"An old-fashioned squirrel hunt recently came off in Vermont. The winning party shot 8501 tails, the losing party 4720. A red squirrel counts one tail, a grey one four tails, a skunk twenty, and so on, the rate increasing in proportion to the scarcity and ferocity of the animal."

THE MONEY MARKET.—In the New York money and stock market there is an evident improvement. Bank stocks are firm. Railroad stock has advanced.

CALIFORNIA AND SOUTH BOSTON.—It is said that \$200,000 has been sunk by the South Bostonians in various enterprises California-wards. This does not include many valuable lives, and the consequent destruction of domestic circles. El Dorado indeed.

Beef packing has already commenced at Chicago. It is expected that 40,000 will be killed this fall.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A Card.—The members of Tuesday Engine Company, No. 1, of Winchester, would take this method to tender their thanks to Poulain Engine Company, No. 1, of Woburn, for the kind reception given them at their meeting for a trial of engines, on the 18th inst; and also for the liberal collation provided by them for the occasion. And it is also hoped that the spirit of friendly rivalry between the two companies may ever exist between the two companies.

Winchester, Oct. 20th, 1851. A. CHENEY, Clerk.

Whig Lecture.—Charles B. Train, Esq., and Hon. A. H. Nelson, will address the citizens of Woburn, on the present political aspect of State affairs, at the Town Hall, THIS (Saturday) EVENING, at 7 o'clock. Members of all political parties are invited to attend.

Per order of Town Committee. Woburn, Oct. 25, 1851.

Free Lecture.—Dr. E. A. KITTREDGE, of Boston, will deliver a lecture on Hydropathy, at the Town Hall, on TUESDAY EVENING next, Oct. 29th, at 7 o'clock. The citizens of Woburn are respectfully invited to attend. Woburn, Oct. 25, 1851.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, 21st inst., by Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, Mr. C. W. H. Bolls to Miss Nancy V. Boyden, both of Woburn.

In Charlestown, 21st inst., Mr. John E. Brown to Miss Mary E. Lane.

In Cambridge, 18th inst., Rev. Wm. Farmer, of Lunenburg, to Mrs. Lovina Jackson, of Fairbury.

DEATHS.

In this town, 23d inst., Mrs. Dorothy Bigney, formerly of Uxbridge, Nova Scotia, aged 47.

In this town, 17th inst., Miss Mary L., daughter of Ed ward Fowle, aged 21 yrs., 9 mos.

While summer fever was fading, This lovely spirit fled From this black world of sorrow, To join the early dead; Yet in a fairer morrow, In beauty shall it bloom, Beyond the light of sorrow, And shadows of the tomb.

Andover, Oct. 7, 1851. [P.] In Winchester, Sept. 26th, Mary Caroline, wife of Mr. Edwin Gilley, and daughter of Jonathan Locke, 2d, Sept. 26th, George J. C., son of Daniel W. and Adeline M. Locke, 2 yrs., and 3 mos.

In Charlestown, 21st inst., Mrs. Abigail W., wife of Mr. Amos Tubb, 37 yrs., 3 mos.

In Cambridgeport, 23d inst., Ella Bangs, daughter of Wm. W. and D. B. Alcott, 6 yrs., 8 mos.

WOBURN AND BOSTON RAILROAD EXPRESS. The subscribers continue to attend to the EXPRESS business in all its branches, between Woburn and Boston. Orders received at No. 10 Court Square, Boston, and at the Depot in Woburn, W. E. YOUNG, C. S. CONVERSE.

Henry W. Howe, Watch Maker and Jeweller, Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Silver Spoons, Spectacles, and a variety of Fancy Goods. Clocks, Watches, Accordeons and Jewelry repaired. Also, Engraving executed. oct 25 3m

Calvin A. Wyman, Licensed Auctioneer, Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended on reasonable terms. oct 25 1f

Benz F. Wier & Co., Manufacturers and Dealers in Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Hats, Caps, Caudine, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c. Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kits, and Findings, &c. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN. BENJ. F. WIER, EDWIN PIERCE.

N. B. Ladies and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order. Boots, Shoes and Rubbers neatly repaired. oct 25 1f

Richardson & Collamore, Door, Sash and Blind Makers, House Builders, and Dealers in Lumber, SUMNER RICHARDSON, HORACE COLLAMORE, WOBURN, MASS.

Cherry and Pine Sashes, of every description, made to order. Planing and Sawing done at short notice. oct 18 1f

Wm. Simonds, Manufacturer and Dealer in BUREAU AND SECTARIARIES, 103 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

E. Cooper & Son, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods, Chemicals, Perfumery, Dye Stuffs, Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Foreign Lectures constantly on hand. oct 18 1f

Albert Thompson, Deputy Sheriff, Residence, Woburn Centre. All communications will receive prompt attention. oct 18 1f

N. Wyman, Jr., Dealer in FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, No. 8 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Fisk & Cushing, Merchant Tailors, 95 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

John Hammond, Real Estate Broker, No. 15 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON.

William Winn, Jr., Licensed Auctioneer, BURLINGTON, MASS. Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. oct 18 1f

M. A. Stevens, Teacher of the Piano and Voice, No. 52 MYRTLE STREET, BOSTON. (Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn.) Those in Woburn wishing to receive instruction, by leaving their address at the Post Office, will be called upon, or call see him at his boarding place before 9 A. M., or after 7 P. M. oct 18 1f

Cutter & Otis, Painters, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers, IMITATIONS OF WOOD AND MARBLE, Dealers in Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oil and Glass, STEPHEN CUTTER, GEO. H. OTIS, WOBURN, oct 18 1f

Petroleum, OR ROCK OIL, a natural remedy, procured from a salt well four hundred feet deep, and possessing wonderful curative powers in the following diseases: Rheumatism, Sciatica, Burns, Scalds, Eruptions of the Skin, Itches and Pimples on the Face, Erysipelas, &c. For sale and warranted by the agents, E. COOPER & SON, Nos. 5 and 6 Wade's Buildings. oct 25 1f

A Light Notice, BURNING FLUID, Hold Lamps, Cans and Wicks, constantly on hand; also, Oil Lamps with refined and Pure Oil, at the shortest notice, at the Apothecary store of DR. YOUNGMAN, Winchester. oct 25 1f

Brushes, CLOTHES BRUSHES, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Leather Brushes and Furniture Brushes,—a new and large assortment just received and for sale at the Apothecary store of DR. YOUNGMAN, Winchester. oct 25 1f

Shaving Creams, such as Carle's, Russell's, Hubbard's, &c., by E. COOPER & SON, Apothecaries, Wade's Buildings. oct 25 1f

French Lustral, or Hair Restorative, for cleansing the scalp, removing dandruff, and improving the Hair. Prepared by DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D., Winchester. oct 25 1f

Cigars, Principe and Havana Cigars, of various brands, such as Eagles, Extras, Ritas, Numantinas, Duracors, Jenny Lind, Monte Cristo, &c., just received and for sale by E. COOPER & SON, Druggists.

Coal, Lime and Hay, constantly on hand and for sale by W. D. WARREN. oct 25 1f

DEATHS.

In this town, 23d inst., Mrs. Dorothy Bigney, formerly of Uxbridge, Nova Scotia, aged 47.

In this town, 17th inst., Miss Mary L., daughter of Ed ward Fowle, aged 21 yrs., 9 mos.

While summer fever was fading, This lovely spirit fled From this black world of sorrow, To join the early dead; Yet in a fairer morrow, In beauty shall it bloom, Beyond the light of sorrow, And shadows of the tomb.

Andover, Oct. 7, 1851. [P.] In Winchester, Sept. 26th, Mary Caroline, wife of Mr. Edwin Gilley, and daughter of Jonathan Locke, 2d, Sept. 26th, George J. C., son of Daniel W. and Adeline M. Locke, 2 yrs., and 3 mos.

In Charlestown, 21st inst., Mrs. Abigail W., wife of Mr. Amos Tubb, 37 yrs., 3 mos.

In Cambridgeport, 23d inst., Ella Bangs, daughter of Wm. W. and D. B. Alcott, 6 yrs., 8 mos.

WOBURN AND BOSTON RAILROAD EXPRESS. The subscribers continue to attend to the EXPRESS business in all its branches, between Woburn and Boston. Orders received at No. 10 Court Square, Boston, and at the Depot in Woburn, W. E. YOUNG, C. S. CONVERSE.

Henry W. Howe, Watch Maker and Jeweller, Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Silver Spoons, Spectacles, and a variety of Fancy Goods. Clocks, Watches, Accordeons and Jewelry repaired. Also, Engraving executed. oct 25 3m

Calvin A. Wyman, Licensed Auctioneer, Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended on reasonable terms. oct 25 1f

Benz F. Wier & Co., Manufacturers and Dealers in Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Hats, Caps, Caudine, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c. Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kits, and Findings, &c. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN. BENJ. F. WIER, EDWIN PIERCE.

N. B. Ladies and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order. Boots, Shoes and Rubbers neatly repaired. oct 25 1f

Richardson & Collamore, Door, Sash and Blind Makers, House Builders, and Dealers in Lumber, SUMNER RICHARDSON, HORACE COLLAMORE, WOBURN, MASS.

Cherry and Pine Sashes, of every description, made to order. Planing and Sawing done at short notice. oct 18 1f

Wm. Simonds, Manufacturer and Dealer in BUREAU AND SECTARIARIES, 103 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

E. Cooper & Son, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods, Chemicals, Perfumery, Dye Stuffs, Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Foreign Lectures constantly on hand. oct 18 1f

Albert Thompson, Deputy Sheriff, Residence, Woburn Centre. All communications will receive prompt attention. oct 18 1f

N. Wyman, Jr., Dealer in FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, No. 8 WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

Fisk & Cushing, Merchant Tailors, 95 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

John Hammond, Real Estate Broker, No. 15 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON.

William Winn, Jr., Licensed Auctioneer, BURLINGTON, MASS. Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. oct 18 1f

M. A. Stevens, Teacher of the Piano and Voice, No. 52 MYRTLE STREET, BOSTON. (Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn.) Those in Woburn wishing to receive instruction, by leaving their address at the Post Office, will be called upon, or call see him at his boarding place before 9 A. M., or after 7 P. M. oct 18 1f

Cutter & Otis, Painters, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers, IMITATIONS OF WOOD AND MARBLE, Dealers in Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oil and Glass, STEPHEN CUTTER, GEO. H. OTIS, WOBURN, oct 18 1f

Petroleum, OR ROCK OIL, a natural remedy, procured from a salt well four hundred feet deep, and possessing wonderful curative powers in the following diseases: Rheumatism, Sciatica, Burns, Scalds, Eruptions of the Skin, Itches and Pimples on the Face, Erysipelas, &c. For sale and warranted by the agents, E. COOPER & SON, Nos. 5 and 6 Wade's Buildings. oct 25 1f

A Light Notice, BURNING FLUID, Hold Lamps, Cans and Wicks, constantly on hand; also, Oil Lamps with refined and Pure Oil, at the shortest notice, at the Apothecary store of DR. YOUNGMAN, Winchester. oct 25 1f

Brushes, CLOTHES BRUSHES, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Leather Brushes and Furniture Brushes,—a new and large assortment just received and for sale at the Apothecary store of DR. YOUNGMAN, Winchester. oct 25 1f

Shaving Creams, such as Carle's, Russell's, Hubbard's, &c., by E. COOPER & SON, Apothecaries, Wade's Buildings. oct 25 1f

French Lustral, or Hair Restorative, for cleansing the scalp, removing dandruff, and improving the Hair. Prepared by DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D., Winchester. oct 25 1f

Cigars, Principe and Havana Cigars, of various brands, such as Eagles, Extras, Ritas, Numantinas, Duracors, Jenny Lind, Monte Cristo, &c., just received and for sale by E. COOPER & SON, Druggists.

Coal, Lime and Hay, constantly on hand and for sale by W. D. WARREN. oct 25 1f

DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Richardson's Building, WINCHESTER, MASS.

DR. YOUNGMAN respectfully informs the inhabitants of Winchester, that he has, connected with his office, an extensive Apothecary Store, where will be found all the varieties of Drugs and Medicines usually called for. He gives his personal attention to the preparing and compounding of his Medicines; and those he purchases are believed to be genuine. All prescriptions and orders filled with the greatest possible care and promptness. Besides the more common articles of Medicine, the following are kept:—

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Carter's Pulmonary Balsam, Wisner's Balsam of Wild Cherry, Townsend's and Corbett's Sarsaparilla, Mrs. Kidder's Hysonary Cordial, Pure Liquid Magnesia, Fluid Extract of Valerian, Hecker's Parina, Dr. Maynard's Colloidal Cologne, and all varieties of Perfumery, Essences, and Extracts, all kinds of Trills, Richardson's, and all kinds of Bitters, Seditives, and Rochelle Powders, Cold Liver Oil—a pure article—Mr. Eagle Tripoli and Brick Dust, Day & Martin's, and other Blacking. Also, all varieties of

School Books, Bibles and Testaments, Blank Books, Blank Deeds and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perforated, Drawing, Bristol Board, Steel Pens and Quills, Ink, Envelopes, Plain Card, Portraits and Labels, Seals, Wafers, and all the varieties of STATIONERY, besides a great variety of FANCY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Daily Week and Monthly—all which will be sold as low as can be obtained elsewhere. oct 18 1f

REAL ESTATE AT AUCTION.

By Auction, on Saturday, the 25th day of November next, at 3 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, so much of the Real Estate of SAMUEL H. DAVIS, late of Winchester, in the county of Middlesex, deceased, will be sold, to wit: one hundred and eighty-eight dollars and forty cents, for the payment of his just debts and charges of administration. Said estate consists of a DWELLING HOUSE and BARN, with about thirty acres of improved LAND, situated on Pond street, in the northern part of said Winchester. Also, about ten acres and nineteen poles of unimproved land, situated about forty rods south of the above described premises. Sale to commence on the last mentioned tract of land. LEONARD THOMPSON, Admr. Winchester, Oct. 14, 1851. oct 18 3f

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of EPHRAIM WESTON, late of Reading, in the county of Middlesex, deceased, and has taken upon himself the trust by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are requested to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate, are called upon to make payment of the same. EPHRAIM WESTON, Admr. Woburn, Oct. 14, 1851. oct 18 3f

WINCHESTER LIBRARY. THIS Library numbers about 600 volumes, and is constantly increasing. Any person can purchase one or more shares, at \$200 each, and take out, at one time, one volume for each share. Annual subscribers may take, at one time, one volume for every dollar of their subscription. Subscribers are earnestly solicited, as all such funds are contributed to the purchase of new books, and the Library is constantly increasing. D. YOUNGMAN, Adm. Winchester, Oct. 14, 1851. oct 18 1f

DISOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP. THE Partnership heretofore existing under the firm of KIMBALL & LADD, was dissolved on the first of August, by mutual consent of the partners. All persons who are indebted to the firm, or who are owing to the firm, will be settled by Thos. Ladd, who is authorized to use the name of the firm in liquidation. WILLIAM KIMBALL, THEO. LADD.

All persons having unsettled accounts with the late firm of KIMBALL & LADD, are respectfully requested to call and settle. THEO. LADD.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 1, 1851.

AGENTS.

Boston.—Messrs. R. M. PETERSON & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

Worcester.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

Stonham.—Mr. G. W. DICK will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

FREE SOIL NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,

JOHN G. PALFREY,

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,

AMASA WALKER,

FOR SENATORS,

HENRY WILSON, of Natick,
CHARLES C. HAZWELL, of Concord,
ANSON BURLINGAME, of Cambridge,
ITAMAR W. BEARD, of Lowell,
SAMUEL E. SEWALL, of Stonham,
JOSEPH FULLER, of Framingham.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,

HENRY W. CUSHMAN,

FOR SENATORS,

JOSEPH FULLER, of Framingham,
HENRY WILSON, of Natick,
ITAMAR W. BEARD, of Lowell,
ANSON BURLINGAME, of Cambridge,
CHARLES C. HAZWELL, of Concord,
SAMUEL E. SEWALL, of Stonham.

WHIG NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP,

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,

GEORGE GREENELL,

FOR SENATORS,

CHARLES R. THAIN, of Framingham,
JOHN BOYNTON, of Groton,
ELISHA HENNINGTON, of Lowell,
H. P. PARSONS, of Charlestown,
IRISH CHAMBERLAIN, of Malden,
JOSIAH BUTTER, of Waltham.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Rather a queer caption, but at the same time an interesting subject, and an all-absorbing topic of the day. In fact, "Woman's Rights Conventions" have got to be regular and "fixed facts," their proceedings are reported in full by the city papers, and commented quite freely upon by the press, at home and abroad.

This subject is brought to our notice by seeing a report of the doings of a Convention, recently held at Worcester; and on the first page we give to our readers a report of one of the speeches made before that body. As it is a question of considerable interest to inquire what woman's rights are, it may not be out of character to give the matter a little consideration.

That the Creator has provided for Woman a sphere of influence and action, cannot be doubted. It is also true that the influence she is called upon to exert is of very great importance; but the great matters of discussion seem to be, as to where her sphere is, and by what limit her influence is to be bounded.

It is boldly asserted by some of the extreme advocates of woman's rights, that she does not, even in this enlightened age, occupy her true position. She is fitted, say they, for any office, and her position should be such in society that she can openly battle with the cares and trials of the world; she should be placed on the same platform with Man; she should have all, and the same privileges with him; political and religious privileges should be extended to her;—in other words, they would have Woman occupy precisely the same public position as Man.

To support such reasonings and assertions, great experience is brought up and used as a powerful argument; the degradations, the wrongs and oppressions of past times are all arrayed, to show and prove that Woman has been oppressed. These facts are used with good reason, for they conclusively show that many nations have never fully realized or known what was, or should be, the true position of the gentler sex.

While we would treat with all due respect and deference such reasoning, and admit that there is much of sound argument in it, we should feel called upon to take the opposite side of the discussion, and assert that Woman, in our beloved land, occupies her proper place,—that she now moves in the sphere intended for her by all-wise Creator, and exercises an influence at this present time more potent than ever before;—not that we would say there is no room for improvement, or that society, in its mutual relations, is just what it should be. No; perfection is not the essence, nor is it the foundation of any of our human laws, rights or privileges. But, on the whole, after taking everything into consideration, we are inclined to the belief that the fair sex should be satisfied with the present bounds to her sway and influence.

Woman is peculiarly fitted for domestic influence and power, to which Man can never reach or attain. It may be almost unseen to a casual observer of the "tide of human events," but like the mighty stream, whose current and power is none the less because it flows so silently along, she, by her early influence over the human mind, controls many of the most important events that transpire. Her great

power lies in ruling the heart and affections rather than by virtue of office, or any other influence.

At the fireside, from whence our earliest and happiest recollections date their commencement,—that spot where the young mind first awakes into life and being,—the place where the twig is often bent, "for weal or for woe,"—there is the place and spot, above all others, for Woman to use her power and exercise her influence. What should she care for all the public honors that this world can give?—they are but as chaff compared with the golden wheat, when she remembers that the destiny of nations is in her hands.

When we reflect upon the biographies of the many great and good men who have lived in by-gone days, and remember the close connection there has been between a mother's training and their after life, we think we can, without hesitation, point to home influence as the answer to the question—In what do Woman's Rights consist, or what is her sphere? If we err in our conclusions, we hope some of our readers will endeavor to convince us of our errors, by giving their views on the much-talked-of subject of "Woman's Rights."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We take this opportunity to state to those who may favor us with communications, that we shall always be happy to publish any matter that may prove of interest to our readers, but on no account can we admit anything of a personal nature. We may be over particular in regard to this matter, and possibly may offend some by excluding their articles from our columns; still, we cannot but think such a course will suit our readers best. Criticisms, where they are likely to prove beneficial, will always be gladly received and published.—Should any of our readers notice in this paper anything that sets forth views not in accordance with their own, we invite them to express themselves in their own way in regard to such matters, and our columns shall be open to their communications. It may not be out of place to mention, that brevity, or condensation, is an important part of an article, and serves to make it more attractive to the general reader.

Several communications have come to hand which are crowded out this week.

"J. L. S."—we are much obliged for your compliments to the Journal. Your poetry is very acceptable. We hope to hear from you again.

"Hermit,"—much obliged, and, like Oliver Twist, we ask "for more."

"P."—your article is of a personal nature, and we shall decline it.

"S."—will be published in our next. You are rather severe on Homeopathy, but we have no doubt the system will find in our midst able defenders.

"D. Y."—will receive our thanks for his articles—shall publish them in this and future numbers.

"Simbo Green"—is received. We object to its length; it would make two good pieces, in our next will make room for part of it.

"X."—will receive attention in our next—shall be glad to receive further articles.

"G. S." and "E." will be attended to next week.

Our usual list of Births is crowded out.

A TOWN CLOCK.

The citizens of Waltham, noted for their public spirit and liberality, have erected a town clock on the tower of the Unitarian Church. Besides the convenience of the place, it is a great ornament, thus uniting the useful and beautiful. Like a pretty face, every body is looking at it.—*See.*

When we read the above notice in the "Bee," we could not help thinking of the time when such a notice would appear about Woburn: the question naturally arose when shall it be, and echo answered when.

But with all seriousness we say, cannot we have in this town a clock, a spot that all can gaze upon with delight, "like a pretty face, every body looking at it." To say that one is needed, and that it is really necessary that we have one, would be really needless; every body knows it.

We stand ready to give a printer, "V" or more if needed, and could name several persons, nearly as poor as ourselves, who are willing to give the same amount.

Any person who is ready to place himself in the position of a public benefactor, should immediately start a list, and our columns are open and free to any thing that will help along the good cause.

We hope our fair readers will think of this matter; we would advise them—and charge nothing for it—to go ahead, and the men will be sure and follow. We believe a good "Tea-Party," or something in that line would bring the clock.

"THE RABBI AND THE MENDICANT"—on the first page, is a culling from our Arabian garden, and although an exotic, will richly repay the reader for an attentive perusal. The moral of the tale is excellent. Let each ask the question—"When the time comes, will I stand fast?"

THE CARPET BAG—for this week, is a rich affair. It contains a portrait of "The Man who can see Fun in the Carpet-Bag"—very natural and life-like—the funny sayings of Mrs. Partington, and lots of other good things. The key to unlock the Bag may be obtained at Fowle's counter—for four cents.

Rev. O. H. Wight will preach at the Unitarian Church to-morrow, Nov. 2d.

LYCEUM LECTURES.

It gives us much pleasure to be able to announce that we are to have a course of lectures the present season; in our last we published the proceedings of a meeting, held to take measures in regard to these lectures, since which time, we learn that several distinguished lecturers have been engaged by the committee who have the matter in charge. We are authorized to state that Dr. O. W. Holmes, E. P. Whipple, Esq., Dr. J. V. C. Smith, and Revd. F. D. Huntington, will lecture before the Lyceum during this year's course; these with other names, will form quite an array of talent, and without doubt the course will be quite an attractive one.

At an early day the arrangements will be completed, tickets prepared, and the programme published; we hope our citizens will be ready to take the tickets as soon as issued, and thus enable the committee to complete the course in a liberal manner. It of course will be desirable that throughout the winter we should be favored with first class lecturers, but we should not forget that a committee to provide such lecturers, must have the countenance and support of all, and we feel assured that this winter there can be no very reasonable excuse, why the Lyceum should not receive the support of all. Fifty cents to see and hear the gentlemen who may lecture, is most certainly within the means of every one.

TOWN WARRANT.

We publish below the substance of the warrant for the Town Meeting on Monday, Nov. 10th. Hereafter, we shall publish them officially in our columns, provided a vote of the town be passed to that effect:—

To bring in their votes for Governor, Lieut. Governor, Senators and Town Representative.

To bring in their yeas and nays on the following question—"Is it expedient that delegates should be chosen, to meet in Convention, for the purpose of revising or altering the Constitution of Government of this Commonwealth?"

To hear and act upon the report of the Selectmen on laying out a road petitioned for by J. C. Richardson and others.

To hear and act upon the report of the Selectmen on laying out a road petitioned for by Stephen Richardson and others.

To see if the town will annex a piece of land south of Horn Pond, to District No. 1.

To see what compensation the town will pay Assessors, for the year 1851.

To see if the town will build one or more reservoirs.

To see if the town will purchase a new fire engine for Engine Company No. 1.

To see if the town will cause surveys of all their streets to be taken, plans made, and bounds put down.

To see if the town will pay Mr. Geo. Murray for work done on New Bridge road.

To see if the town will have a map taken of the town.

CHURCH-BREAKING IN SAUGUS.—We learn that the Methodist Church in Saugus was broken into on Thursday night last, and the missionary box robbed of six or seven dollars in change. About thirty yards of carpeting was also taken from the floor. A bass viol was carried off, but afterwards found behind a stone wall near by. The trustees of the church have offered a reward of twenty-five dollars for the detection of the miscreants. We learn also that the Universalist Church in the same place was entered on the same night, but nothing of consequence was stolen.

Lynn Bay State.

We are informed, by a gentleman from Reading, that Rev. Mr. Whiting's Church, in that town, was also entered, it is supposed on Sunday night, and the carpet taken from the floor,—probably by the same rogues. This is a new and low business, and we hope the soundclogs may be caught.

MILITARY LOOKING UP.—The military spirit has never seemed more active than at present. New companies are springing into existence, and old ones reorganizing for duty. The old "Massachusetts Guards," of Cambridgeport, held a meeting at the Watson House last Saturday evening, and made choice of the following gentlemen for officers to serve on a target excursion:—Major Abraham Edwards, Captain; Capt. Thomas French, 1st Lieut.; Col. Royal Douglass, 2d do.; Capt. Nathan Stone, 3d do.; Capt. Alonzo Coe, 4th do.; Lieut. Wm. E. Parmenter, Adjutant; Adj. John H. Fellows, Orderly. It was subsequently voted to parade on Tuesday, 4th of November, with Flagg's Band, and dine at Porter's.

It is stated that a new company is about to be started in Boston, under the name of the "Liberty Guards," to be composed of young men from eighteen to twenty-two years of age.

THE TRUE FLAG—is the title of a new weekly paper published in Boston, by Moulton, Elliot & Lincoln. From its neat appearance, and the interesting variety of matter contained in it, we should say it is a valuable acquisition to the list of Boston weeklies. No notice is conducted by practical men, and think it gives evidence of future prosperity. We wish it "good speed" on the road to success. It can be had at G. W. Fowle's bookstore.

TO THE LADIES.—When Messrs. Warren & Co. say they are selling out cheap, the public know what to depend upon, for these gentlemen are well known for their uprightness in dealing with their customers; they advertise that they are now closing out their stock at low prices, of which fact our fair readers would do well to take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

A NEW PAPER—to be issued tri-weekly, is about to be started in Charlestown, by Decosta & Williams. It is to be about the size of the Boston Transcript.

AIR.

In continuing the subject from our first number, we desire to state that we do not attempt to give any learned or philosophical dissertations on the subjects treated of, but merely intend to put down a few facts, and perhaps some practical observations connected therewith.

The component parts of air cannot be exactly described. We know that fire and water are the chief ingredients; we know, also, of the existence of various gases in air; but it being of itself invisible, of course precludes the idea of a correct description. By some it is supposed that the electric fluid may be the only agent that provokes flame,—that it carries with it, or collects the fire that invests surrounding space; and yet there may be something of a hidden nature yet undiscovered, that may be a distinct element.

Air is a thin, elastic fluid which surrounds the earth and extends to a height of some fifty miles above us; it is the element in which we live and breathe, contains the principles of life, and constitutes the power of vegetation. We constantly inhale air by the action of our lungs; this, by natural heat, is expanded, immediately expelled, and supplied anew as before. Air, too much rarified, or too much condensed is alike unsuited to animal existence, therefore any effluvia that tends to impregnate the air with vapors or atoms of an unusual kind, is unwholesome. The purer the air is when we inhale it, the more visible the healthy effects of it will be in our bodies; therefore, we should be exceedingly careful that the air we breathe is as pure as possible. Let us be out of doors as much as we can,—let us see to it, that our dwellings are well ventilated, and never sleep in a close or ill ventilated room; for if we do, we shall be pretty sure to breathe over again and again, the air that we first expelled from our lungs.

Many persons seem to forget entirely the importance of understanding the qualities of air. Perhaps they do not even realize that it is the supporter of animal life; and this may account for the fact that so many places of residence and business are so poorly ventilated; perhaps this is the reason why so many public houses, public halls, are many of them so constructed, that what fresh air finds its way into them during their vacancy, is very soon used up after an audience gets in to them. We readily realize the effects of air when the storm comes, when a tornado sweeps terribly by, we are filled with wonder and astonishment; but when all is calm, we easily forget that the same element in which we live, is that agent which produces all the alarming phenomena around; we forget that circulation of fresh air is of vital importance to our health and strength.

The weight of the atmosphere is nearly fifteen pounds over every square inch. If we could by some means squeeze out the air from between our hands, we should find they would cling together with a force or power equal to the pressure of more than double this weight, because the air would then press upon both hands and hold them together. Some persons wonder why a fly or other insects can walk on glass, or on the ceiling overhead; this fact will explain the whole matter,—their feet are formed flat, like web-footed animals; they have the power of placing them close on the glass, or place they walk on, and by means of strong folds, they squeeze the air completely out from beneath their feet, and in this way they can walk on the smoothest surface, or with their feet over their head with perfect ease.

Remembering the fact of the immense power there is in the pressure of a few feet of air, we shall be prepared more fully to understand some of the phenomena that we often witness; and when we remember that upon pure air depends our power to "live, move, and breathe," we will more fully understand the importance of those fixed laws of our Creator, by which we should be governed in our everyday life.

PRIZES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.—The following are a few of the prizes awarded to American exhibitors at the World's Fair:—To Blodgett & Lerow for sewing machine; Lowell Machine Shop, for self-acting lathe; J. B. Woodbury's planing machine; Prouty & Mears, Plough; J. A. Whipple's daguerrotype of the moon; J. Chickering's piano forte; Amesbury Company, drillings, sheetings and flannels; Gilbert & Stevens, flannels; Lawrence, Stone & Co., tartans from native wool; J. B. Baker, light harness of superior workmanship; S. G. Howe, system of characters for the blind; Adams & Co., bank lock; Chilson, Richardson & Co., hot air furnaces; Hiram Powers, Greek Slave.

Council Medal.—Wm. Bond & Son, new mode of observing astronomical signs. Honorable mention made of Gilbert & Co., piano forte; G. News, square piano; J. & W. McAdams, ruled books; A. & A. Lawrence & Co., carpet; N. A. Breed & Co., children's shoes.

A GOOD PEN.—It is a delightful privilege to have a good pen to write with, and as we pen this article with one of "Wiltarth's best" gold pens, we are reminded of how much the public are indebted to them for the opportunities they give of getting pens that "are pens" they advertise them, and also jewelry, in another column, and we recommend those who visit the city to purchase, to give them a call.

ATTEMPT AT HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—On Saturday morning about 1 o'clock, two Irishmen attempted to rob Mr. Joseph Easterbrook, on the Salem Turnpike. They made the usual demands and threats, but Mr. D. whipped up his horse smartly and went on his way.

For the Journal.

JONATHAN'S ACROSTIC.

W-commences the heading of your sheet,
O-how tickled I am its pretty face to greet;
B-sure you put my name right down,—
U-know I live in this good old town;
R-ight by the spot where I was born,—
N-igh to the place where grows my corn.

J-onathan, with something else 's my name,
O-rigin not unknown to fame;
U-know my dad,—he that stole the sheep
R-ight out the flock, while mammy watch did keep;
N-ear by stood I, to look and see the fun,—
A-nd tell the folks when 's the time to run,—
I-on sea she, with brothers three, and me;
but I find your name is so short that my tale is not half told; so I'll consider myself used up, and will enclose a dollar and a half so that you needn't grumble.

Oct. 30, 1851.

"MUSIC IN SCHOOLS," ONCE MORE.

MR. EDITOR:—"Crochet," did not intend to strike another of his feeble notes on this subject, but as "Quaver" has touched a dissonant chord, he begs leave to attempt to resolve it into harmony. His opinion as to the utility of music in our schools as at present conducted, coincides very nearly with that of Quaver. It is of little or no value, because no elementary principles are taught, nor is any degree of taste or skill cultivated. It is a more boastful outpouring of discordant sounds, approaching more or less nearly to some popular melody. This is spoken of as a general rule, out of the cities of our Commonwealth—there are doubtless instances to which this description would not apply. But because music is taught so badly, shall we infer, that it cannot be, or ought not to be taught at all? Quaver seems to think that there is enough for the child to learn, without being instructed in this science, and by quoting the old saying of "too many irons" &c., would have us believe that it was really crowding the brain of the pupil to have anything to do with it. Crochet, is the last person who would urge or stimulate the mind of the child too fast or too far. He has as strong antipathies to this over-feeding of the brain as any one—but is this necessary? It is believed not. There is no doubt that geography, and grammar, and arithmetic, are frequently crowded on the mind of the child too fast—and to add music to the mass, would indeed be folly. But it is not necessary that long lessons in each of these branches should be required of the scholar each day; there is time enough. Quaver, is right in preferring thorough teaching to that which only seeks to impart quantity, and consequent superficiality. Children may be instructed in music as they should be in other studies, gradually, carefully, systematically. To do this, it may be sufficient to take it up but twice or three times in a week, except perhaps as a morning and evening exercise, to vary the routine of the school room. When it is introduced, let it take the place of some other study, not crowd it on the top of all. Music is, to be sure, a great science, and to understand it perfectly, requires the study and practice of years; and so is arithmetic a great science when carried to its highest form, and so is geography, and reading is by no means a small accomplishment; for to rightly interpret the thoughts of the great masters in prose and verse, needs the skillful training of years. The same reasoning that would drive music from the schools, would banish every other branch of knowledge, as they all require time and study to attain the most elevated points in either. It is a well known fact, that children are susceptible to musical sounds, they delight in them, and easily imitate them; the simple forms of melody they readily acquire. What then is so natural and agreeable to them, let them be furnished with; and while they are practising these melodies, as they have been caught by the ear, teach them the principles on which they are founded. They can easily understand all the mysteries of rotation, if they are carefully and inductively placed before them.

The generations of children may as well be taught and understand the elementary principles of music, as of any other species of knowledge, and the school-room is as well or better adapted to do this than any other place. It is not to be expected that all are to become experienced or professional musicians, any more than it is, that all who attend our schools are to become teachers, clergymen, or lawyers.—The various studies that are necessary to an education, may be pursued with more or less diligence and perseverance according to the taste or intended avocation of the individual. As to the increased expense of hiring teachers qualified to instruct in music, it can only be said, if they are worth more, give them more. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." If the teaching of music was done in the primary and grammar schools, the annual tax for a few lessons that are soon forgotten, would only be transposed from the "singing master" to the district teacher, and all would be benefited instead of the few. Much more might be said on this subject, but it needs a more competent hand than

CROCHET.

MILITARY BALL.—Last night the Lowell City Guards gave a grand military reception ball, in honor of the Massachusetts Volunteers, at Merrimack Hall.

MUSICAL COMPLIMENT.—The Post says that the several bands in the city have agreed to meet Mr. Jonas Chickering at the depot, on his return from Europe, and escort him to his home, "honourous metal playing" all the way.

A temple for pagan worship has been opened at San Francisco, by the Chinese. This is the first idol temple, we believe, that has been erected in this country, and ought to be the last.

For the Journal.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25th, 1851.

FRIEND FOWLE:—I received by mail a few days since the first number of the "Woburn Journal," and take this opportunity to make acknowledgments for the same, and to assure you that it met with a cordial reception—the more cordial, perhaps, as it bore the editorial stamp of one with whom in other days, it has been my fortune to pass many social and agreeable hours.

The perusal of your paper afforded me much pleasure, as well from its neat appearance as the appropriateness of the matter which it contained. Especially did I read with satisfaction your "Inaugural Address" upon taking the editorial chair. And while you will not pledge yourself to any set or set of moralists, you doubtless bear in mind the noble sentiment, that christianity should be above controversy. So also, while you deem it proper to occupy neutral grounds in political matters, we feel assured that your "abiding love for your country, her institutions, and political privileges" will ever be manifested in your columns, and that you will ever advocate political principles worthy of good old revolutionary Middlesex, and worthy of a county which contains the "classic plains" of Lexington, and that altar of patriotism—Bunker-Hill. With sentiments religious and political like these, may your career be a long and prosperous one. And may your paper receive a just and generous support from the community for whose benefit it lives, and for whose purpose it labors.

You have been kind enough to ask me to give you, from time to time, the result of my observations in New York, and I would cheerfully accede to this request, should I be able to note anything worthy of interest, or that which would be in the least degree acceptable to the readers of your Journal. However, should you occasionally receive "squibs" from me, I entreat you, to exercise your discretion in regard to their being made public, and think in many instances, that "under your table" will be the better place for their reception. Matters and things in Gotham go on with their accustomed "noise and confusion." Business, litigation, politics, &c., reign supreme. The manners, habits, and customs of the people are in striking contrast with those of New England, and especially Massachusetts. In fact, where is there in the wide world, a place like New England? Her free institutions of learning, her noble system of common schools, are, and justly too, the pride and the ornament of her people. The Chief Magistrate of your State, well said in his message to the legislature, that Massachusetts has no rank among the large States of this Union, derived either from population or extent of territory; but the time can never come, when, a million of well educated people shall fail to exert influence in every part of this ocean-bound republic." I have not, by any means, referred to this, to underrate New York, for she is truly the "great central, commercial, and powerful city" of the continent. But I will not now pursue this matter further, trusting an opportunity will offer to resume it again. Besides the places of amusements, the chief attraction here is the "Great Fair of the American Institute," now being held at Castle Garden. In it the various departments, agricultural, manufacturing, and mechanical, are well represented, and the exhibition reflects much credit upon them all. The hero patriot of Hungary—the immortal Kossuth—is hourly expected, and the authorities are preparing to give him, as he richly deserves, a splendid reception. As the period for the election of several State officers is near at hand, the political parties, "Democratic, Whig, and Free Soil" are making arrangements to enter the contest in earnest. There was a large enthusiastic meeting of the Democracy held on a few evenings since, in Tammany Hall. I believe that the general impression among the people is, that the "country is safe," and will be, into whatsoever hands the government may fall. My sheet is full, and I close.

Truly yours,

D.

For the Journal.

HYDROPATHY.

MR. EDITOR:—When we can be amused and instructed at the same time, it is always well to embrace such opportunities. On Tuesday evening last, I was at the Town Hall, to hear Dr. Kittridge upon Hydrophaty. The eccentricities of the speaker kept his audience upon the "broad grin" the whole evening, while the wholesome truths he imparted were well worth listening to.

At the close of his lecture, he desired the audience to declare by vote, if they would like to have another lecture. They were unanimous to hear him again. He then gave notice that he would speak to our citizens on Wednesday evening next, upon the virtues of water, as a remedy for disease.

My object in this communication is to say, our citizens cannot spend an evening to better advantage, than to listen to the Doctor at the time he proposes to speak.

W.

GREAT LIBERALITY.—G. W. Smith, Esq., 5 Exchange street, Boston, has just made a second donation of \$150 to the New England Society for the Improvement of Domestic Poultry. The act is one proceeding from one of our most intelligent citizens, and proves that the labors of the Association named are not held in vain. The great Annual Show of the Society commences on the 11th proximo.—*See.*

THE U. S. sloop-of-war Portsmouth has just been completely repaired at the Charlestown Navy Yard, and is ready to receive her officers.

For the Journal.
POPULAR EDUCATION.

NUMBER ONE.

This is an age of improvement. Every energy of man is directed towards the best method of improving his physical condition. Every scheme is devised and every means used to add to his riches and increase his popularity. He leaves untried no new experiment; he neglects no opportunity of outstripping his predecessors, and of rising pre-eminent over his competitor.

But while external objects almost entirely engross his attention; while man vies with man, and summons to his aid the power of steam and the speed of the telegraph, that he may visit unknown regions, and send despatches to remotest climes with lightning rapidity—while, in fact, every want of his physical nature is scrupulously attended to, his moral and intellectual culture is too often and too sadly neglected. What is the cause of this general neglect? Why is this tendency to absorb intellectual in physical pursuits? Surely enough is done for the education of our youth. Our common school system is an excellent one. Abundant measures are taken in all our institutions of learning to introduce and sustain a higher standard of intellectual vigor. We are far from supposing that our various systems of education are perfect; or even that all the notions and habits inculcated while under their influence, are pure or intellectual. But inasmuch as the child receives much of his education before attending school of any kind, the conclusion is safe and irresistible, that this evil tendency of which we speak, has its origin at home, under the immediate instruction of the parents.

The subject now introduced will be considered under these two heads, viz:—

1st. Parental education.
2nd. School education.

No one will for a moment doubt that parental education ought to precede school education. But few persons have any correct ideas of the importance of this department; and fewer still believe, that in reality it equals, and in many instances, far exceeds in amount, that derived from schools.

By parental education we mean juvenile training; or, as Mr. Webster says, "The bringing up as of a child."

The first point to be settled is, *when* should this training commence? Some contend it should be deferred till the age of accountability—others, till the age of three or four years; while a few admit that it should commence at birth; and fewer still date its commencement prior even to that period. Reason and physiology would both favor the latter theory.—This early mental development is what is generally called *natural talent*, or *innate principle*. And the earlier this process of mental training is commenced, the more talent the future individual will possess. From this view of the subject, it will be readily seen, that the intellectual condition of parents has much to do in giving character to the intellect of their offspring. But to go no further than at birth, the question comes up, when should parents begin to correct the faults of their children? Some never correct them; others at a year old, &c. But we firmly believe, that any child old enough to commit a fault, is old enough to be corrected for it; without specifying whether its age may be one year or one day. Let parents correct their children for the first, and for every offence, and require implicit obedience for the first year or two; and they will, ordinarily, find no trouble afterwards. In this way, principles of order and government will be established, which will be as lasting as their lives. Parents are not generally aware how much influence they exert, though imperceptibly, in laying the foundation for whatever amount of education their children may afterwards obtain. Many parents never think of giving their children any instruction from books; but allow them to grow up, unlettered and untaught until such time as may be convenient for them to send them to school. They never teach them the objects of a school, the nature of a school-room, or the responsibilities of a teacher. Worse than this, even, many send their innocent ones to school, at the age of three or four years, for the sole purpose of avoiding their trouble at home. But for the sake of humanity we would say, O Teachers forgive them, for they know not what they do. Let parents in their leisure moments, teach their children the alphabet, and the meaning of some of the simple words. Let them teach them some of the principles of numbers. Let them also explain to them the objects and advantages of the common school, and the reasons why they are sent. Let them, just so early as their children are capable of reasoning, make them understand that they have something to do for themselves. Hold up inducements before their minds for attending school and reading books. Let the idea of usefulness be inculcated early, and a consequent preparation for it. Many precious moments, I might even say years, are wasted from the want of some fixed object, early inculcated in the youthful mind. Let this truth be presented to the minds of children, early and continually. Prepare yourselves for some useful employment, and some useful employment you shall certainly find. Let parents in a special manner see to it that correct habits of pronunciation are formed. It is a very general fault among parents to humor the foibles of their children, and suffer them to acquire a most barbarous practice of pronunciation, by indulging them in a kind of nonsensical language, *yepped baby's talk*. If this evil was confined to the illiterate, it would not seem so objectionable. But more or less of it

will be found in almost every family. Habits thus formed will be a serious hindrance to the future efforts of the teacher. Parents should make an absolute rule and live up to it; that a word should never be uttered in the presence of their children, with any different accent or pronunciation from that of the true standard. Every teacher will bear me testimony, how much must be first unlearned before any profitable advance can be made; and how much time is thus spent at the commencement of every term, and that too often with the same scholar, in consequence of the last named impropriety.

Winchester, Oct., 1851.

D. Y.

For the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—I am a little girl, nine years old, and was so delighted to see your paper that I send you something from my Scrap Book:—

On the edge of a small river in the county of Cavan, in Ireland, there is a stone with the following strange inscription, no doubt intended for the information of strangers travelling that way:—

"N. B.—When this stone is out of sight, it is not safe to ford this river."

But this is surpassed by the famous post erected a few years since by the surveyors of the Kent road, in England:—

"This is the bridge path to Feversham; if you can't read this you had better keep the main road."

Yours, ANN ELIZA.

IMPORTANT LAW DECISION.—In the U. S. Circuit Court, Judge Curtis presiding, the case of Salmon Falls Manufacturing Company vs. Wm. W. Goddard, was concluded on Saturday. The suit was to recover the value of three hundred cases of manufactured goods, which plaintiff contracted to deliver to defendant. The goods were burnt at the destruction of the Maine Depot in this city. The defendant was notified that the goods were at the Depot, but the question being submitted to the Court whether or not this constituted a legal delivery, it was decided that it did not, and the jury were directed to return a verdict for defendant. The contract between the parties specified that the goods should be delivered on board the defendant's vessel.—The suit has been on trial several days, and has excited considerable interest. Eminent counsel were enlisted on both sides.—*See.*

RECOVERY OF A LOST DOG.—An inhabitant of one of the adjacent towns having lost a valuable dog, and having reason to suppose that it was in the house of a certain party, forced the door and whistled, when the lost animal came forth and was thus recovered. The occupant of the house now makes a complaint criminally against the owner of the dog for house breaking, on which he was arrested this morning. The question that will arise is, whether the man was justified in resorting to such force to recover his lost property.—*Traveller.*

GEN. LOPEZ.—A letter from Count de Pozos Dulces, the brother-in-law of Lopez, who was with him in his last moments, states that Lopez' dying request was that all his private letters, compromising in any way, persons in Havana, might be destroyed, reserving only such as interest his son, now residing in Geneva.

During the few months that the Mexican Government threw open the port of Tampico to the importation of American flour, up to the 1st inst, between 25,000 and 30,000 barrels of that staple were sent there from the port of New York.

It is stated that there is no longer any question of the French troops leaving the Papal States, and that the probability is that the Pope will put himself under the protection of the Austrians in Bologna.

The last of the shilling days of the great Exhibition was very wet and unpropitious, and the number of visitors fell off to 90,000.

COMMERCE OF BOSTON.—Value of American products exported to foreign ports last week, \$188,636 68; foreign products, \$27,698 74.

A new stone church edifice is being erected in Taunton, Mass., at a cost of \$24,000, for the use of the first Congregational Society of that place, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Worthington.

RUMORED CHANGES.—It is rumored that they will shortly be some important changes at Philadelphia, including probably Collector, Surveyor, and other prominent officers.

There are upwards of 60 steamers plying daily on the river Thames. It is computed that they pass under Waterloo bridge at the rate of one per minute during the entire day.

The Gardner (Me.) Transcript says the crop of winter wheat in that State this season will yield over one million bushels—far exceeding the wheat crop of any preceding year.

Hiram Temple's boot and shoe factory in Ashland was destroyed by fire on Friday of last week.

Nine men who were engaged in gambling in the shop of Geo. W. Wood, Newburyport, were arrested on Sunday last by the City Marshal.

Joseph Blunt of New York city, the Albany Evening Journal says, has been offered the mission to China by the U. S. Government.

A wag who was asked to buy the Bank-Note Detector, said he would purchase it, if it would detect a bank-note in his pocket.

Guano has been successfully applied to tobacco land in lower Virginia this season.

Bain's line of telegraph has opened communication between N. York and Newark, Ct.

Marble of the best quality, has recently been found in California.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Lecture on Hydropathy.

Dr. E. A. Brewster, of Boston, will give a lecture on Hydropathy, at the Town Hall, on WEDNESDAY evening, Nov. 5, at 7 o'clock. The citizens of Woburn are invited to attend.

Woburn, Nov. 1, 1851.

Great Attraction at the Town Hall!

Hon. J. M. Root, Member of Congress from the State of Ohio, will address the Free Soil party of this town, on THURSDAY evening next, Nov. 4th, at the Town Hall, at 7 o'clock. All parties are invited to be present.

Woburn, Nov. 1, 1851.

Come One, Come All! and hear the Truth!

ANSON BURGESS, Esq., will address the citizens of Woburn at the Town Hall, THIS (Saturday) EVENING, at 7 o'clock. The ladies are particularly invited.

Woburn, Nov. 1, 1851.

MARRIAGES.

In Falmouth, Me., Oct. 23d, by the Rev. John Wilde, Mr. Alvan Hasmer, of North Woburn, to Miss Octavia S. Poole, of F.

In West Cambridge, 26th ult., Mr. John B. Perkins to Miss Adelia V. Palmer.

In Cambridge, 24th ult., Mr. John Duncan to Miss Jane Lillie.

DEATHS.

In this town, 26th ult., Mrs. Lydia K. Perham, 26 yrs. 6 months.

In Winchester, Sept. 29d, of cholera infantum, Adeline E., youngest daughter of Joseph and Caroline Johnson, 2 yrs. 2 months.

This lovely child, so young and fair, called hence by death's sudden snare.

Just came to show how sweet a flower In Paradise would bloom.

TO SELL OUT ALL!

GEO. W. WARREN & Co.,
WILL OFFER THEIR STOCK AT
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

—FOR—
NINETY DAYS,
—AT SUCH A—
REDUCTION
AS WILL ACCOMPLISH THE SALE OF THEIR
ENTIRE STOCK,
PREPARATORY TO A

Dissolution of Copartnership,
ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY NEXT.

THE LADIES MAY EXPECT
"More than their Money's Worth!"

192 Washington St., Boston.

nov 1 10w

DR. FONTAINE'S

BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS!

FOR the Toilet, the Nursery, Bathing, and many medicinal purposes. Highly perfumed by its own ingredients. Recommended by the faculty of almost every European city, and established under the patronage of every physician in London and Paris, and thousands of individuals who make daily use of it in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. It is the greatest remedy for all skin diseases, and for all the eruptions of the face, for comfort and personal embellishment, and its delicate, soothing sensation, and the delightful softness it imparts to the complexion.

We give a few of the prominent properties of the BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, already well established by actual experience.

First—This Balm cures every defect of the complexion, and establishes in its stead beauty and health, at the time when both, by the changes of age, or freaks of nature, or disease, have been obscured or undermined.

Second—It promotes the growth and prevents decay, of every species of hair, and draws to the surface all impurities, such as sunburn, sallowness and freckles, imparting to the skin its original purity and an unsurpassed freshness, rendering it clear, smooth and white.

Third—It promotes the growth and increase of the hair, causing it to curl in the most natural manner; it cleanses the head from dandruff, giving vigor, health and life to the very roots of the hair.

Third—It is a superior article for shaving, being superior to all descriptions of soaps, creams, pastes, &c. As a dentrifice for cleansing the teeth it is by far the most medicinal of any compound yet discovered, preventing decay, relieving ulcers and cankers, and renders the teeth white as alabaster.

For the nursery, and for bathing, for soothing infants, and for adults, to promote softness, cleanliness, health and strength, and to prevent disease, eruptions, &c., there is no article more suitable than this Balm. It may be used for the most delicate of children.

FEEDRIDGE & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS, 15 State Street, Boston. Retail, 72 and 74 Washington Street, Boston. Price 30 cents and \$1.00 per bottle.

Any person remitting the firm, post paid, will receive the article by return of Express.

For sale in Woburn by G. W. FOWLE. nov 1 tf

DR. N. KENDALL,

OF THE REFORMED PRACTICE.

WOULD inform the inhabitants of Woburn, Medford and vicinity, that he has removed to North Woburn, where he is now keeping a large variety of BOTANICAL MEDICINES and Compounds, for the cure of all diseases of the human system that are curable. Scrofula, Humors, King's Evil, Cancers and Salt Rheum, and all skin diseases, are curable if taken in season.

Dr. K's Scrofula Symplic is good for Chronic Rheumatism and Liver Complaints, and all Humors of the human system. The Symplic Pills and Ointment will cure eight out of ten, if taken according to directions.

A cure for the Piles, if not more than two or three years' standing, and some of the most valuable and reliable medicines known for Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, or Summer Complaints of children, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, &c., &c. A quotation and action appear to be specific, if not infallible remedy.

Dr. K's COUGH SYRUP, Powders, Drops and Plaster, are the best now in use, and will cure Coughs, and Consumption in the first stages, if taken according to directions.

nov 1 tf

ROOFING SLATES—A NEW ARTICLE.

ROOFING SLATES, from the Hidesville quarries, Rye, N. H.—a superior article, being one-third thicker than the Welsh Slates, the material equally as good; therefore more suitable for large roofs. For sale at 67 Friend Street, between Causeway and Travers Streets, Boston, by

nov 1 tf

DAVID TILSON.

QUADRILLE BAND.

MR. H. H. NASH would respectfully give notice, that he is prepared to furnish Music on all occasions at short notice. Apply to H. H. Nash, Stoneham.

Refers to P. L. Converse, Woburn, Nov. 1. 4w

WANTED.

TWO faithful CARRIERS, to circulate the Journal in this town. Apply at this office.

nov 1 tf

SOLAR LAMPS.

A good assortment of large and small Solar Lamps, at W. WOODBERRY'S.

nov 1 tf

PAINTED RUGS—just the article to put under stoves,

nov 1 tf

CASH PAID FOR OLD LEAD,

at the Hardware and Store store, Knight's Building, by THEO. LADD.

nov 1 tf

SMITH'S PREMIUM CLEANSING COMPOUND—

not just received—warranted to remove Dry Pimples, Itch, Oils, &c., from Clothing, without injuring the color. Sold by his agents.

nov 1 tf

COAL HOBS, Coal Seives, Shovels and Pokers,

at the Hardware and Store store, Knight's Building, by THEO. LADD.

nov 1 tf

SHOE BILLS, in large or small quantities, for sale at

nov 1 tf

BURTON BRICK DUST, for polishing Knives, for sale by

nov 1 tf

DAILY EVENING TRAVELLER.

THE CHEAPEST PAPER IN BOSTON!

THE DAILY EVENING TRAVELLER is published at No. 8, Old State House, by HENRY FLANDERS & Co., at \$5 a year, strictly in advance at the counter, being ONE DOLLAR LESS than any other paper of the same size in the United States.

It is designed to furnish, in a clear but comprehensive manner, the FRESHEST ADVICES, both FOREIGN and DOMESTIC.

Reports of Lectures.

Particular attention is paid to reports of Lectures upon scientific and literary topics, and such other public discourses delivered in the city and elsewhere, as are interesting and instructive to the general reader.

Railroad Matters.

Railroad intelligence, including information respecting the condition and progress of railroads throughout the United States, constitutes a distinguishing feature of the Traveller.

Money Matters.

Carefully prepared articles on money matters are given from a competent and authentic source.

Foreign and Domestic News.

Ample means have been secured for obtaining the full details of Foreign News, on the arrival of the trans-Atlantic steamers, both at Boston and New York; a very extensive correspondence, at various points of importance throughout the country, has been established; experienced and competent Reporters are employed; and extended arrangements have been made for obtaining, through the Electric Telegraph, and other means of communication, the earliest and most reliable intelligence upon all matters of public interest and importance.

The Traveller is designed to be a paper of general interest, and to make the paper a pleasant and instructive medium, no pains or expense is spared.

In relation to Politics, the Traveller is entirely INDEPENDENT of party considerations, and will aim, with scrupulous care, to present an impartial view of public affairs;—to discuss public measures with a single view to the public good, and to do equal justice to public men. In no sense, indeed, is it a partisan paper. Wholly unpledged to any party, and unbiased by any favor or prejudice, it has no aim or view but to promote its country's good and proper interests, and to serve the highest public obligation; in doing which it has ever recognized its obligation to preserve the editorial and advertising columns free from all immunities and impurities,—to have nothing in its columns that may not safely enter the family circle.

Although the price of the Traveller is less than that of any daily paper of equal size and quality in the United States, yet it claims to be not otherwise inferior to the best that circulate.

The Semi-Weekly Traveller

is published from the same office, on Tuesday and Friday mornings, at \$2.50 a year in advance. The circulation being extended widely, this paper affords an excellent medium for general advertising.

The Weekly Traveller

is also published as above, on a large sheet, at \$2.00 a year in advance, at the end of the year. It contains a vast amount of matter, embracing a complete summary of current foreign and domestic intelligence, literary and miscellaneous selections, and all the matter of general interest that originates in the Daily Traveller.

The Daily Evening Traveller is for sale at the principal news depots throughout the New England States, at the low price of two cents per copy.

For sale in Woburn by G. W. FOWLE. nov 1 tf

T. J. PORTER,

Woburn & Boston Express,

nov 1 tf

COCHITUATE

WATER.

nov 1 tf

E. COOPER & SON,

Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs,

nov 1 tf

WOBURN AND BOSTON RAILROAD

EXPRESS.

The subscribers continue to attend to the express business in all its branches, between Woburn and Boston. Orders received at No. 10 Court Square, Boston, and at the Depot in Woburn.

nov 1 tf

CUTLER & OTIS,

PAINTERS, GLAZIERS, AND PAPER HANGERS

nov 1 tf

CALVIN A. WYMAN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

nov 1 tf

ALBERT THOMPSON,

DEPUTY SHERIFF.

nov 1 tf

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at Winchester, Sept. 30, 1851. Persons calling for letters on this list, will find them at the Post Office.

nov 1 tf

REAL ESTATE AT AUCTION.

By license of Probate Court, will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday, the 8th day of November next, at 10 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, so much of the Real Estate of SAMUEL H. DAVIS, late of Winchester, in the county of Middlesex, deceased, as will raise the sum of one hundred and eighty-eight dollars and forty-seven cents, for the payment of his just debts and charges of administration. Said estate consists of a DWELLING HOUSE and BARN, with about one acre of improved LAND, situated on Pond Street, in the northern part of said Winchester.

Also, about ten acres and nineteen poles of unimproved land, situated about forty rods south of the above described premises. Sale to commence on the last mentioned tract of land. Further particulars at the sale.

nov 1 tf

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been daily appointed, by the Probate Court of the county of Essex, to administer the estate of SAMUEL H. DAVIS, late of Winchester, in the county of Middlesex, deceased, and has taken upon himself that having demands upon the estate of said deceased, he requests to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate, are called upon to make payment to the subscriber, at the Probate Court, in the county of Essex.

nov 1 tf

ALMANACS FOR 1852.

FARMERS', Christian Family, and Comic Almanacs, for sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

PARLOR STOVES.

SOME beautiful patterns of Anti-Heat Parlor Stoves may be found at the Hardware and Store store, Knight's Building, by THEO. LADD.

nov 1 tf

PORTER MONIAS, inlaid with silver, and other patterns,

for sale by E. COOPER & SON, Apothecaries.

nov 1 tf

PATENT CHINESE POLISHING IRONS, for polishing

nov 1 tf

COAL, Lime and Hay, constantly on hand and for sale by

nov 1 tf

BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD.

COACH AND TICKET OFFICE, 50

Court Street, Scollay's Building.

UPPER RAILROAD TRAINS

POETRY.

WHAT IS TIME?

I asked an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved and white with hoary
hairs:
"Time is the weaver of life," he said. "Oh tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"

I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
"Time sowed the seeds we reap in this abode!"

I asked a dying stranger, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death life's "golden bowl had
broke!"

I asked him, "What is time?" "Time," he
replied,
"I've lost it! Ah! the treasure!" and he
died!

I asked the golden sun, and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years:
They answered, "Time is but a meteor's
glare!"

And bade me for eternity prepare.
I asked the seasons in their annual round,
Which beauty or desolate the ground;
And they replied, "No oracle more wise."
"Tis folly's blank, and wisdom's highest
prize!"

I asked a spirit lost; but oh, the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I
speak!
It cried, "A paradise! a speck! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"

Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply:
"Time is the weaver of life, and the path to glory,
The path to glory, or the path to hell."

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Time is the present hour; the past is fled:
Live! live to-day! To-morrow never yet,
As any human being rose, or set."

I asked old Father Time himself at last;
But in a moment he flew quickly past;
His chariot was a cloud; the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace be-
hind.

I asked the mighty angel who shall stand,
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;
"By heaven's great King I swear the mystery's
o'er!"
"Time was," he cried; "but time shall be no
more!"

[Joshua Mersden.]

MISCELLANY.

CONNECTICUT FOREVER.

We have a story to tell—and must tell it in
our own way. The reader will please not to
bother us with any questions. A few days
since, a Connecticut broom pedlar, a shrewd
chap, from over among the steady habits and
wooden clocks, and schoolmasters and other
fixings, drove through the streets of Providence,
R. I., heavily laden with corn brooms.
He had called at several stores and offered his
load, or ever so small a portion of it; but
when he told them that he wanted cash, and
nothing else, in payment, they had uniformly
given him to understand that they had brooms
enough, and that he might go further. At
length he drove up to a large wholesale estab-
lishment, on the west side and not far from
the bridge, and once more offered his wares.
"Well," said the merchant, "I want the
brooms badly enough, but what will you take
in pay?"

This was a poser. The pedlar was aching
to get rid of his brooms, but he would sooner
sell a single broom for cash than the whole
load for any other article, especially an article
that he could not as readily dispose of as he
could brooms. After a moment's hesitation,
therefore, he screwed up his courage to the
sticking point,—it required some courage, after
having lost the chance of selling his load
half a dozen times by a similar answer,—and
told the merchant that he must have the cash.
Of course the merchant protested that cash
was scarce, and that he must purchase with
what he had in store to pay with. He really
wanted the brooms, and he did not hesitate to
say so; but the times were hard, and he had
goods that must be disposed of. Really, he
would put his goods at cost price for the sake
of trading, and would take the whole load of
brooms which the pedlar had labored so un-
successfully to dispose of.

"So," said he to the man of Connecticut,
"unload your brooms, and then select any ar-
ticles from my store, and you shall have them
at cost." The pedlar scratched his head,—
there was an idea there, as the sequel shows
plainly enough. "I'll tell you what it is," he
answered at last, "just say terms for
half the load, and cash for the other half, and
I'm your man. Blowed if I don't sell out, of
Connecticut sakes, with all her broom stuff
next minute." The merchant hesitated a mo-
ment, but finally concluded the chance a good
one. He should be getting half the brooms
for something that would not sell as readily;
and as for the cost price, it was an easy matter
to play gammon in regard to it.

The bargain was struck, the brooms were
brought in. The cash for half of them was
paid over. "Now what will you have for the
remainder of your bill?" asked the merchant.
The pedlar scratched his head again, and this
time most vigorously. He walked the floor,
drummed his fingers on the head of a barrel—
whistled. By and by he came, slowly,
deliberately: "You Connecticut fallers are
cute; you sell at cost pretty much all of ye,
and make money—I don't see how 'tis done.
It must be that somebody gets the worst of it.
Now, I don't know what your goods cost, bar-
niz' one article, and if I take anything else I
may get cheated. So, sezin' it won't make any
difference to you, I guess I'll take brooms. I
know them like a book, and can swear to just
what you paid for 'em."

And so saying the pedlar commenced re-
loading his brooms, and having snugly depos-
ited one half of his former load, jumped on
his cart, with a regular Connecticut grin, and
while the merchant was cursing his impudence
and his own stupidity, drove off in search of
another customer.—Providence Post.

"Dad, do you know that brass thing the
fellow gin me for my trunk, there at the depot?"
"Yes."
"Wall, 'twant nothin' but brass, was it?"
"Good!—I s'pose not."
"Good!—wall I tuck 't onto that hackman
back there for a quarter, and he went off
satisfied!"

Jonathan found out what kind of a game he
had played when he saw the hackman present
his check and take his trunk from the bag-
gage master, in spite of his own loud protesta-
tion that it belonged to him.—Waterville Mail.

THE DEAD SEA.

There appears to be no satisfactory evidence
as to whether any fish are to be found in the
Dead Sea. Our guides said that some small
black fish had been there, but others deny
this. A dead fish has been found on the
shore near the spot where the Jordan enters
the lake; but this might have been cast up
by the overflow of the river. It is said that
small birds do not fly over this lake on account
of the deleterious nature of its atmosphere.
About small birds I cannot speak; but I saw
two or three vultures winging their way down
the surface struck me as showing an
unusual state of the atmosphere—the purple
murky light resting on one part and the line
of silver refraction in another. Though the
sky was clear after the morning clouds had
passed away, the sunshine appeared dim, and
the heat was very oppressive. The gentlemen
of the party who stayed behind to bathe, de-
clared, on rejoining us at luncheon time, that they
had found the common report of the buoyancy
of the water of this sea not at all exaggerated,
and that it was indeed an easy matter to float
in it, and very difficult to sink. They also
found their hair and skin powdered with salt
when dry. In the evening we did not climb the
precipitous steepness which is said to adhere
to the skin after bathing in the Dead Sea.
They were very positive about this; and they
certainly did observe the fact very carefully.
Yet I have seen since my return a clergyman
who bathed there, and who declared to me
that his skin was so sticky for some days after
that he could not get rid of it, even from his
hands. And the trustworthy Dr. Robinson, a
late traveller there, says:—"After coming out,
I perceived nothing of the salt crust upon the
body of which so many speak. There was a
slight prickling sensation, especially where
the skin had been chafed, and a sort of
gross feeling, as of oil, upon the skin, which
lasted for several hours."

The contrast of these testimonies, and the
diversity which exists among the analyses of
the waters which have been made by chemists,
seem to show that the quality of the waters of
the Dead Sea varies. And it appears reason-
able that it should; for it must make a great
difference whether fresh waters have been
pouring into the basin of the lake, after the
winter rains, or a greater evaporation has been
going on under the summer's sun. In follow-
ing the margin of the sea we had to cross a
creek where my skirt was splashed. The
splashes turned presently to thin crusts of salt;
and the moisture and stickiness were as
great a week afterwards as at the moment.

We wound up amongst salt marshes and
brakes, in and out, on the desolate shore of
this sea—this sea, which is not the less dead
and dreary for being as clear and blue as a
mountain tarn. As we ascended the ranges of
hills which lay between us and the convent
where we were to rest, the Jordan valley
opened northwards, and the Dead Sea south-
wards, till the extent traversed by the eye was
really vast. How beautiful must it have been
once, when the Jordan valley, whose waters
were now shrunk into a black line amidst the
sands, was like an interminable garden, and
when the cities of the plain stood bright and
busy where this Dead Sea now lay blank and
gray! As I took my last look back, from a
great elevation, I thought that so mournful a
landscape, for one having real beauty, I had
never seen.—Miss Martineau.

A FORGETFUL MAN.

A man, endowed with an extraordinary
capacity for forgetfulness, was tried a day or
two ago, for vagabondage. He gave his name
as Auguste Lessive, and believed he was born
at Bourges. As he had forgotten his age, the
registry of births in that city from 1812 to '22
was consulted; but only one person of the
name of Lessive had been born there during
that time, and that was a girl.

"Are you sure that your name is Lessive?"
asked the Judge.

"Well, I thought it was, but may be it ain't?"
"Are you confident you were born at Bour-
ges?"

"Well, I s'posed I was, but I should
not wonder if it was somewhere else."

"Where does your family live, at present?"
"I don't know; I've forgotten."

"Can you remember ever having seen your
father or mother?"

"I can't recollect, to save myself; sometimes
I think I have, and then again, I think I have
not."

"What trade do you follow?"
"Well, I'm either a tailor or a cooper, and
for the life of me I can't tell which; at any
rate, I'm either one or the other."

"Have you ever been in prison?"
"I don't much think I have; if I had, it
seems to me I should recollect it."

Mr. Lessive was accordingly sent there, and
during a period of six months' confinement, he
will have superior advantages for refreshing a
memory, faded, doubtless, by too great a stock
of useful knowledge, acquired by long inter-
course with vicissitude and misfortune.—Paris
Correspondence of N. Y. Express.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

The Indians that I have had an opportunity
of seeing in real life are quite different from
those described in poetry. They are by no
means the stoics that they are represented—
taciturn, unbending, without a tear or a smile.
Taciturn they are, it is true, when in company
with white men, whose good will they distrust,
and whose language they do not understand;
but the white man is equally taciturn under
like circumstances. When the Indians are
among themselves, there cannot be greater
gossips. Half their time is taken up in talking
over their adventures in war and hunting, and
in telling whimsical stories. They are great
minimizers and buffoons, also, and entertain
themselves excessively at the expense of the whites
with whom they have associated, and who
have supposed them impressed with a pro-
found respect for their grandeur and dignity.
They are curious observers, noting everything
in silence, but with a keen and watchful eye,
occasionally exchanging a glance or a grunt
with each other when anything particular
strikes them, but reserving all comments until
they are alone. Then it is that they give full
scope to criticism, satire, mimicry and mirth.

In the course of my journey along the fron-
tier, I had repeated opportunities of noticing
their excitability and boisterous merriment at
their games; and have occasionally noticed a
group of Osages sitting round a fire until a
late hour of the night, engaged in the most
animated and lively conversation, and at times
making the woods resound with peals of
laughter. As to tears, they have them in
abundance, both real and affected; at times
they make a merit of them. No one weeps
more bitterly or profusely at the death of a
relative or friend; and they have stated times
when they wept to howl and lament at their
graves. I have heard doleful wailings at day-
break, in the neighborhood of Indian villages,
made by some of the inhabitants who go at
that hour into the fields to mourn and weep

for the dead; at such times, I am told, the
tears will stream down their cheeks in tor-
rents.
As far as I can judge, the Indian of poetical
fiction is like the shepherd of pastoral ro-
mance, a mere personification of imaginary at-
tributes.—Irving's Tour on the Prairies.

WANT OF CONFIDENCE.

The following story, by J. P. Morris, was
published several years ago; but it is so ap-
propriate to the times that we lay it before our
readers, and hope business men will profit by
the moral it conveys:—

A little Frenchman loaned a merchant five
thousand dollars when the "times were good." He
called at the counting house after a while in
a state of agitation not easily described.
"How do you do?" inquired the merchant.
"Sick—very sick," replied monsieur.
"What's the matter?"
"Detinies is de matter."
"Detinies?—what disease is that?"
"De Malaide dat break all de merchants ver
much."
"Ah! the times, eh? well, they are bad,
very bad, sure enough; but do they affect you?"

"V'y, monsieur, I lose de confidence."
"In whom?"
"In ev'ry body."
"Not in me, I hope?"
"Pardonnez moi, monsieur, but I do not
know who to trust at present, when all de
merchants break several time to pieces."
"Then I presume you want your money?"
"Oui, monsieur, I staye for want of 'arg-
ent."
"Can't you do without it?"
"No, monsieur, I must have it."
"You must?"
"Oui, monsieur," said dimity-breeches, turn-
ing pale with apprehension for the safety of
his money.

"And you can't do without it?"
"No, monsieur, not von leetle moment
longer."

The merchant reached his bank-book, drew
a check on the bank for the amount, and hand-
ed it to his visitor.

"Vat is dis, monsieur?"
"A check for five thousand dollars, with the
interest."

"Is it bon?" said the Frenchman, with
amazement.
"Certainly."
"Have you l'argent in de bank?"
"Yes."

"And is it par'a'ment convenient to pay de
sum?"
"Undoubtedly. What astonishes you?"
"Yo, dat you have got him in dees times?"
"Oh, yes, and I have got plenty more. I
owe nothing that I cannot pay at a moment's
notice."

The Frenchman was perplexed.
"Monsieur, you shall do me one leetle fa-
vor, eh?"
"With all my heart."

"Well, monsieur, you shall keep de l'argent
for one leetle year longer."
"Why, I thought you wanted it?"
"Out at contrarie. I no want de l'argent
—I want de grand confidence. Suppose you
no got de money; den I want him ver much
—suppose you got him; den I no want him
at all. Vous comprenez, eh?"

After some other conference, the little
Frenchman prevailed upon the merchant to
retain the money, and left the counting-house
with a light heart, and a countenance very dif-
ferent from the one he wore when he entered.

His confidence was restored, and although he
did not stand in need of the money, he wished
to know that his property was in safe hands.

WORKS OF DR. CHALMERS.—The copyright
of Dr. Chalmers's works, including his life and
letters, to be published by his son-in-law, Dr.
Hanna, together with some additional volumes
of sermons, and a commentary on the Bible
was sold for between fifty and sixty thousand
dollars.

There are but few authors in America that
ever realized anything like such a sum as
this for their productions. English publishers
pay a much higher price for copyrights than
is paid in America.

BENJ. F. WYER & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Hats, Caps,
Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.
Also a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit,
and Findings.—WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. F. WYER, EDWIN PIERCE,
N. B. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made
to order. Boots, Shoes and Rubbers neatly repaired.
oct 25

RICHARDSON & COLLAMORE,
DOOR, SASH AND BLIND MAKERS,
House Builders, and Dealers in Lumber,
SUMNER RICHARDSON,
HORACE COLLAMORE,
Cherry and Pine Sashes, of every description, made to
order. Planing and Sawing done at short notice.
oct 18

N. WYMAN, JR.,
—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
No. 8 WADE'S BUILDINGS,
WOBURN.
oct 18

EATY & FAIRBANKS,
STATIONERS,
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.
Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and
Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c.
oct 18

WILLIAM SIMONDS,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
BUREAUS AND SECRETARIES,
WINCHESTER, MASS.
oct 18

RISK & CUSHING,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
95 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.
oct 18

JOHN HAMMOND,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 15 CORNHILL STREET,
BOSTON.
oct 18

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reas-
onable terms.
oct 18

M. A. STEVENS,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,
No. 53 MYRTLE STREET, BOSTON.
(Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn.)
Those in Woburn wishing to receive instruction by
leaving their address at the Post Office, will be called
upon, or can see him at his boarding place before 9 A. M.,
or after 7 P. M.
oct 18

J. CLOUGH, M. D.,
SURGEON DENTIST,
No. 2 TREMONT TEMPLE, OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE,
BOSTON.

Extract from the Boston Courier.
"DENTISTRY.—This is decidedly a day of advance-
ment in this art. Having had somewhat to do with this
branch of mechanics and surgery, chiefly in a year or two
past, myself, and also in operations on my own person, the
object of this notice is to call attention to J. Clough, M.
D., of this city. We have known him for years as a
faithful and scientific Dentist. It is well to observe, that
no work is more susceptible of slight than dentistry, es-
pecially this most difficult and important part of it, filling
teeth. In this, the Doctor excels. His practice, too, is
commensurate with his merits and the length of his ex-
periences. He knows how to work, and he has the fullness
of his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of
his profession, in the manufacturing of fine natural
teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method
of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost
thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work.
We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness,
strength and finish. But best of all, he should make his sel-
ection, in his filling teeth, and constant attention
to his profession

TALES AND SKETCHES.

REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

A SKETCH OF WESTERN LIFE.

It was a mild autumnal evening in 1813. The sun had just gone down, and his lingering beams, like dallying lovers, still kissed the blushing foliage of a forest, in what was then called the "Far West." Jack Frost, the inevitable painter, had already decked each tree and shrub with a thousand hues, from the rich, deep golden tint, to the modest Quaker drab. All nature, indeed, seemed to have put on the "coat of many colors," as if determined to have at least one grand display before old winter should throw over its face the white veil of unrelenting desolation.

The venerable forest of a thousand years, seemed to forget its age, as its tree tops smiled in the departing light of the sun, while the nestling birds from their embowered recesses, carolled forth their simple vespers. The blue smoke, too, curling from the rude chimney of a solitary log cabin, which stood in the centre of a small "clearing," in the midst of the wood, seemed to rise joyfully into the clear atmosphere, as if it were the evening sacrifice of the tenement's humble inmates.

These were a hardy New England Pioneer, his wife, two sons, and an infant daughter. The sons, William and James, were old enough to assist their father in clearing, breaking, and cropping. The members of this humble family were among the first settlers in that part of the West, and of course endured many hardships, while they were deprived of the luxuries of an Eastern residence; yet they were cheerful and contented, and had it not been for the difficulty of paying for the land they had purchased, their happiness would have been complete.

The difficulties which frowned upon them from the future, and the spirit with which they met them, will appear from what follows.

Upon the evening in question they were partaking of their frugal supper, when a knock from without interrupted their meal and conversation. Lee, the head of the family, answering the summons at the door, was saluted by a well-dressed stranger, on horseback, who requested "accommodation" for himself and his three animals until morning. He was immediately welcomed by the sturdy pioneer, and giving his horse in charge of one of the boys, soon found himself comfortably seated by the side of his host. A plain but substantial supper was quickly prepared, after partaking of which, the stranger, won by the unaffected cordiality of his entertainer, forgot all reserve, and in the course of the conversation which ensued, communicated to him his name and history.

The guest, Henry Florence, was a native and a merchant of one of our eastern cities. He was wealthy, and fond of adventure, and having vested a few hundreds in western lands, he resolved to gratify his desire of seeing the vast forests, the rolling prairies, and the noble lakes and rivers of the great West. Upon a visit of adventure as well as profit, therefore, he had accidentally become the guest of the settler.

"You must endure many privations in this wild, unsettled country," said Florence in the course of the evening's conversation.

"Yes," but the "East" is the place for poor men; now me and mine are as good as any body, and I like to be where I can live like other folks. The West's a growin' country, and I've a notion I can grow with it, and when I die leave something handsome for my children."

"How long have you been here?"

"Three years last March."

"How have you prospered during that time?"

"Oh! first-rate, so far; but the drought has almost ruined the crops this year, and I'm hard pressed to raise the money to make my last payment on my land. The 'shiners' are mighty scarce in these parts, and I'm afraid sometimes, I'll have to give up my land, and all I've earned these last two years, and paid towards it. But never mind, we must have troubles, or else we wouldn't know what we could do, if we tried."

These last words were spoken with a tone of resolution, though his voice trembled slightly, as he bent down to kiss the little Ellen in his lap. The child looked up into his face, smiled sweetly in response to his caress, and then nestled closer in his bosom.

"Do you not get discouraged at times?" asked Florence.

"Well I do once in a while, feel something like it; but then, it'll all come out right—that's my motto. We have got to be a little earlier and later at the business. Boys!" he continued, turning towards his sons, "We've got to get to work harder! I tell you, if we don't we'll get no fadder!"

"I reckon we can do our share," resolutely replied the youngest; his words met a response in the determined look of his elder brother, and in the approving smile of his father.

Henry Florence remained several days with the settler, whose unremitted exertions to make him comfortable were both effectual and appreciated.

Upon leaving, he urged his worthy host to accept some compensation for the trouble and expense of his protracted stay, but received, in answer to all his entreaties, the blunt reply:—

"Money ain't the price of Isaac Lee's hospitality."

A few days after the departure of the stranger, the wife and children of the settler stood at the door of their humble cabin, awaiting his return from the country town, where he had gone, half-despairing, to arrange for the payment of the land which had cost him so many months of toil. The countenances of the group were sorrowful, save that of the little Ellen, who, like the rose blushing beneath the April cloud, innocently smiled, unconscious of impending misfortune. Twilight gathered slowly, and, as if imbued with the spirit of the quiet hour, they were silent and sad, while they watched for the return of Lee.

They did not wait long. He soon emerged from the woods on the opposite side of the "clearing," and as he saw them, he swiftly urged his horse towards them, shouting at the top of his voice:—

"Hurrah, wife! Jimmy! Bill! Pet! all of you, hurrah. The land's all paid for! Mr. Florence did it! He got the receipts made

out before he left, two days ago, and gave them to 'Squire Benson at the Land Office, to keep till I came to town! He's gone back to the East, but never mind, I'll have a chance to pay him, some day!"

"God bless him!" ejaculated the wife, while tears ran down her cheeks.

"God bless him!" shouted the boys as they threw their ragged hats into the air.

SEVENTEEN years have elapsed, and time has brought changes. The forest has gradually fallen before the axe of the settlers; the little cattle path, winding through the wood from house to house, has been superseded by the well-raised turnpike and county road; the little "clearing" has expanded into the well-improved farm; and the flourishing village marks the spot where, but a few years ago, stood the humble "Public" of some settler, more ambitious than his neighbors.

How cheerfully the smoke curls up from the midst of your beautiful grove of forest trees, surrounding that fine comfortable farm-house! Look, too, at that bustling barn, just back of it, with the glistening icicles hanging from its projecting eaves—for it is winter; and at the sleek well-fed cattle, standing upon the warm south side, leisurely "chewing their cud," undisturbed by the cackling of the poultry, and the uproar of the greedy swine, contending over their evening potatoes of sour milk and corn. But let us look around. How straight the fences are! and how thrifty appears your large orchard, although winter has hung icicles, where summer would have had leaves and fruit. How beautifully the starlight shines upon the frozen surface of that little stream, as it first emerges from the upland wood, and then stretches its bright course across the snow-covered meadow! But come! 'tis Christmas time, and we will find good cheer at the farm-house. I will introduce you to its inmates.

At the gathering! We have happened in at the right time. These twenty or thirty young people, and guests, this is a merry-making, and truly they seem determined upon making merry! Now, supper is ready, and they are leaving the sitting-room for the spacious kitchen, where a tempting display of chickens, turkeys, and meats of every kind await them, while portly pies, cakes, "dough nuts," sauce, honey, and home-made preserves fill up the intervening spaces. And now, while they are enjoying themselves around the long table, let us take a more deliberate look at the inmates.

That hale old man, with the few grey hairs, at the head of the table, is our old acquaintance, Lee. 'Squire Lee now, so pay him proper respect. That neat, tidy lady, pouring out the coffee, and doing the honors, is his worthy wife; and that beautiful girl, with the black eyes and the long dark tresses freely hanging down upon her round, white shoulders, while she passes the cups, is her only daughter, the lovely Ellen, who, when we last knew her, was only a prattling infant. Those two handsome, manly fellows are her brothers, William, the eldest, and James—the little Jimmy of seventeen years ago. But while we are looking, they have finished their repast and are returning to the sitting-room.

"Now for the good old game of blind-man's bluff,"—they are unanimous, and are soon involved in the "chapter of accidents,"—such as making the "blind-man" fall over a chair, by way of prelude, then laughter as a chorus; or, perhaps, some blooming lass, having taken refuge in a corner, finds herself caught in the outstretched arms of the stumbling fellow, in attempting to escape. All is borne in good part, though the complimentary swains do venture to object to having their bright eyes concealed beneath the bandage.

At length, lame Jerry, the village fiddler, is ushered into the room, and as he hobbles towards his elevated seat by the first place, he good-humoredly gives the order to "form cotton!" regardless all the time of the confusion into which his command has thrown some of the more bashful young men; as, in obedience, they slide up, with half-averted face, thumbing their coats at the expense of their button-holes, each at his appropriate "flame," asking her to become his "partner" in the next dance.

Jerry looks down from his seat with a complacent smile, as the couples arrange themselves; then, with a mysterious flourish of the bow, and a few promissory scrapes, by way of intonation, he launches forth upon the undulating waves of a regular dancing melody. All is mirth and gaiety, as the dance proceeds; and some of the rustic beaux, forgetting, as they become excited, their former bashfulness, venture occasionally to give an "extra flourish," or a more complicated "wing."

This passed the evening. The guests had done full justice to themselves and to their entertainers and now it was time to depart for their several homes. This ceremony was at length accomplished, after some difficulty in finding the bonnets, shawls and cloaks of the girls, and after considerable trepidation on the part of the bashful beaux. It was at length over, and the farm-house again quiet. The company however had scarcely left, and the retreating sounds of laughter chiming in with the merry sleigh bells had but just died away, when the family of Newton were disturbed by cries from without, proceeding from James, who had just returned, after gallanting home the mistress of his heart, who lived at a small distance from the farm-house. Running to ascertain the cause, they found him leaning against one of the pillars of the rustic stoop, supporting the body of a young man, from whose stiff and frozen limbs the life seemed to have departed. After a few hurried inquiries, to which James could only reply, that on his return he had found the senseless form of the stranger lying across the snow-path at the foot of the steps, they carried him into the house, where, by applying the usual restoratives, they at length succeeded in bringing the stranger to a momentary consciousness. Being too much exhausted, however, to say more than to merely thank the kind people who had rescued him from death, he was removed to a warm comfortable bed, where he seemed to repose.

During the whole night Isaac Lee and wife watched by his bedside, for his sleep was restless, and a violent fever heated his brow. Thus they sat, when the gray light of breaking dawn, stealing through the half-opened window curtains, diffused a sombre hue over the

objects in the room, while the sickly flame of the dying candle flitted in its socket. The countenance of the sleeper seemed still more wan and pale in the oblique rays, while his quick, nervous breathing broke fearfully upon the stillness, and his eye gleamed with unnatural brightness through the half-opened lids; yet he moved not.

Lee gently laid back the long dark hair from the heated temples of the sick man, and after applying a cooling lotion to his throbbing brow, gazed intently into his face, as if trying to account for the strange resemblance which he there saw, to some long absent friend. As he gazed upon that pale face, memory seemed to awake from the slumbers of years to the consciousness of the past. The stranger seemed to form a link in the chain which bound him to other days, yet Newton could not solve the mystery. As he stood thus, the invalid suddenly assumed a sitting posture, throwing his arms into the air, and wildly gazing on vacancy. The next moment he was calm; but again, as if seeking to embrace some phantom of his phrenzied imagination, he stretched forth his arms beseechingly, and shrieked—

"Oh! hope, hope!—money and friends,—money and friends,—money and friends,—hope!—despair and death! ha! ha! Well, you fight, which shall have me! but death shall conquer!"

He fell back exhausted, but soon another paroxysm aroused him from his temporary quiet.

"'Tis bitter, bitter cold! Well, ha! ha! this clean, white snow-bank makes a fine death-bed!—and then, that's good, I have this world's charity for a bed-fellow, for I feel its icy embrace!"

He paused a moment gasping for breath; then, less wildly, and in a more melancholy tone, he continued—

"Houseless, moneyless, friendless,—has Edward Florence come to this? Ha—"

"Gracious Providence!" exclaimed the astonished couple, as the strange likeness was explained; "can this be true!—the son of our benefactor deserted?"

"My father! mother!—but I forgot you were dead, so you can't help me!—no, no, I'll die here by the roadside."

Again he fell back exhausted and speechless. The two sadly gazed on the son of him who had been their best friend.

"Thank God he has been directed to our roof!" at length fervently ejaculated the wife. "He has found a refuge prepared by the benevolence of his departed father, and friends whose love shall be constant as their gratitude!"

"May heaven restore him!" said the husband.

"Amen!" sobbed the wife.

The angel of love bore that heartfelt prayer to heaven, and breathed it in the ear of mercy. A calm slumber descended upon the sick man, and his respiration became more regular. For hours he lay thus, and when he awoke his fever had left him. Intelligence sat once more upon his countenance, and mild gratitude beamed from his eyes. The danger was past, yet his excessive debility indicated that weeks would elapse before his strength would entirely return.

The kind family did all to assuage his sufferings, that affectionate solicitude could do. Constantly, day and night, some one watched by his bed-side; and when, during his convalescence, the hours seemed to hang wearily upon him, the gentle Ellen, with a smile, would win him from his melancholy, or read from some book to beguile the tediousness of the "leisure moments." What wonder, then, if love reared an altar in each of their hearts, whereon burned the pure flame, kindled by gratitude in the one, and by compassion in the other?

Edward Florence, indeed, felt a growing affection for her, to whom he appeared more than an angel; for in his loneliness and desolation, sympathy and love were doubly valuable. But a year before death had robbed him of his parents. Reverses in business, prior to this, had made his father almost a bankrupt; and the young man, bereaved by the loss of all he loved, and chilled by the prospect before him, had sought in the West the few acres of land left him, which offered the only hope of support. He soon exhausted his little stock of money, sickness came upon him, and on the verge of despair and death he was rescued by the son of him, whom his father, in better days, had saved from ruin.

Here we would drop the curtain, but we cannot do so without a glance more. Edward Florence is alone no longer. He has almost forgotten the gloom of the past in the joyfulness of the present. A year has elapsed, and it finds him in the possession of a flourishing farm. The woods are cleared away; fences surround fields of waving grain; a cottage neatly built, smiles from the midst of the little grove just back from the highroad,—and, shall we look in? The village clergyman, as he joins the hands of Ellen Lee and Edward Florence, invokes the choicest blessings of heaven upon them, and repeats the fervently spoken words of the old farmer—"Remember that a good action never goes unrewarded."

DISCOVERY OF THE TELESCOPE.—Galileo placed at the ends of a laden tube two spectacle-glasses, both of which were plain on one side, while one of them had its one side convex and the other its second concave; and, having applied his eye to the concave glass, he saw objects pretty large and pretty near him. This little instrument, which magnified only three times, he carried in triumph to Venice, where it excited the most intense interest. Crowds of the principal citizens flocked to his house, to see the magical toy; and after nearly a month had been spent in gratifying this epidemic curiosity, Galileo was led to understand from Leonardo Deodoti, the Doge of Venice, that the Senate would be highly gratified by obtaining possession of so extraordinary an instrument. Galileo instantly complied with the wishes of his patrons, who acknowledged the present by a mandate conferring upon him for life his professorship at Padua, and generously raising his salary from 526 to 1000 florins.

A BRILLIANT THOUGHT FROM A DARK HEAD.—A few days since in Jersey a man of color, on being apprized by his employer that he began to exhibit the silver tokens of age, replied in the following beautiful burst of natural poetry, "Es, massa, dis nigger blossoming for de grave!"

THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

I love the banging hammer,
The whirring of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the mill,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning-lathe,
The whirling of the mill;

The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
And the fan's continuous boom;
The clipping of the tailor's shears,
The driving of theawl,—
The sounds of busy labor,
I love, I love them all!

Oh! there is good in labor,
That gives vigor to the day-time,
And a sweeter sleep at night;
A good that bringeth pleasure
Even to the toiling hours,
For duty cheers the spirit
As the dew revives the flowers.

Oh! say not that Jehovah
Hath no labor and no rest;
No; it is His richest mercy,
And will scatter half life's gloom!
Then let us still be doing,
Whatever we find to do,
With an earnest willing spirit,
And a strong hand free and true.

MRS. JOHN SMITH.

"Shrewsbury," said my friend John Smith to me, "is a really delightful place—on a fine morning when the offing covered with fishing craft, their little white sails form a pretty contrast to the bright sky, and to the waves, green and sparkling as emerald, which laugh at the tiny barks. I assure you 'tis one of the pleasantest things in the world, to stand on the shore and watch the maneuverings of the miniature fleets, and still pleasanter to take your fishing tackle on board and row into the midst of them. 'Tis true they'll laugh at your awkwardness, but then you know as long as a hearty laugh is raised, it matters not at whose expense."

I was perfectly charmed and astonished at my friend John Smith's eloquence, (by the way he had appended Jr. to his patronymic, by way of distinction from one of two other cousins of the same name) for he was naturally taciturn, but the poor fellow was half out of his wits, the thoughts of matrimony, into which blissful state he had been enticed about three weeks, and he was truly attached to his wife—as strongly perhaps as to the use of Eau de Cologne and Otto of roses. I was therefore inclined to believe that Shrewsbury possessed some parallel power to that which the angel exercised over Baalam's mule.

I told him so, and added—

"We must certainly take my cousin, Mrs. Smith, to go to this place, to afford another subject for mirth to its amphibious inhabitants."

On the next day you might have seen 'seem on our winding way'—everything was prepared for the jaunt: wind, weather, tide, and steam all favorable, and we arrived without bursting of boilers, in due time at our place of destination.

"Deuce take all steamboats," said my friend John Smith Jr., as he applied a bottle of ether to his nose. "The clattering of wheels, and the whizzing of the steam, is positively worse than being shut up in a room with a dozen French milliners!"

We landed from the object of this direful tirade, and ordered our trunks, and Mrs. Smith's nineteen band-boxes to the hotel, so well known in the annals of watering excursions. It was crowded as usual with strangers, but only one person recognized in an acquaintance, either by my friend or myself: that was the pleasant, good-humored, and really handsome phiz of Jerry Watson, who as the world goes, was as clever as need be met with, and like my friend Smith, was susceptible of a tender penchant; so much so, that he never could settle which his numerous favorites should be the future Mrs. Watson. He greeted us cordially, and was introduced in form to the blooming bride, whose cheeks he gracefully kissed, as he saluted her with wishes for health and happiness. Poor Smith! never shall I forget the "pouff et noir" expression of his countenance at this familiarity; he advanced a step, but recollecting himself, he drew back, and taking from his pocket a newly invented acoulin, turned on his heel to twiddle a window, and commenced breathing an air on his little pet of an instrument.

I will pass over any description of the festivities we entered into during our stay. Never did I see nature's grandeur and man's insignificance so fully developed as in the scenery adjacent to this place; but description will not be attempted, as I have to relate mere facts. We had been at Shrewsbury four days, in a continued series of enjoyment, when one Friday afternoon, as I was passing from my own chamber by that belonging to my friend, I was very nearly knocked down by the sudden bolting of that personage from the room. He had a letter unopened in his hand—his eyes were wild with fury, and he seemed the very picture of despair.

"What in the name of mercy,"—I exclaimed, but he cut short my speech, and turning round on me, threw both his hands upon my shoulders, looking me full in the face. At length he broke out—

"The Jeebel!"

"Who?" cried I.

"Would you—could you believe it Jim? she is false!"

"Who? I reiterated in surprise.

"Who, why Mrs. Smith, the specious huswife!"

"Explain yourself, said I, 'surely there is some mistake.'"

"Mistake! no, no—it is for such easy, nosed dupes as you, that unfaithful wives are made—the devil take me for getting married!"

This was too much for me, and I accordingly gave vent in uncontrolled laughter.

"Well, upon my word, this is pretty work, truly—my wife deceives and dishonors me, and my pressed friend laughs at me!"

"Deceives and dishonors you!" said I, as soon as I recovered breath, "how, in the name of wonder?"

"Here! Here! look here—proof enough for any one but a tame—O cursed marriage!"

I took the note which he handed to me—

"What is this—it is sealed?"

"Yes," he answered hesitatingly, and colored still more deeply than passion had already caused him to do, "It is sealed, but it is addressed to my wife."

"And how am I, how are you to know the contents?"

"Some fatality tempted me to look into it—I saw—but look for yourself, and snatching the note from me, he broke the seal."

I started with astonishment at him, and then with a determination to unravel the mystery, I cast my eye over the note. It was indeed of a tenor to awaken suspicions; part of it ran thus: "can you still deny my request? why, after having been three—ages shall I call them, from the world—"

"Here, what the libertine dog calls three weeks of my honey-moon ages! Honey-moon indeed: marriage may be so, but it has too much of the bee stinging to make its sweets pleasant!"

I proceeded with the letter—why do you still refuse to join the gay circle which you adorned, before cruel fate united you to a moment unworthy of you!"

"The devil take his impudence!" roared Smith. "Who is he? the signature—ay, the signature! What, he? 'Your devoted admirer, J. Watson.' Ah, I see it all; and is it possible? but four days acquaintance, and to gain more of her heart than I have done in as many years! O the plausible, smooth-tongued villain! By heavens! it was magic, witchcraft; he kissed her at their first introduction. Oh, I see it all, Jim; and he turned suddenly round to me—never marry, as you would preserve an honest name, and what is better, a cheerful conscience; never marry; I'd rather—"

"Pooh, pooh," I interrupted, "you are foolish, Smith; Jerry never could have written this, it is some joke." I said this to calm my friend's anger, although at the very moment I had made up my mind never, never to marry.

"Joke! yes indeed it is; laughed at by my friends, quizzed by my acquaintances, and despised by all; a joke to every one but me! If Esther ever speaks to me again, I shall be tempted!"

At that moment her voice was heard from the bottom of the stairs. "In one moment, Mr. Watson; allow me to get my shawl," and she came tripping up to the second story.

"Ah, John, dear, how is your head!—better, I hope?"

"Indeed; worse! I will remain at home;—I will just step down to tell Mr. Watson."

"Where are you going? chockingly asked Smith."

"To the beach with Mr. Watson and some of the ladies; but I will not go."

"This is consummate hypocrisy, thought I. 'The devil fly away with Mr. Watson,' said Smith. 'And you and some other ladies are going with him, to the beach, are you? Pray, madam, how many ladies has he in his retinue? he seems to be the grand bashaw of these regions.'"

"My dear John!—

"Don't dear me, Jeebel; this comes of your morning, afternoon, and evening strolls along the beach—I was told it was fashionable for married gentlemen to walk with each other's wives—Esther, how you have deceived me!"

"Deceived!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, dropping at the accusation, and a hectic mounting to her cheek which resembled a drop of blood upon a snow curl—"deceived you?"

"No, deceived me, madam, don't think I would accuse you without proof. I am no Othello, to prejudice from mere circumstance. Here, madam, look at this and then pray to sink through the earth, pray that the floor may open and snatch such a wretch from the eyes of an offended husband."

"Sir, proudly answered Mrs. Smith, and never did Catharine at the Court of Henry look more noble than did my cousin at this moment, 'and I have been deceived and such language well behooves me—farewell. My cousin James I demand your protection; I will return to New York this very evening.'"

"No me!—yes cousin Esther, certainly," stammered I, not knowing but my life would be in jeopardy from this rage.

"Certainly," bitterly exclaimed Smith, he would have defended you."

"I thank him," was Esther's only reply as she entered her room. Her husband and myself both followed; all were seated and not a word was spoken for nearly a quarter of an hour. At length a slight tap was heard at the door, and a low voice said—Mrs. Smith, my dear madam, don't delay a moment, I am so happy."

"Who's there?" roared Smith.

"Oh! you are well, are you? why, I spoke as low as I possibly could—for fear of disturbing you; your wife told me you were sick, but I am very glad," gaily answered Jerry Watson to this uncouth salutation, as he opened the door, and walked in with an easy, careless manner. "I want you should come down stairs with me, all of you—What! in the dumps!—now what in the name of Hymen is the matter? dear are you? oh! how loving for a honeymoon! Smith, what is the matter? dumb too? My dear Mrs. Smith."

"Puppy," rose from the heart of the husband to his lips, but pride kept it within his teeth as firmly as the lockjaw would have done, word was spoken for nearly a quarter of an hour. At length a slight tap was heard at the door, and a low voice said—Mrs. Smith, my dear madam, don't delay a moment, I am so happy."

"Who's there?" roared Smith.

"That assent is like an iceberg fresh from the arctic circle; its frigidity sends an agreeable chill through my veins this warm afternoon, and so I fly to introduce my friend."

Off went the mercenary Watson, and his closing the door was again a signal for silence. As I looked at the elongated phiz of my friend Smith, and the trembling lips of my really beautiful cousin, I came to a full resolution never to marry. If, tho't I, 'a woman of talent and accomplishments like Esther, can be led away by the flattery of every insect that flutters in her train, what will be his fate who in the lottery of marriage does not draw a high prize?"

But a few moments elapsed before Jerry Watson returned, leading into the room a lady whose appearance had before pleased my fancy at the public table. He handed her gracefully in and after surveying the circle, said—

JOB PRINTING.

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS, COMPRISING IN PART
Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blanks, Cut-alogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills, Shoe Bills, Notices, &c.,
PROMPTLY AND TASTEFULLY EXECUTED AT THE
JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE,
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type through out, and we are prepared to execute all orders for Printing in the best manner and at short notice.

Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superior style, at reasonable rates.

"Mr and Mrs Smith, allow me to introduce to your favorable regard, a lady who has just consented to become to-morrow Mrs. Watson, but who may now be cousinship with you Mrs. Smith, take to your heart your lovely namesake, my lively widow, Mrs. John Smith."

"God bless you both," said I.

My friend John said not a word, but went up to his wife and led her to her new acquaintance, but I marked a sly pressure of the hands; a lighting up of his eye, and a returning smile on my cousin's lip, indicated more than words, a heartfelt reconciliation.

"Well," cried Jerry, "I thought the quintette would produce harmony."

We all laughed, and even the widow, who had unwittingly given my poor friend a bite of the green-eyed monster, joined in without knowing.

"Smith," said I, "before we left New York, you remarked that as long as a hearty laugh was raised it mattered not at whose expense."

"Yes," he answered hesitatingly, and colored still more deeply than passion had already caused him to do, "It is sealed, but it is addressed to my wife."

"And how am I, how are you to know the contents?"

"Some fatality tempted me to look into it—I saw—but look for yourself, and snatching the note from me, he broke the seal."

I started with astonishment at him, and then with a determination to unravel the mystery, I cast my eye over the note. It was indeed of a tenor to awaken suspicions; part of it ran thus: "can you still deny my request? why, after having been three—ages shall I call them, from the world—"

"Here, what the libertine dog calls three weeks of my honey-moon ages! Honey-moon indeed: marriage may be so, but it has too much of the bee stinging to make its sweets pleasant!"

I proceeded with the letter—why do you still refuse to join the gay circle which you adorned, before cruel fate united you to a moment unworthy of you!"

"The devil take his impudence!" roared Smith. "Who is he? the signature—ay, the signature! What, he? 'Your devoted admirer, J. Watson.' Ah, I see it all; and is it possible? but four days acquaintance, and to gain more of her heart than I have done in as many years! O the plausible, smooth-tongued villain! By heavens! it was magic, witchcraft; he kissed her at their first introduction. Oh, I see it all, Jim; and he turned suddenly round to me—never marry, as you would preserve an honest name, and what is better, a cheerful conscience; never marry; I'd rather—"

"Pooh, pooh," I interrupted, "you are foolish, Smith; Jerry never could have written this, it is some joke." I said this to calm my friend's anger, although at the very moment I had made up my mind never, never to marry.

"Joke! yes indeed it is; laughed at by my friends, quizzed by my acquaintances, and despised by all; a joke to every one but me! If Esther ever speaks to me again, I shall be tempted!"

At that moment her voice was heard from the bottom of the stairs. "In one moment, Mr. Watson; allow me to get my shawl," and she came tripping up to the second story.

"Ah, John, dear, how is your head!—better, I hope?"

"Indeed; worse! I will remain at home;—I will just step down to tell Mr. Watson."

"Where are you going? chockingly asked Smith."

"To the beach with Mr. Watson and some of the ladies; but I will not go."

"This is consummate hypocrisy, thought I. 'The devil fly away with Mr. Watson,' said Smith. 'And you and some other ladies are going with him, to the beach, are you? Pray, madam, how many ladies has he in his retinue? he seems to be the grand bashaw of these regions.'"

"My dear John!—

"Don't dear me, Jeebel; this comes of your morning, afternoon, and evening strolls along the beach—I was told it was fashionable for married gentlemen to walk with each other's wives—Esther, how you have deceived me!"

"Deceived!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, dropping at the accusation, and a hectic mounting to her cheek which resembled a drop of blood upon a snow curl—"deceived you?"

"No, deceived me, madam, don't think I would accuse you without proof. I am no Othello, to prejudice from mere circumstance. Here, madam, look at this and then pray to sink through the earth, pray that the floor may open and snatch such a wretch from the eyes of an offended husband."

"Sir, proudly answered Mrs. Smith, and never did Catharine at the Court of Henry look more noble than did my cousin at this moment, 'and I have been deceived and such language well behooves me—farewell. My cousin James I demand your protection; I will return to New York this very evening.'"

"No me!—yes cousin Esther, certainly," stammered I, not knowing but my life would be in jeopardy from this rage.

"Certainly," bitterly exclaimed Smith, he would have defended you."

"I thank him," was Esther's only reply as she entered her room. Her husband and myself both followed; all were seated and not a word was spoken for nearly a quarter of an hour. At length a slight tap was heard at the door, and a low voice said—Mrs. Smith, my dear madam, don't delay a moment, I am so happy."

"Who's there?" roared Smith.

"Oh! you are well, are you? why, I spoke as low as I possibly could—for fear of disturbing you; your wife told me you were sick, but I am very glad," gaily answered Jerry Watson to this uncouth salutation, as he opened the door, and walked in with an easy, careless manner. "I want you should come down stairs with me, all of you—What! in the dumps!—now what in the name of Hymen is the matter? dear are you? oh! how loving for a honeymoon! Smith, what is the matter? dumb too? My dear Mrs. Smith."

"Puppy," rose from the heart of the husband to his lips, but pride kept it within his teeth as firmly as the lockjaw would have done, word was spoken for nearly a quarter of an hour. At length a slight tap was heard at the door, and a low voice said—Mrs. Smith, my dear madam, don't delay a moment, I am so happy."

"Who's there?"

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1851.

AGENTS.

Boston.—Messrs. S. M. Pettegill & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.
 Worcester.—Dr. David Youmans, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.
 Stoneham.—Mr. G. W. Dyer will act as agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

FREE SOIL NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,

JOHN G. PALFREY,

OF CAMBRIDGE.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,

AMASA WALKER,

OF NORTH BROOKFIELD.

FOR SENATORS,

HENRY WILSON, of Natick,
 CHARLES C. HAZEWELL, of Concord,
 ANSON BURLINGAME, of Cambridge,
 ITHAMAR W. BEARD, of Lowell,
 SAMUEL E. SEWALL, of Stoneham,
 JOSEPH FULLER, of Framingham.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,

OF GROTON.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,

HENRY W. CUSHMAN,

OF NEWMARKET.

FOR SENATORS,

JOSEPH FULLER, of Framingham,
 HENRY WILSON, of Natick,
 ITHAMAR W. BEARD, of Lowell,
 ANSON BURLINGAME, of Cambridge,
 CHARLES C. HAZEWELL, of Concord,
 SAMUEL E. SEWALL, of Stoneham.

WHIG NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP,

OF BOSTON.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,

GEORGE GREENELL,

OF GREENFIELD.

FOR SENATORS,

CHARLES R. THAIN, of Framingham,
 JOHN BOYNTON, of Groton,
 ELISHA HUNTINGTON, of Lowell,
 H. P. FAIRBANKS, of Charlestown,
 URIAH CHAMBERLAIN, of Malden,
 JOSIAH RUTTER, of Waltham.

ELECTION.

ABOVE our readers will see the various party nominations for the State Election, to be held on Monday, the 10th. The polls in this town will open at half-past 12 o'clock.

This is quite an important election, as voters are not only called upon to choose State officers, but to express their opinion upon the question of a revision of the State Constitution; and on this part of the ballot, they will simply deposit *yes* or *no* by open ballot,—on State officers they will vote by secret ballot. Voters should be particular to see that all the requirements of the new law are complied with in every respect, if they do not they may lose their vote.

Probably never, in any political campaign, have we had more energetic endeavors used by all parties than during the present season,—the whole field has been most thoroughly canvassed, and there is every prospect of a very close vote.

It, therefore, becomes every man,—no matter to what party he may belong,—to exercise his influence and power, by depositing a vote for his favorite candidates, and thus discharge the duty he owes to his country and himself.

We would not say a word to influence a vote either way, as it would not become our position; but we hope all will ever make use of this privilege of voting, and thus lend their aid in sustaining our rules, and show that they appreciate the value of a government which gives every voter an equal interest in its affairs.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Village Rustic," North Woburn, your poetry is received, and will be attended to in our next.

"J.," of Winchester, gives us an excellent article on "Agricultural Education," which will appear next week under our agricultural head. We hope the subject he treats of will be further discussed in our columns by those interested in such matters.

Several of our lady and other patrons have sent us in selections of prose and poetry, which we shall make use of in due time. We thank them for the interest they take in this matter.

E. TAYLOR, OF WOBURN, vs. BOSTON AND LOWELL RAILROAD.—We learn this case was recently decided at Cambridge, in favor of the plaintiff,—he recovering \$150 damages. It seems Mr. Taylor, of this place, on the evening of last 4th July, had entered the depot at Boston, after having delivered his ticket at the door, and was then forcibly ejected, with some others who had crowded in without giving up tickets; for this and some other treatment, suit was brought against the Railroad Co. Nelson and Converse for plaintiff, and Abbott, of Lowell, for defendants.

DEATH OF A CALIFORNIA TRAVELLER.—We learn that Mr. James Baldwin, who left this place three or four weeks since, on route for California, died at Havana a few days ago. This adds another to the list of the many persons who have perished either in going to, or returning from, this attractive country.

It is quite important that our readers should read the advertisements.

OUR RECEPTION ONCE MORE.

We will add a few more of the notices which have been given us by the press, and will again return our grateful thanks for the many compliments we have received from all quarters. We are happy to be able to say, that the permanent establishment of the "Woburn Journal," may be now considered as a "fixed fact." Our subscription list already exceeds our most sanguine expectations, with a fair prospect of still further increase.

WOBURN JOURNAL.—We have received the first number of a new paper, bearing this title, which has been ushered into existence in Woburn. The publishers are Messrs. Fowle & Brother.—John A. Fowle, editor. This number is well "got up," both in its editorial and typographical departments, and we hope the new comer will have a long and healthy existence. We are pleased to know that the "Journal" is indebted for its neat appearance to the taste and talent of our friend Hastings,—recently one of the "Bay State boys," and whom editor, printer and publisher of the "Woburn Journal,"—who has taken charge of that particular department of the paper. Friend H. can handle the pen, as well as the "stick," and in his time has fired some unmerciful squibs, and perpetrated some good jokes and horrible puns. We expect to see his good-natured phiz again shining through the types. Success to him and the "Journal."—*Lynn Bay State.*

[We beg leave personally to thank our friend of the "Bay State," for his complimentary notice of the "Journal," and our humble self. We have endeavored to make the "Journal" what the "Bay State" is,—neat and modest in appearance, and workmanlike in its arrangement. The "Bay State" can boast of two "right smart types,"—Messrs. P. L. and H. S. Cox—both gentlemen well known in the publishing and printing world; and the "senior" can point a pen better than we can handle one, as the above "unmerciful" hit shows. We were a "Bay State boy," and our friend's allusion to the fact awakens many pleasing associations, and reminds us of our snug little corner, where we have passed so many happy hours, our labors lightened no little by the pleasant companionship we there enjoyed. We wish friend Josselyn much success in giving the Lynn people a paper as a paper; and the recent improvements in its appearance betokens a prosperity we are glad to witness. As for "all the boys," we wish them all sorts of good luck, and if they will come to Woburn, we'll show 'em round in shape, and treat 'em to oysters and clams besides.—*Printer "JOURNAL."*

WOBURN JOURNAL.—A handsome paper, bearing this title, has just made its appearance in the pleasant and enterprising town of Woburn. It is just the thing that is needed to give direction and efficiency to the business energies of the place. The Journal is neat in its typographical appearance, and pleasant and manly in its editorial tone. Healthy as a child, may it exert a happy and beneficial influence in a vigorous manhood; and we trust it will earn its publishers and editor not only golden opinions, but—the dollars. The Journal is published by Messrs. Fowle & Brother. John A. Fowle is the editor. We are pleased to learn that our friend H. N. Hastings presides over the typographical department.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.—Under this title, was issued, on Saturday last, the first number of a new weekly paper, published by Messrs. Fowle & Brother, of Woburn. Mr. John A. Fowle, editor. Its typographical appearance is highly creditable, paper and type both excellent. Judging from the modest and yet comprehensive "Salutatory," the editorial matter promises to be of a character that must prove acceptable to the judicious reader. We gladly welcome it to the neutral ranks, and wish for its enterprising publishers, a deserved success.—*Clinton Courier.*

WOBURN JOURNAL.—This is the title of a neat weekly, just started at Woburn, in this State, by Fowle & Brother. The number before us is filled with interesting matter, and we have no doubt it will prove a valuable addition to newspaperdom. Success to it.—*Concord Freeman.*

THE WOBURN JOURNAL, is a neat and valuable sheet, started last week. It is worthy of a liberal support from the people of Woburn. No matter if they do take Boston papers; their duty to encourage home productions is none the less binding.—*Lawrence Courier.*

WE have received the first number of the Woburn Journal, as neat a little weekly as comes to our table, and we wish it every success. Published by Fowle & Brother, at \$1.50 a year.—*Lowell Vox Populi.*

WOBURN JOURNAL.—We have received the first number of the Woburn Journal, a neutral weekly paper, by Fowle & Brother. It looks well, and we wish it success.—*Chelsea Union.*

DAMAGES RECOVERED.—Mr. N. M. Lawrence and wife, of this town, have recently recovered of the town of Mount Vernon, Maine, the sum of \$515, for damages received by the running away of a horse in that place; the horse, having been frightened in the evening by some lumber left in the road, ran away and upset the carriage, injuring Mrs. L. The suit was brought in the Supreme Judicial Court, Kennebec County, and was conducted by James M. Randall, Esq., of this town.

TO THE LADIES.—Messrs. Chapman, of Boston, advertise in our columns *European and American Goods*;—their principal trade is done in fine dress goods, such as de laines, &c. We speak from personal knowledge when we say, that no firm in Boston has a richer or better selected stock to offer to the inspection of customers.

Nathaniel A. Richardson, Esq., of Winchester, has been appointed Justice of the Peace for Middlesex county by the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Immortal Sire! thy name will live,
 And honored be, by th' good and brave,
 Long after Alexander's fame
 Shall rot beneath dark oblivion's wave.

Thy noble deeds will brighter glow
 Upon thy country's truthful page,
 And hallow bright of glory throw
 Around thy name from age to age.

Peer! Caesar and Napoleon,
 With all their blood-bought fame and power,
 May sleep forgotten in the dust,
 As sleeps the mushroom in an hour!

But still, Columbia's cherished son!
 Thy name shall live and honored be,
 As long as beats one heart that loves
 The priceless boon of LIBERTY!

"COLD WATER."

Dr. Kittredge, of Boston, the interesting lecturer on Cold Water, delivered a lecture in the Town Hall, on Wednesday, to quite an intelligent audience. We are sorry to say the Hall was not as crowded as the nature of the subject deserved.

The Doctor is one of those men who comes down to the level of most every one's understanding; and mixes so much common sense, good humor, and practical knowledge together, that it is really worth while to take some pains to hear him. "Laugh and grow fat" is an old saying, but none the less true for its age; and when the Dr. "lets on," a person must laugh in spite of himself, and no doubt the rest of the old adage comes after.

We hope Dr. K. will be induced to come into our midst again, and enlighten our citizens on the virtues of cold water, not only as a cleansing agent, but as a remedial power, and doubt not but he will receive the attention of a full audience.

MEDICAL MEETING.

The Middlesex East District Medical Society held its annual meeting at Reading, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 5. The following gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing year:—For President, Dr. Horace P. Wakefield, of Reading; for Vice-President, Dr. A. Chapin, of Winchester; for Secretary, Dr. T. Rickard, of Woburn; for Treasurer and Librarian, Dr. A. Plympton, of Woburn; for Auditor, Dr. M. Parker, of Melrose; for Censors, Dr. Cutter, of Woburn, Dr. Phinney, of Melrose, Dr. Mansfield, of South Reading; for Counsellors, Dr. Cutter, of Woburn, Dr. Parker, of Melrose, and Dr. Plympton, of Woburn.

This Society was formed one year ago, and embraces all the members of the Massachusetts Medical Society in the towns of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Melrose, South Reading, Reading, Wilmington, and Burlington. The object aimed at by the members is, mutual improvement, and a better acquaintance with each other. The meetings during the past year have been well attended, interesting, and profitable to the members, and they believe will have a salutary influence upon the health of the people embraced within the limits of this society.

We notice with eggs-ulting feeling, and with no apprehension of failure thereunto connecting itself, that the *Fuel Society* will hold its annual *roasting and cauldron* on the 11th of November and three following days. Some loud crowing may be expected. It is understood that Deacon Dorking and Signer Shung-hue will grace the occasion. Our funnygraph reporters will be on hand, to *scratch* down anything of interest. Peter Snooks, Esq., we suspect, will be "cock of the walk," on the occasion.—*Carpet Bag.*

Hoping to "feather their nest," a couple of the *Fuel Society* in Woburn are picking-up matters of local and general interest, and giving them to the public in a weekly "Journal"; and they *catch* at every family in town ought to have a number "laid on their table." Their motto is "Eggs-elsior."

The ladies of Rev. Mr. Edwards' Church say, in another column, that on Tuesday evening they hope to meet their friends, in the Vestry. We would add something in favor of the object they have in view, but deem it uncalled for, as we know that, when the fair ones invite the co-operation of the benevolent, it is enough; for certainly no one, who has any desire to please them, will refuse aid, especially when for so small an admission-fee they have the prospect of spending a most agreeable evening.

TO CALIFORNIANS.—California travellers often complain of the impositions practiced on them at the "Isthmus," both by exorbitant charges and misdirections. We are informed by a returned Californian, who has experienced the hospitality of *Mons. Justo Lugo* at the "Granada Spanish Hotel," that it is highly important in taking the Nicaragua route, to get correct information; and by stopping at the above-mentioned house, travellers can rely on being well treated. This information may be of value to those who journey gold-ward.

At the Criminal Term of the Court of Common Pleas, at Lowell, Franklin Shores was found guilty on three indictments,—one for stealing from a shoe manufactory, another for stealing from a carpenter's shop, and another for stealing from the depot of Woburn Branch Railroad, all in the town of Woburn.

CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC.—The beautiful new edifice just erected by this institution, upon Maine street in Cambridgeport, at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars, was last Tuesday evening dedicated by appropriate and interesting exercises.

Full returns of the Election will be found at Fowle's on Tuesday morning.

REVERIES OF AN OLD MAN.

MR. EDITOR:—There is certainly a satisfaction in being *satisfied*; and when we are looking for an object, and attain it, if it meets our views it is natural for us to commend it. I have received your new paper, but when you mailed it you did not know it was for the Hermit. Old men seldom flatter,—their days of expectancy are past; therefore I say that I like your paper for three reasons. The first is, the printing and style is excellent; the second is, the matter it contains can be read in the family circle; and the third is, its morality. Now, sir, perhaps you will not thank me for these expressions, but I like to become acquainted with my neighbors, and wish them to know my opinions of them before we become intimate,—it always saves an after explanation.

In a long life, passed in the circles of the proud, the gay and the thoughtful, I have learned wisdom by experience, and in the autumn of life I find it better, far better, to profit by experience than to enter hastily new paths, unless I am satisfied they will not lead to trouble. I am not a misanthrope; I have retired from the busy scenes of life, because I have acted my part, and left a space to be filled by a more modern actor. Could you see my cottage, you would smile at its simplicity; it is imbedded in the woods, far from any lordly manor, and just the spot for reflection,—the inmates, of course, are of no moment to you or your readers. Contentment is conspicuous in all that surrounds it, and ere the sun rises you can see, in the lawn, and at his accustomed recreation, an humble individual, one, who has passed through years of excitement in the busy world, seeking for happiness, and, like Diogenes, with his lantern, seeking in vain. My rural cottage never knew the various changes of human life,—there is one constant routine of daily duties. The little stream, that warbles over the pebbles as it descends from a neighboring hill, has never changed; the violet blossoms and daisies, and the leaves of Autumn fall around me now, as they ever will; and every blade of grass will read a lesson to us, all, if we but remember Him who sustains and waters it.

I have given you a slight description of my domain, and you now have some knowledge of the Hermit; if you wish a nearer acquaintance you must come and see me. I have no sumptuous wines and ales to offer you, but you shall have a cup of crystal water from my sparkling stream; it cheers the heart and invigorates the body; it never caused the widow's moan nor the orphan's cry; it never drove a father from his paternal door, nor caused the wreck of a human mind. You shall have a cheerful welcome in the old man's cottage, with the fragrant table spread, for every friend shall meet you at your visit. You shall look at my items of past years, and if worthy a place in the "Woburn Journal," you shall have them, when memory, with a cloudless sky, shall put them in order.

THE HERMIT.

A FACT.

MR. EDITOR:—Many years since, when the Rev. Mr. Pierpont was first settled over the Hollis St. Church, Boston, a lady now deceased, was in the habit of using the word *Devil* when pleased; she asked how she liked her new Pastor? "O," said she, "I wish you could see the Devil; he walks up the aisle like an angel and preaches like a God." E.

The Massachusetts Volunteers, Capt. Moore, returned from their excursion to Lowell and Newbury, last Saturday evening, accompanied by the Lowell City Guards. Both companies paraded through the principal streets of Boston, and at 10 o'clock the City Guards took the cars for Lowell.

Rev. W. D. Hitchcock has been ordained pastor of the Orthodox Church, in Clinton, Mass.

QUILL AND SCISSORS.

A question—Ought a man to eat turkey—when he's stuffed?

A young lady fainted at the dinner table the other day, on hearing a gallant sea captain remark to a lady beside him, that he had often been rocked on the bosom of the ocean.

Girls who rise soon and walk apace, steal roses from Aurora's face; but when they yawn in bed till ten, Aurora steals them back again.

The Bloomer skirts are getting to be scarce. We always thought they would go down.

What manufacturer, asked a gentleman, most encourages petty larceny? The man who makes the public steel pens for a living, and says they do write.

A Down East Lawyer, once put this notice on his door:—"Gone to my wife's funeral—back in half an hour."

An exchange asks the question—If it were not intended that women should drive their husbands, why do they go through the *bridal ceremony*?

A western editor says that "a child was run over in the streets by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed, with pantaloons on, which never spoke afterwards."

An Irishman being asked in a late trial, for a certificate of his marriage, bared his head and exhibited a huge scar which looked as though it might have been made with a fire-shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

The man who ascended Bunker Hill Monument on the outside, to avoid the payment of the entrance fee, was arrested last week and bound over for trial.

The town of Stoneham, with a population of only 2000, and a valuation of \$600,000, expends this year \$16,000 for the erection of new school-houses; and makes an appropriation of \$1700, in addition to the State Fund, for the support of schools. Well done, thou good and faithful neighbor!

The Providence *Traveller* says there is a lady in that city so aristocratic that she refuses to take a newspaper, because the paper is made of rags! She very studiously avoids every thing of a low origin.

The Louisville Journal says, "The man who walks on a marble slab in an inverted position, has arrived, and will perform this extraordinary feat to-night." Numerous respectable citizens of Pittsburg testify that they have witnessed the remarkable performance.

Dr. Franklin used to say that rich widows were the only kind of second hand goods that sold at prime cost.

Somebody has said that the arrival of the morning papers at the bookstore causes quite a *cents-ation* in the money market.

Twenty thousand persons, it is estimated have travelled to the top of Bunker Hill Monument within the past year.

What town in this Commonwealth is in want of bacon? Need-ham. So the Carpet Bag says. And speaking of pork, what musical body does a drove of pigs represent? A *corn-cant band*.

The extreme pressure in the money-market has affected coin very materially. We notice that the pillars have been squeezed from the fourpences, ninepences and quarters in this region.

Our readers will please notice a change in the time of running trains on the Boston and Lowell Railroad.

BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN FROM THE YEAR 1655 TO 1661.

Baldwin, John, son of Henry, born 28th of 8th month.
 Farrer, Mary, d. of John, 10th of 2d.
 Bisset, Ruth, d. of Samuel, 25th of 10th.
 Reed, Samuel, d. of George, 20th of 2d.
 Todd, Mary, d. of John, 15th of 2d.
 Pencer, Samuel, s. of Thomas, 7th of 2d.
 Gardner, Benjamin, s. of Richard, 24th of 10th.
 Conyers, Mary, d. of James, 20th of 10th.
 1657.
 Cleveland, Samuel, s. of Moses, 9th of 4th.
 Farrer, Jacob, s. of John, 22d of 8th.
 Leach, William, s. of William, 27th of 10th.
 Kendall, Rebecca, d. of Francis, 3d of 1st.
 Leavenworth, Hester, d. of Michael, 16th of 3d.
 Baker, Joseph, s. of John, 15th of 4th.
 Richardson, Mary, d. of William, 15th of 11th.
 Peirce, William, s. of Thomas, 7th of 1st.
 Gardner, Henry, s. of Richard, 12th of 12th.
 Pelly, Elizabeth, d. of George, 14th of 1st.
 Johnson, John, s. of John, 24th of 11th.
 1658.
 Blaggett, Samuel, s. of Samuel, 10th of 10th.
 Wilson, Samuel, s. of John, 29th of 10th.
 Lock, William, s. of William, 18th of 11th.
 Wyman, Bathsheba, d. of John, 6th of 8th.
 Reed, Abigail, d. of George, 25th of 4th.
 Knight, Mary, d. of Michael, 14th of 8th.
 Todd, Samuel, s. of John, 16th of 11th.
 Peirce, Elizabeth, d. of Robert, 4th of 1st.
 Simonds, James, s. of William, 1st of 9th.
 Johnson, Edward, s. of William, 19th of 1st.
 Smith, Elizabeth, d. of Matthew, 15th of 7th.
 Knight, Elizabeth, d. of Joseph, 7th of 2d.
 Dutton, Elizabeth, d. of Thomas, 20th of 11th.
 Conyers, Abigail, d. of James, 13th of 8th.
 Thompson, Rebecca, d. of Simon, born in May.
 1659.
 Cleveland, Miriam, d. of Moses, 19th of 5th.
 Farrer, Isaac, s. of Isaac, 16th of 10th.
 Baldwin, Daniel, s. of Daniel, 24th of 1st.
 Brooks, Joanna, d. of John, 22d of 1st.
 Kendall, Samuel, s. of Francis, 8th of 1st.
 Johnson, Bethiah, d. of John, 26th of 11th.
 Baker, Joseph, s. of John, 1st of 12th.
 Eames, Elizabeth, d. of Robert, 4th of 4th.
 Simonds, Bethiah, d. of William, 9th of 3d.
 Peirce, James, s. of Thomas, 7th of 2d.
 Smith, Matthew, s. of Matthew, 2d of 7th.
 Gardner, Esther, d. of Richard, 15th of 8th.
 Jones, Henry, s. of George, 24th of 11th.
 Johnson, Ebenezer, s. of William, born 25th of March.
 1660.
 Reed, George, s. of George, 14th of 7th.
 Kendall, Jacob, s. of Francis, 25th of 11th.
 Brush, William, s. of George, 21st of 9th.
 Todd, Joseph, s. of John, 15th of 11th.
 Blaggett, Thomas, s. of Samuel, 20th of 19th.
 Simonds, Haldah, d. of William, 20th of 9th.
 Richardson, Sarah, d. of Theophilus, 23d of 2d.
 Richardson, John, s. of John, 25th of 1st.
 Conyers, Hannah, d. of Allen, 13th of 1st.
 Brooks, Timothy, s. of Timothy, 10th of 9th.
 Fuller, Benjamin, s. of Thomas, 15th of 2d.
 Peirce, Abigail, d. of Thomas, 20th of 8th.
 Knight, Mary, d. of Joseph, 6th of 4th.
 Dutton, Joseph, s. of Thomas, 23d of 11th.
 Pelly, Samuel, s. of George, 24th of 11th.
 Conyers, Ruth, d. of James, 12th of 12th.
 Conyers, Joseph, s. of Josiah, 15th of 1st.

THE MECHANIC.

He sends the oak,—and bids it ride,
 To guard the shores its beauty graced;
 He sues the rock,—appears in pride,
 See towers of strength and domes of taste,
 Earth's towering caves their wealth reveal,
 Fire bears his banner on the wave;
 He bids the mortal pole—o'er his head,
 And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.—*SPRAGUE.*

MANY are apt to sneer at the mechanic, as if man can blush at a calling which the Great Mechanic of the universe stamped with especial favor. His divine Son was not only clothed with the garb of humanity, but he was even a humble carpenter; and yet a mechanic is by some deemed unworthy of associating with the magnates of the land. What individual, possessing the genius of a Watts or a Fulton, would exchange it for the tinsel glories of a rent-roll, which leads to the idle dissipation of fashionable life, or to the ephemeral flower around which sport the butterflies of earth? Roger Sherman, one of the most distinguished men of Connecticut, in early life, was a humble shoemaker. The Rev. Thomas Baldwin, D. D., for many years the venerable father as it were of the Baptist denomination in this country, is said to have been a hard-laboring blacksmith. The ex-Governor of this State, now living in affluence and surrounded by men of eminence, when a boy was poor, and an apprentice in a printing office. The late Samuel Slater came to America with a few pounds only in his pockets; but he lived to see, through his own agency, some of the most important relations and interests of society entirely changed, and died a man of great wealth. And who can tell the important results now enjoyed by the world, that may be traced back to the untiring genius of Robert Fulton, once an itinerant painter? Who can observe the power of the steam engine, not only in impelling the many vessels with speed through the waters, but successfully combatting the mountain wave and the furious gale, without being lost in wonder at

that intelligent mind which has wrought out machinery so complicated, yet so perfectly simple, as by obeying the power of steam, to annihilate space and reveal to the eye of commerce, nations and people but little known? A writer has truthfully observed, "Mechanics are the palace builders of the world." Not a stick is hewn, nor a stone shaped, in all the lordly dwellings of the rich, that does not owe its beauty and fitness to the mechanic's skill. The towering spires that raise their giddy heights among the clouds, depend upon the mechanic's art for their strength and symmetry. Not an edifice for devotion, for business, or for comfort, but bears the impress of their handiwork. How exalted is their calling,—how sublime is their vocation. Who dares to sneer at such a fraternity of honorable men? who dares to cast odium upon such a patriotic race? Their path is one of true glory, and it is their own fault if it does not lead them to the highest post of honor and renown. Who can estimate—who can appreciate—the aggregate of benefit to a country, which mechanics confer.

May we not with just pride anticipate the period when the highest passport to the circle of the refined, the intelligent, the good, will be that he is a well bred, educated mechanic.

G. S.

THE TENSE OF THE IMPERATIVE MOOD.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish to propose, for the consideration of our School Committee, Teachers, or any one else interested in the subject, a few inquiries relative to the tense of verbs in the imperative mood. There are certain statements laid down by writers upon language, as principles, that are not, it seems to me, very philosophical. It is with the hope of calling forth a discussion of some of these statements, in the columns of your journal, that this subject is here presented.

All writers upon grammar, with whose works I am acquainted, assign but one tense to the imperative mood, and say that this must, of necessity, be the *present*. The reason given is, that a command can be issued only in present time. In the use of the indicative mood, the time of *making* a declaration is not regarded in determining the tense, but the time of the fulfillment of the declaration. The question then arises, why look to the time of *giving* the command, and not to the time of *making* the declaration? or, why look to the time of the fulfillment of the declaration, and not to the time of the performance of the command? The issuing of a command, and the statement of a declaration, must be in the present time. The execution of the command made, may have been fulfilled in past time, or may remain to be fulfilled in the future. The fulfillment of a declaration is regarded of more importance than the statement of it. Is not the same true, in fact, relative to a command? The command of Canute to the waves, was a matter of very little consequence. They rolled nearer and nearer, without being conscious of his mandate. The monarch looked to see whether they would obey him, and became disgusted with his flatteries when he found his commands unheeded. Commands must, of necessity, be fulfilled in time subsequent to the giving of them. Some are not intended for immediate fulfillment. The teacher says, "John, bring your Geography without fail tomorrow morning." Here the important consideration is the bringing of the book, that it may be in the school-room when wanted for use.

There are declarations possessing all the authority of commands,—that, indeed, are commands. In such instances the declaration is not confined to the present tense. Our Saviour, when quoting the decalogue, said, "Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Honor thy father and thy mother, and Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Here is an abrupt change from the indicative to the imperative, and back to the indicative, yet who will deny that stealing is as much forbidden, that we are as strongly commanded not to bear false witness, as we are to honor our father and mother? I ask again, then, why do we look at the time of the giving of a command, but to the time of the fulfillment of a declaration? Why should not the time of fulfillment be regarded in both cases, and, consequently, the future tense be assigned to the imperative, instead of the present? Would not this be, at least, philosophical? Wherein lies the objection to such a course?

I hope, Mr. Editor, that some of your correspondents will endeavor to clear up this matter, and show the reasons, if any really exist, why we are to regard the *issuing* of a command, but the *fulfillment</*

For the Journal.

NEW THEORIES IN MEDICINE.

MR. BROWN.—There is a quality of the human mind which is easily taken captive at the announcement of any new discovery. No matter how absurd it is, or how it may deviate from the generally received opinions of the day, it will have its advocates and its followers. The practice of medicine, for the cure of diseases, has abounded in new and fanciful theories, from the earliest ages down to the present time. Perhaps, for the want of a more perfect system than has generally prevailed, there has been a greater disposition to seize upon every new thing that has been presented. At one period of the world, it was customary to resort to incantations, amulets, and holy relics, for the cure of diseases. By the touch of the smallest particle of such remains,—the hair, a nail, or the bone of a finger,—the most astonishing effects were produced. This practice was sometimes carried on, by removing patients to the ground of the consecrated dead, which added solemnity and awe to the farce. Nor have we wholly emerged from this superstitious practice; for now even, we see, occasionally, individuals resort to the manipulations of the hand which is cold in death for the removal of certain diseases. I have been credibly informed, that in the present age, a family who were all predisposed to consumption, disintegrated one of its members, who had died of this disease, removed the heart, burned it, the ashes of which were regarded a sovereign remedy for those of the family who might be afflicted with this disease. At one period, portions of pulverized mummies were used as medicines, and thought to possess extraordinary virtues. One Perkins made his appearance comparatively recently with his metallic tractors, which he alleged would supersede anything before discovered in curing human maladies. His plan was, to pass the tractors over the parts affected, and the cure was sure to follow. Newspapers and pamphlets set forth the wonderful effects of this new method of curing diseases, and the government granted a patent with royal letters for the discovery. At the height of this excitement, Dr. Haggath was induced to try experiments with wooden tractors, painted so as to resemble the metallic, and found them to succeed equally well. After this was known the tractors fell into disrepute, and soon lost all power in curing diseases. Volumes might be written to show that no system has been more shrouded in mystery, or more fraught with humbug, than medicine. Every age has its share; and if no new discovery is made, or no new specific announced, some old one must be revived. I will not say that the advocates of those new theories are more blamable than the public. There are elements of character in the community, which demand them and persons possessed of them, when sick, always to stand ready to be cured by something new, far-fetched, or wonderful. This age has cold water and homeopathy, saying nothing of the ten thousand specifics trumpeted forth in the newspapers. The cold-water system will undoubtedly do much good in more ways than one. Many people will get well washed, who could not bear cold water to touch them before it was recommended by Priessnitz. It is also a valuable medicinal agent in many complaints, when judiciously employed. Much prejudice formerly existed against the use of cold water in sickness. The excitement that was produced by the German water doctor, induced people to "conquer their prejudices," and it now constitutes a part of domestic and medicinal practice.

The use of cold water constitutes no part of the homeopathic system proper, but has been recently grafted on to it, in order that there may be something to it. Homeopathy had its day, but waned and died, to be revived for the benefit of the present age. This system of practice will do much good in showing the people that medicine is not always necessary in curing diseases. In order to have them fully understand this, it is necessary to have them informed on the subject. I observe, in conversing with them, that most people believe homeopathic medicine possesses great strength and power, and though the pills are exceedingly small, they are supposed to be endured with great majesty. Now, this is so far from being true, that they contain next to no medicine at all. The medicines are essentially the same as are used by all regular physicians, but so diluted that one common dose would be sufficient to medicate all the water in Massachusetts Bay. For instance, according to their theory, if it is found necessary to take sulphur, a spoonful may be thrown into the dock at Liverpool, and the water in Boston Harbor would be sufficiently medicated for use. Some may think this is an exaggeration, but it certainly is not; and more than this, the founder of this system insists that only smelling, or touching the medicine at a dilution more attenuated than this, is all-sufficient for most patients. I do not object to this mode of practice, if it suits its advocates and followers; but what I wish them to understand is, that they may as well swallow the rays of moonshine as homeopathic medicine. The right is inherent, for every person to be doctored as he chooses, no matter what prejudices may be shocked; and no one has a right to call it in question, any more than Orthodox religionists have to dictate to the Baptists their particular mode of worship.

When the public get well informed on this matter, and they are satisfied with homeopathy, they can doctor themselves by taking nothing, which, in my estimation, is equivalent to taking such medicines.

The yellow fever has made its appearance in Mobile.

ARTIFICIAL LEATHER.—A correspondent, who has recently visited Abington, Mass., informs us that going into a shop a few days ago, he witnessed another triumph of art, aided and guided by science. A steam engine, of six or eight horse power, is erected for grinding up the chips and shavings of leather which are cut off by the shoe and boot-makers, and which have heretofore been burnt or thrown away. These are ground to a powder resembling coarse snuff, and this powder is then mixed with certain gums and other substances, so thoroughly that the whole mass becomes a kind of melted leather. In a short time this dries a little, and is rolled out to the desired thickness—perhaps one twenty-fourth of an inch. It is now quite solid, and is said to be entirely water-proof. On putting the question whether it was strong, the manufacturer cut several strips a foot long and half an inch wide, which our informant endeavored in vain to break.

This new-fashioned leather will make good middle soles for shoes, and perhaps inner soles; and would be very durable round the shafts of a carriage, or in any place where mere chaffing is all the wear desired. It is supposed it would wear well as bands for some kinds of machinery, and will doubtless be used for many other purposes. A patent has been secured, and the article will soon be in the market for use.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

THE WAY THEY WAGE WAR ON THE UPPER SACRAMENTO.—About a month since three men went out to prospect on the Conest Range, and were killed by the Indians. A few days ago Mr. Sears, who owns a rancho on Stony Creek, while taking a ride was stoned by the same tribe, barely escaping with his life. The next morning a party of sixteen left Monroe's rancho, the present country seat of Colusa, and after proceeding twenty miles came upon a rancho which contained some sixty Indians. They surrounded it and proceeded to exterminate the inhabitants after a fashion of their own. By ten o'clock the next morning the party returned, bringing in sixteen persons, good stout fellows, and all that remained of the tribe. They accomplished the feat without dismounting from their horses. A specimen of the race is now in town, a fine looking young Indian, and may be seen at the Crescent City Hotel.—The affair created no excitement and was hardly spoken of afterwards. This is one way of getting rid of unpleasant neighbors.—*Sacramento Times and Transcript.*

THE MONSTER ELEPHANT "COLUMBUS," the largest in America, and weighing 10,730 pounds, belonging to Herr Driesbach's menagerie, died at Lenox, last Saturday, from injuries received from falling through a bridge near South Adams, Oct. 25. His tusks are valued at \$300.

JENNY LIND.—The Boston Transcript says that a telegraph despatch from Columbus, Ohio, dated Wednesday night, and addressed to Mr. Chickerling of that city, announces that Jenny Lind will commence a series of concerts in Boston, at the Melodeon, on the 22d inst.

THE QUEBEC CHRONICLE says that the ground is covered with snow to the depth of 3 inches on a level, and that the cattle are all housed. Many farmers were taken by surprise, and much of the turnip crop, and many potatoes are still in the ground.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND uses in her accounts no less than 60 folio ledgers, filled up completely every day! 28,000 bank notes thrown off daily, and all so registered, that the abstraction of a single note is followed by immediate detection.

SEVERAL OF THE AUXILIARY STATE RIGHTS ASSOCIATIONS of South Carolina have determined not to hold any more meetings at present, or further to agitate secession—declaring their purpose to await the measures of the majority.

MR. FREDERICK A. FISKE, late of Yale Theological Seminary, has been invited, with singular unanimity, to become pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in Ashburnham.

PHILLIPS'S FIRE ANNIHILATOR has been tried in Hamburg and found wanting. A shed was set on fire, but the heat was too great to permit an approach, and a common water engine was brought to bear upon the flames.

AN EXCHANGE PAPER says the city of Boston is worth the whole State of North Carolina. By assessment the property in this city is ascertained to be \$167,000,000. That of North Carolina cannot exceed \$140,000,000.

A DESPATCH from Buffalo states that the propeller Henry Clay, loaded with a valuable freight, and bound to Ogdensburg, was totally wrecked in a gale off Long Point, Canada, Thursday night. All on board were lost except one man.

THE LAKE SUPERIOR JOURNAL, published at Saut St. Marie, says that cranberries are very abundant in that region, this season, and will make quite an item of export.

FATHER MATTHEW will postpone his departure, to the 7th of November, Mr. Collins having offered to transfer his passage ticket from the steamship Atlantic to the Pacific.

THE BIDS which have been received for paying the extension of the Capitol at Washington with marble, vary from \$1,500,000 to \$2,500,000.

MR. RICHARD WALKLEY, who was strangled by his own son a few days since at Springfield, died on Saturday from inflammation of the wounds received at that time.

IT IS STATED that a project is on foot for a World's Fair at New York, next year, to be held in a glass palace, similar in material and structure to that at London, but much smaller.

THERE ARE SIXTY-FIVE CITIES and towns in the United States, the population of which, by the census of 1850, is 10,000 or upwards.

TELEGRAPH LAW SUIT.—The great Telegraph case between Morse and Bain has been decided in favor of Morse.

"BILLY, MY BOY, CAN'T YOU EAT A LITTLE MORE?" "Well, I don't know but I could, mother, if I stood up."

THERE ARE ABOUT SEVEN HUNDRED MECHANICS at the present time employed in the Charlestown Navy Yard.

IN CHARLESTOWN, MASS., is the largest rope manufactory in the world. It belongs to the National Government, and is situated in the Navy Yard, not far from Chelsea Bridge. The building, including the machines, cost about \$350,000; and since being erected and put in operation, the establishment has paid for itself once if not twice over, out of the gains to the government.

THE SALON GAZETTE says a satisfactory arrangement has been made with the Saugus Branch Railroad Company, by means of which the Eastern Railroad Company will be enabled to enter into the heart of the city of Boston, before the expiration of many months, and entirely to discontinue the ferry, at East Boston.

THE PICTORIALS OUTDONE AT LAST.—A young lady who had recently finished her education at a fashionable seminary, told a gentleman that she had just cured a "violent" cold, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

CAMBRIDGE MARKET BANK.—The bills of this bank have made their appearance. They are very neat and tasteful, and were engraved by Hadden, Hight, Hatch, & Elson. C. W. Kingsley is the Cashier, and George W. Lewis, President of the new bank.

COUNTERFEIT NOTES of the denomination of \$5 on the Claremont Bank, so neatly executed, that they are now in circulation. The Bank, Boston, and \$1500 were passed in Wall street, New York, are in circulation.

FATHER MATTHEW will publish copious notes of his tour in America immediately after his return home. His Secretary, C. R. Mahony, Esq., will edit his works.

ENOCH PILLSBURY has been sent to the N. H. State Prison for two years, for cutting the throat of an ox belonging to Joseph Noyes, of Franklin.

THE TOTAL RECEIPTS of the late State Fair, at Manchester, N. H., are given at \$4100. There were 2300 new members added to the Society, and 14,500 single tickets sold.

THE MAYOR OF BUFFALO acknowledges the receipt of \$703, the proceeds of Jenny Lind's concert for the benefit of the sufferers by the recent fire in that city.

THE REASON the whisking of a flory stick produces a luminous circle, is because, from excessive rapidity, the rays from one point remain impressed on the retina of the eye, until the revolution completes the circle.

AT A LATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR in Putnam County, N. Y., Miss Haight exhibited a pair of white cotton hose, manufactured from cotton planted and picked by herself, in that county.

SUIT AT LAW.—In the action of the Rev. Isaac Withersell vs. the Evangelical Congregational Society of North Chelsea, for salary from April 1, to May 22, 1850, a verdict was given for plaintiff.

RESCUED.—A lad fell into the Middlesex canal in Charlestown, the other day, and was nobly rescued by his companion, a boy named Cyrus Morris.

THERE IS FREQUENTLY MORE PLEASURE in giving a thing than receiving it. This applies more especially to medicine, kicks and advice.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Free Soil Caucus.
The members of the Free Soil party are requested to meet at the Vestry of the Baptist Church, on SATURDAY EVENING, 8 o'clock, to nominate a candidate to represent the town in the next Legislature, and to do any other business in relation to the coming election that may be required. Per order of Town Committee. Woburn, Nov. 8, 1851.

The Ladies' Society.
For supporting a Colporteur in the West, invite the public to the Vestry of the Congregational Church, on TUESDAY evening, Nov. 11th. Addresses on the subject, and Music, may be expected. Various useful articles, and Refreshments, will be offered for sale. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Admission 10 cents. Woburn, Nov. 8, 1851.

MARRIAGES.
In North Woburn, Nov. 2d, by Rev. Samuel Sewall, Mr. Otis Cummings to Miss S. Selina Bennett, both of North Woburn.
In this town, Nov. 6th, by the Rev. H. H. Kendall, Mr. Henry Taylor, of Woburn, to Miss Eliza W. Saunders, of North Woburn.
In Malden, Oct. 20th, by Rev. Mr. McClure, Mr. Jason Haley, of Cambridge, to Mrs. Mary Magoon, of Malden.

DEATHS.
In this town, Oct. 30th, Harriet F., daughter of Abel Turner, aged 3 years and 4 months.
Nov. 1st, Newton Caldwell, 20 yrs. and 4 mos.
Nov. 4th, Charlotte C. daughter of William and Charlotte G. Leathie.
In Clinton, Oct. 19th, Leander P. Houghton, 20 years and 9 months. [Boston papers please copy.]

WOBURN LYCEUM.
THE Executive Committee of the LYCEUM would respectfully announce, that they have made arrangements for a Course of Lectures, to be given in the Vestry of Rev. Mr. Edwards's Church, commencing on TUESDAY EVENING, Nov. 18th.
The Lecturers already engaged are Rev. J. CHICKERING, Dr. O. W. HOLMES, E. V. P. WHITNEY, Esq., Dr. J. V. C. SMITH, Rev. D. B. FOSTER, Rev. A. S. FARRIS, F. T. ROSS, Esq., and DANIEL KIMBALL, Esq.
Negotiations are in progress to secure Gov. Briggs and other eminent gentlemen for the remainder of the course. Season Tickets have been issued at 50 cents each, which may be found on sale at G. W. Fowler's, and the stores generally.
Single tickets at 12 1/2 cents, may be had at the door on the evenings of the Lectures.
J. C. FOSTER, BRIDGE, Committee.
G. W. FOWLER, do.
Woburn, Nov. 8, 1851.

WANTED.
TWO faithful CARRIERS, to circulate the Journal in this town. Apply at this office. nov 1

COMPARTMENTS suitable for Hoods, just received at FLAGG'S Dry Goods store. nov 8

SHOE BILLS, in large or small quantities, for sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

TWILLED PRINTS, new styles, at FLAGG'S Dry Goods store. nov 8

COAL HODS, Coal Sieves, Shovels and Pokers, for sale at the Hardware and Shoe store of THEO. LADD. oct 18

COTTON FLANNELS, bleached and unbleached, at FLAGG'S Dry Goods store. nov 8

COLLECTOR'S SALE FOR TAXES.
WILL be sold at Public Auction, on Monday, the 1st day of December next, at 3 o'clock, P. M., at the Town Hall, in Woburn, so much of the Real Estate (situated in said Woburn) belonging to the following residents of said town, as shall be sufficient to pay the TAXES assessed thereon for the year 1851, and all legal costs and charges. Said residents, real estate, and taxes, are as follows, viz:—
JOHN ANDREWS.—About two-thirds of an acre of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Warren St., and bounded northeasterly by said street, southeasterly by land of John Robinson, southeasterly by land of John Murray, and northeasterly by lands of R. H. Kimball, James Mayson, and Asa S. Kendall. School Dist. Tax, \$2.02. Town and County Taxes, \$8.44. School Dist. Tax, \$3.91. Also, at the same time and place, will be sold at Public Auction, so much of the Real Estate, situated in Woburn, belonging to the following non-residents, as shall be sufficient to pay the Taxes assessed thereon, for the year 1851, and all legal costs and charges. Said non-residents, real estate and taxes are as follows, viz:—
D. K. WARDWELL.—About one-fourth of an acre of land, situated near the Centre Village, and bounded northeasterly by land of Elwin Finney, northeasterly by land of George Flagg, easterly by land of Gavin R. Gage and Sylvanus Wood, and southerly by a lane leading to the house of Levi Marfield. School Dist. Tax, \$1.45. Town and County Taxes, \$6.45. School Dist. Tax, \$3.91. Also, at the same time and place, will be sold at Public Auction, so much of the Real Estate, situated in Woburn, belonging to the following non-residents, as shall be sufficient to pay the Taxes assessed thereon, for the year 1851, and all legal costs and charges. Said non-residents, real estate and taxes are as follows, viz:—
EDWARD A. WILSON.—Main Street, Woburn. nov 8

INSURANCE.
THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been appointed Agent of the CAMBRIDGE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, and is ready to receive applications for Insurance, against the hazard of Fire, on Buildings, Goods, Furniture, &c. &c. EDWARD A. WILSON, Main Street, Woburn. nov 8

DR. N. KENDALL, OF THE REFORMED PRACTICE.
WOULD inform the inhabitants of Woburn, Medford and vicinity, that he has removed to North Woburn, where he intends to keep a large variety of MEDICINES and Compounds, for the cure of all diseases of the human system that are curable. Scrofula, Humors, King's Evil, Cancer, Salt Rheum, and all skin diseases, are curable if taken in season. Dr. K.'s Scrofula Syrup is good for Chronic Rheumatism and Liver Complaints, and of Humors of the human system. The Syrup, Pills and Ointment will cure eight out of ten, if taken according to directions. A cure for the Piles, if not more than two or three years' standing, and sometimes of five or ten years. His Dysentery Cordial and Medicine are the most valuable medicines known for Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, or Summer Complaints of children, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, &c. Its operation and action appear to be a specific, if not infallible remedy. Dr. K.'s COUGH SYRUP, Powders, Drops and Plaster, are the best now in use, and will cure Coughs, and Consumption in the first stages, if taken according to directions. nov 1

POND'S IMPROVED UNION RANGE.
1850. THE subscriber has having had in use for several months a new improvement on the COOKING RANGE, which they have thoroughly tested, and are prepared to offer them to the trade, and to set them for the use of families, boarding houses, hotels, &c. They are equally well suited for wood and coal, and are made of different sizes, adapting them for both large and small establishments. The principal improvements we have made in this Range are, the placing of the oven on a level with the fire, rendering it perfectly accessible without being obliged to reach over the fire when baking, and in bringing the boilers in immediate contact with the fire, so that they all boil readily. The oven is large and roomy, and the fires are so arranged about it, that we can warrant it to bake with perfect perfection. Other improvements have been made, rendering it perfectly adapted in operation, (there being but one damper) and one of the most durable and economical ranges ever made. HOT AIR FIXTURES, for warming additional rooms, are attached when desired; also WATER BACKS and BATH BOILERS, of the most approved construction. The above, with our other approved patterns of RANGES, are prepared to put up, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. Also, FIREPLACES, for heating houses, and PARLOR GRATES, of the best manufacture and finish, in great variety of patterns; MIRROR MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES, of beautiful design, with a full assortment of stoves, Tin and Copper Ware, &c. &c. for sale at our Store, Range and Furnace Factory, Nos. 28 and 30 Merchants' Row, Boston, at wholesale and retail, at the lowest market prices. Their Ranges are used by quite a number of families in Woburn; and for a description of their beautiful MIRROR CHIMNEY PIECES, they would refer to the house just opened by Mr. John A. Fowler, corner of Warren and Summer streets, Academy Hill, Woburn. Personal attention given to setting Ranges and Furnaces. MOSES POND & CO. oct 18

ALFRED A. CHILDS, BOSTON.
Mantle, Pier and Oval LOOKING-GLASS MANUFACTORY, HOUSE AND SHIP ORNAMENTS, of antique and unique patterns and styles, furnished from his Manufactory at short notice. Portrait and Picture Frames Ready Made. HAS A FINE GALLERY OF OIL PAINTINGS, OLD FRAMES RE-GILT AND VARNISHED. oct 18

E. W. CHAMPNEY & CO., 44 MILK STREET, BOSTON.
HAVE on hand and are constantly receiving a full assortment of Silk and Union Galloons, in black and colors; Seaming and Slipper Galloons; Union and Tartan Ribbons; Silk and Cotton Hosiery and Shoe Laces, in all qualities and lengths; Sewing Silks. A general assortment of Laces, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Fanny and Thread Store articles, all of which will be sold on the most favorable terms, at 44 MILK ST., BOSTON. oct 18

QUADRILLE BAND.
MR. H. H. NASH would respectfully give notice, that he is prepared to furnish Music on all occasions at short notice. Apply to H. H. Nash, Stoneham. Refers to P. L. Converse, Woburn. nov 1

ROOFING SLATES—A NEW ARTICLE.
ROOFING SLATES, from the Halesville quarries, N. V.—a superior article, being one-third thicker than the Welsh Slates, the material equally as good; therefore more suitable for large roofs. For sale at 67 Friend street, between Causeway and Travers streets, Boston, by DAVID THESON. nov 1

WANTED.
GUTTER BOOT FITTERS. Also, good workmen on Gutter Boots. Extra wages paid. N. BODWELL, Court street, Woburn. oct 18

ALMANACS FOR 1852.
FARMER'S, Christian Family and Comic Almanacs, for sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

JUST RECEIVED, a lot of that new style WHITE GLAZED WARE, at FLAGG'S Dry Goods and Crockery store. nov 8

SOLAR LAMPS. A good assortment of large and small Solar Lamps, at WM. WOODBERRY'S. nov 1

A GOOD assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's WOOLEN HOSE, just received at FLAGG'S. oct 18

BRISTOL BRICK DUST, for polishing Knives, for sale by THEO. LADD. oct 18

SMITH'S PREMIUM CLEANSING COMPOUND—a lot just received—warranted to remove Dry Pimples, Pimples, &c., from Clothing, without injuring the color. Sold by his agents, E. COOPER & SON, oct 18

APOTHECARIES, Wadsworth's Buildings.
MAP of the World, showing the different routes to California, and all parts of the World,—price 20 cents. For sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

HOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD.
COACH AND TICKET OFFICE, 50 Court street, Scollay's Building.
CHANGE OF HOURS. On and after Monday, Nov. 3d, 1851, Trains will run as follows:—
UPPER BRANCH TRAINS.
Leave Boston at 7:30 A. M., 12 M., and 5 P. M.
Leave Lowell at 8 A. M., 12:30 and 6:30 P. M.
The 8 A. M. Train stops at Woburn Watering Place. The 6 P. M. Train stops at East Woburn, and above Woburn Watering Place. The 6:30 P. M. Train stops to leave Upper Railroad Passengers.
ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.
Leave Boston at 7:30, 9:30, A. M., 2:30, and 6 P. M.
Leave Lowell at 7:15 and 10 A. M., 3, and 4 P. M.
The 6 P. M. Train stops at Milk Row.
WOBURN BRANCH TRAINS.
Leave Woburn Centre at 6:30, 7:45, 9:30 A. M., 1:15, 4:30 and 8 P. M.
Leave Boston at 8:30 and 11:30 A. M., 3, 5:15, 7 and 9 P. M.
Also, a Train leaves Winchester for Woburn Centre at 6 P. M.
On Tuesdays this Train leaves at 11 P. M., and on Saturdays at 10 P. M. For further particulars, see PATRICK'S RAILWAY GUIDE. WALDO HIGGINSON, Agent B. & L. R. Co. nov 8

COLE & ORDWAY, PAINTERS AND GLAZIERS.
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the most perfect manner. Also, Graining and Marbling. SHADIES and BLINDS, of every description, furnished. PAINTS, OIL and GLASS, of the best quality.
JOHN G. COLE, F. E. ORDWAY.
Shop first building South of the Branch Railroad depot, nov 8

T. A. & H. G. CHAPMAN, DEALERS IN EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS, 6 Hanover Street, BOSTON.
3 Doors NORTH OF COURT STREET, BOSTON. nov 8

T. J. PORTER, Woburn & Boston Express.
OFFICES in Boston, No. 16 State street, and 45 North Market street. Office in Woburn, at Woodberry's store. Orders for freight, packages, &c., promptly attended to. nov 1

E. COOPER & SON, DEALERS IN Fancy Goods, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Dye Stuffs, &c. &c.
Nos. 5 & 6 WADSWORTH'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.
Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Foreign Leeches constantly on hand. oct 18

WOBURN AND BOSTON RAILROAD EXPRESS.
THE subscribers continue to attend to the EXPRESS business in all its branches, between Woburn and Boston. Orders received at No. 10 Court Square, Boston, and at the Depot in Woburn. V. E. YOUNG, C. S. CONVERSE. oct 25

CUTLER & OTIS, PAINTERS, GLAZIERS, AND PAPER HANGERS.
IMITATIONS OF WOOD AND MARBLE. Dealers in Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oil and Glass, &c. &c. STEPHEN CUTLER, J. G. H. OTIS. oct 18

CALVIN A. WYMAN, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, WOBURN, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended on reasonable terms. oct 25

ALBERT THOMPSON, DEPUTY SHERIFF.
Residence, Woburn Centre. All communications will receive prompt attention. oct 18

TAYLOR & SANDERSON, WINCHESTER & BOSTON EXPRESS.
OFFICES in Boston—27 South Market street, and Railroad Exchange, Court Square. IS WINCHESTER, at Taylor & Sanderson's store. T. & S. also keep on hand a large stock of the best WEST INDIA SUGARS and GROCERIES, which they will sell very cheap, at their store as above. oct 18

BENJ. F. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Hats, Caps, &c. &c.
Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kits, and Findings, &c. &c. WYER'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.
BENJ. F. WYER, ROBIN PIERCE, N. B. LADD, Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order. Boots, Shoes and Rubbers neatly repaired. oct 25

RICHARDSON & COLLAMORE, DOOR, SASH AND BLIND MAKERS, House Builders, and Dealers in Lumber.
BENJER RICHARDSON, HORACE COLLAMORE, WOBURN, MASS.
Cherry and Pine Sashes, of every description, made to order. Planing and Sawing done at short notice. oct 18

N. WYMAN, JR., DEALER IN FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, No. 8 WADSWORTH'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.
oct 18

EATY & FAIRBANKS, STATIONERS, AND—ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS, No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c. oct 18

WILLIAM SIMONDS, Manufacturer and Dealer in BUREAUS AND SECRETARIES, 95 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
oct 18

FISK & CUSHING, MERCHANT TAILORS, 95 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
oct 18

JOHN HAMMOND, REAL ESTATE BROKER, No. 15 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON.
oct 18

WILLIAM WINN, JR., LICENSED AUCTIONEER, BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. oct 18

TO SELL OUT ALL!
GEO. W. WARREN & Co.,
WILL OFFER THEIR STOCK AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL FOR—
NINETY DAYS,
—AT SUCH A—
REDUCTION
AS WILL ACCOMPLISH THE SALE OF THEIR ENTIRE STOCK, PREPARATORY TO A
Dissolution of Copartnership,
ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY NEXT.
THE LADIES MAY EXPECT
"More than their Money's Worth!"
192 Washington St. Boston.
nov 1 6w1s 10w

LADIES' FUR STORE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, Store and Chambers, 175 Washington St., BOSTON.

PLUMBING.
LOCKWOOD, ZANE & LUMB, NO. 5 DERRY RANGE, COURT ST., —AND— NO. 34 SCHOOL ST., (directly opposite the City Hall) BOSTON, MASS.

COCHITUATE WATER.

MANUFACTURERS and Dealers in Lead Pipe, Water Cocks, Bath Bells, Water Rams, Filters, Sheet Lead, Forcing Pump, Shower Bells, Peer Pump, Leather Hose, Silver Plated Work, Cooking Ranges, Pig Tin, Wash Basins, Marble Sinks, Fountains, Rubber Hose, Water Buckets, Wash Trays, &c. &c.
1 1/2 c. L. of one of the largest and most select stocks of PLUMBING materials ever exhibited in this country; and are prepared, from a long experience, both in New York and Boston, to do any kind of Plumbing in a satisfactory manner. Persons wishing our services will find in either store the work fitted up and in operation, which will be shown them, and the materials in a satisfactory manner. Orders from the country solicited.
LOCKWOOD, ZANE & LUMB, No. 5 Derry Range, Court St., and No. 34 School St., BOSTON.

UPHOLSTERY, CABINET WORK, &c. H. M. CURRIER, Corner of Washington and Summer Sts., BOSTON.
HAS constantly on hand a good selection of the most FASHIONABLE UPHOLSTERY GOODS that can be obtained. All kinds of PILLOWS and MATTRESSES, for Car and Carriage Lining, Curtain Materials and Trimmings, Lace and Muslin Curtains. Also, every description of Window Shade Goods and Trimmings, for sale at low prices. Also, all kinds of PARLOR FURNITURE made to order, of the best materials and in the most fashionable style. Plans of houses taken in the city and country, and Carpets made and fitted up, on reasonable terms. All kinds of CURTAIN & DRAPERY Work done in the best style. Furniture of every description repaired and re-stuffed. Mattresses, of the best curled hair, always to be had. Also, HUCK & PALM LEAF MATTRESSES. CHURCHES furnished with CUSHIONS, of every description, price and quality.
Every article purchased at my store will be warranted to be what it is represented. Entrance on Summer Street. oct 18

SHAWLS! SHAWLS! OF ALL SORTS AND SIZES.
From the SHAWL size, at 75 cents, to the RICHEST INDIA CASHMERE, at more money than you wish to pay, these hard times.
GEO. W. WARREN & Co.,
RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of the Ladies, and "the trade," to the largest assortment of Long and Square Shawls ever opened in New England, (two varieties to describe,) and at prices in conformity with the present value of money. No one should buy a shawl without seeing this large stock. NO. 192 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. 6w1s oct 18

PEWMASSHIP.
PLAIN and ornamental, taught at Mr. BOUTELLE'S Rooms, Knight's Building, Main street, Woburn. Evening School will be Mondays and Fridays. Afternoon School will be open Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock, P. M. Terms for a course of twelve lessons, in plain handwriting, \$1.00. Instruction in German Text will be considered extra.
N. B. Those attending the Evening School will furnish their own lights. The Saturday afternoon School is intended for those who attend the village schools, altho' any one can attend the Afternoon or Evening School, or both. All wishing to learn to write would do well to apply immediately, as he knows, on account of the increased demand for ornamental writing, to make a change in his business in the spring. Family Registers written elegantly, at prices from \$1.00 to \$5.00. Cards turned Friday and Saturday afternoons, and Monday and Friday evenings. oct 18

ORTE MONIAR, unalid with silver, and other patterns, for sale by E. COOPER & SON, Druggists, Wadsworth's Buildings. oct 18

PAINTED RUGS—just the article to put under a stove, or a bed, at W. WOODBERRY'S. nov 1

CASH PAID FOR OLD LEAD, at the Hardware and Shoe store, Knight's Building, by THEO. LADD.

UNBLEACHED COTTON, yard wide, from 5 to 12 1/2 cents, at FLAGG'S Dry Goods store. nov 8

POETRY.

THE WIFE'S ADIEU.

I soar to the realms of the bright and the blest,
Where the mourners are soled and the weary
at rest;
I rise to my glories, whilst thou must remain
In this dark world of tears, to dejection and pain.

And hence, though my heart throbs exultant
To die,
And visions of glory expand to my eye;
The bosom that struggles and pants to be free,
Still beats with regret and affection for thee.

I fear not another more fond and more fair,
When I am forgotten, thy fortune should
share;
Oh find but a bosom devoted as mine,
And my heart's latest blessing forever be thine.

I fear that the stroke that now rends us apart,
From the faith of the Christian should sever
thy heart?

Least seeking in anguish relief from despair,
The vain world should lure thee to look for it there.

But oh! should it tempt thee awhile to resign,
A treasure so precious, a hope so divine,
Should the lights of his glory be hidden from thee,

In the hour of thy darkness, oh! think upon me.

Remember the hope that entwines me now,
Through the dew of the grave are damp on my brow,
The faith that has nerved me with transport to see

The hour of my doom, though it tears me from thee.

[Lays of the Martyrs.]

MISCELLANY.

A GOOD LESSON.

FOR GORMANDISERS AND DRAM DRINKERS.

NATURE once beheld with indignation the
perversion of the gifts she had bestowed, her
powers wasted, and her energies mis-applied.
She beheld the human form, created in the
perfection of strength and beauty, bowed to
the earth with accumulated diseases, and pre-
mature old age. She summoned her various
functionaries before her, and demanded an ac-
count of their stewardship. First came the
lower extremities, tottering beneath the super-
incumbent weight of the overgrown body, and
desirous of seizing upon the first opportunity
of depositing it in a place of rest, in front
of which they stretched themselves at full length,
resembling two meal bags filled with almost
to bursting. She demanded with warmth,
why they whom she had deputed to carry the
body wherever it desired, with a firm step, and
independent bearing, and whom she had en-
dowed with bones and tendons and muscles,
each to contribute to their strength, beauty or
convenience, had burdened themselves with an
accumulation of flesh which had deprived them
of ease, flexibility and proportion. The
legs pointed significantly at the enormous
weight they were obliged to support, and
added, that nature knew they were subject to
the will of the brain, who seemed sometimes
unable to distinguish a zig-zag from a straight
line. They were willing to perform their of-
fices, but there must be some fault in the
upper works. She next interrogated the hands
and arms, rating them severely for their bloated
and trembling appearance. Like the legs,
they made all possible haste to exculpate them-
selves. They said they had labored hard for
many years for the benefit of the back and
mouth, and when they thought they were
about to rest from their hard service, the brain
and mouth all at once formed an alliance, and
now their principal employment was to fur-
nish the mouth with the luxuries the brain
had devised. And they continued, this is the
hardest service we ever employed in, for
our strength fails daily. Nature could hear
no more but giving a loud rap on the top of
the head, for the brain seemed to be sleeping
in his domicile, she related what she had just
heard. The brain fairly foamed with indignation,
and called it a malicious slander; said
he had always been a faithful provider for all
the wants of the system, directing their plans,
and guiding their efforts, so as best to promote
the object in view, and finally had always
stood sentinel to warn them of the approach of
every danger, till his dominions were usurped
by the stomach, who had since kept him con-
fined a close prisoner scarcely permitting him
to peep through his loop holes, unless it was
to discover something to administer to the
stomach's gratification. He apologized like-
wise for not attending sooner to the call of
nature, by saying he believed he was some-
what stupefied by the various exhalations he
was obliged to endure. He declared the
mouth to be entirely innocent of the vile
aspirations heaped upon her by the hands, who
were entirely incapable of reflection. The
mouth was guilty no otherwise than in being
unable to resist the pressure of the stomach,
using her for a thorough fare, through which
she conveyed whatever suited her capricious
humors, enormous requirements, or wayward
fancies. Enough, said Nature bitterly; I will
visit this extraordinary usurper. She entered
without ceremony, as the stomach was sleep-
ing after the last repast. She was astonished
to find how she had enlarged her dwelling,
and how many little comforts and conveniences
her luxury had devised. There were a thou-
sand little wants fitted up in as many little
receptacles; and things of which Nature had
her innocency had never dreamed, the stomach,
in her refinement, had magnified into real ne-
cessities. She beheld the productions of every
soil, the luxuries of every clime, all concentra-
ted in this singular laboratory. "Earth and
ocean were plundered of their sweets," to con-
tribute to the revelry of the stomach. Nature
looked about for some time, while she devised
a plan for the punishment of her agent for her
whimsical absurdities, without also compelling
her other functionaries to do penance for the
folly of the stomach. She was aware, too,
how the indulgence of the stomach, had
abridged the comforts and conveniences of her
other deputies, and determined that she alone
should be the sufferer. She designed not to
rouse the delinquent from her slumbers, but
dashed a potion among her luxuries, which
she knew would soon rouse her to reflection.
The stomach awoke to find that *dispendia* was
reveling in her banquet room, and every luxury
must be banished, before she could exclude
the intruder.

Why is the toothache like an unanswerable
argument? Because it makes people hold
their jaw.

A FINE COAT often covers an intolerable
fool, but never conceals one.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS HORSE.

Studious persons are sometimes surprisingly
ignorant how to act on ordinary occasions. A
Scottish paper says that Dr. Chalmers came
home one evening on horseback, and, as nei-
ther the man who had the charge of the horse
nor the key of the stable could be found, he
was for some time not a little puzzled where
to find a temporary residence for the animal.
At last he fixed on the garden as the fittest
place he could think of for the purpose; and,
having led the horse thither, he placed it on
the garden walk. When his sister who had
been from animal as usual, and was told
that the key of the stable could not be found,
she inquired what had been done with the
horse.

"I took it to the garden," said the doctor.
"To the garden!" she exclaimed; "then all
our flower and vegetable beds will be de-
stroyed."
"Don't be afraid of that," said the doctor,
"for I took particular care to place the horse on
the garden walk."

"And did you really imagine," rejoined the
sister, "that he would remain there?"

"I have no doubt of it," said the doctor, "for
so sagacious an animal as the horse would not
fail to be aware of the propriety of refraining
from injuring the products of the garden."

"I am afraid," said Miss Chalmers, "that you
will think less favorably of the discretion of
the horse when you have seen the garden."

To decide the controversy by an appeal to
facts, they went to the garden, and found, from
the ruthless devastation which the trampling
and rolling of the animal had spread over
every part of it, that the natural philosophy
of the horse was a subject with which the lady
was far more accurately acquainted than her
learned brother.

"I never could have imagined," said the doctor,
"that horses were such senseless animals."

BETTER LAUGH THAN CRY.

So say we. There is no use in rubbing one's
eyes, and blubbering over all the ills that flesh
is heir to. The best way is to stand up to
the rack and take the good things and the evil
as they come along, without repining, always
cheering yourself with the philanthropic ejacu-
lation, "Better laugh next time."

Is Dame Fortune as shy as a weasel? Tell
her to go to Jericho and laugh her in the
face. The happiest fellow we ever saw, worked
hard, slept upon a plank, and hadn't a
shilling in his pocket, nor even a coat upon his
back.

Do you find disappointment lurking in many
a prize? Then throw it away, and laugh at
your own folly for so long pursuing it.
Does fame elude your grasp? Then laugh
at the fools that are so often her favorites.
She's of no consequence, and never butters a
piece of bread, or furnished a man with a suit
of clothes.

Is your heart broken by some maiden fair?
Then thank your stars that you escaped with
your neck, and make the welkin ring with
hearty laugh. It lessens the weight of one's
heart amazingly.

Take our advice—under all circumstances,
"laugh dull care away." Don't be in a hurry
to get out of the world, it is a very good world,
considering the creatures who inhabit it; and
is about as full of fun as it will be. You
never saw a man cut his throat with a broad
grin on his face; it is a grand preventative of
suicide. There's philosophy, and good sense,
and sincere gratitude for the things of life,
that elevates us above the brute creation.

ADAM SMITH'S ABSENCE OF MIND.—This
distinguished philosopher was remarkable for
absence of mind. As an anecdote of this pecu-
liarity, it is related of him, that having, one
Sunday morning, walked into his garden at
Kirkcaldy, dressed in little more than his night-
gown, he gradually fell into a reverie, from
which he did not awaken till he found him-
self in the streets of Dunfermline, a town at
least twelve miles off. He had in reality
trudged along the king's highway all that
distance in the pursuit of a certain train of
ideas, and he was only eventually stopped in
his progress by the bells of Dunfermline, which
happened at the time to be ringing the people
to church. His appearance in a crowded
church, on a Scotch Sunday morning, without
clothes, is left to the imagination of the reader.

HINT TO YOUNG MEN.—An old experienced
man says if you expect to be a merchant, (being
now only a clerk, with five hundred dollars a
year,) get married. (Choose a partner who is
willing to live according to your taste, and
whose mother has taught her to work, wash,
mend stockings, make pies and cake, and
knows how to put an apple in a dumpling.
Aim not that she be handsome, but one whom
you can love above all others in the world.
You will then live happier and cheaper than
you now do, paying board, washing and mend-
ing, besides every now and then having a piece
lost. Your washwoman is very poor, and
can't make good the loss, you sustain.

FORGIVENESS.—The brave only know how
to forgive; it is the most refined and generous
pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at.
Towards have done good and kind actions—
towards have even fought, nay, sometimes con-
quered; but a coward never forgave; it is not
in his nature; the power of doing it flows only
from a strength and greatness of soul conscious
of his own force and security, and above all
the little temptations of resenting every fruit-
less attempt to interrupt its happiness.

JUST SO.—Nobody likes to be nobody, but
everybody is pleased to think himself some-
body; though the worst of the matter is,
when anybody thinks himself to be somebody,
he is too much inclined to think everybody
else to be nobody.

THE OMITTED DOSE.—"My dear madam,"
said a doctor to his patient, "I am truly grati-
fied to see you yet in life. At my last visit
yesterday, you know I said you had but six
hours to live."

"Yes, I know you did, doctor, but I did not
take the dose you left me!"

"Pomp, what am I a jury ob inkest?"
"Wal, de fac is, nigger, a jury ob inkest am
a lot ob fallers who sits down on a dead man
to find out woder he am dead for sartin or
only playing possum."

SELF RELIANCE.—To place a young man in
the most favorable relation with the world, he
keep him in the strictest subjection until he is
"twenty one," then turn him out to cut and
shuffle for himself.

A young lady being asked why she did
not attend to a party which she had been in-
vited, replied, "I forgot all about the party,
and ate onions for breakfast."

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Hisself must either hold or drive."

CONTRACTING DEBTS.

A farmer, as his lands yield but one crop in
a year, and as the proceeds of that cannot be
received till late in the fall, or the winter,
should take as little as possible on credit for
all that he raises, he will have but little to
spare, unless he deprives his family of some of
the comforts and conveniences of their lives.
It will take a considerable portion of a large
stock of cattle, as they raise, to raise even an
hundred dollars, in common times; and these
are the only times on which he ought to form
his calculations. What by over dry, or by
otherwise unprofitable seasons, he should bear
in mind, that every seventh or eighth year,
will be but indifferent in point of profit; and
on which all his exertions will but just render
his family comfortable. Instead, therefore, of
spending all in years of plenty, he should en-
deavor to lay up something, against those years
of scarcity. Debts may soon be contracted,
and to a ruinous amount, if care be not taken
to avoid them. When a farmer owes his mer-
chant, his schoolmaster, laborer, &c., and
when he has paid them off, he will find that
a very considerable part of his crops are disposed
of and gone. And he ought to reflect, when
he lays himself under pecuniary obligations to
his neighbors, that some of them are entirely
ignorant of his resources, and of the only sea-
son in which he can conveniently discharge them.
A man who never sows, thinks not of the
time for reaping. Creditors may call for
payment, when it will not be in his power
to satisfy them, without making a most injuri-
ous sacrifice of his stock, or some other things
—they may call when his crops are on the
ground; or in the spring, before they are put
into the earth; and when all his industry and
labor cannot save him. It is greatly to the
disadvantage of any man to be in debt, more
uncommonly, and to no man more, perhaps,
than to the farmer. But here, I expect the
farmer will observe that there are so many
temptations, and that such is the fashion of the
times at present, that it is impossible for him
to keep clear of debts. I acknowledge, and
admit the truth of his observation; but there
are remedies at hand, with which to counter-
act these evils. A good share of prudence,
and a manly spirit of self-denial, will secure
him, at all times, against them. Let him, in
the first place, guard against the cry of good
bargains; for, it has often been the case, that
men, for a little and convenient piece of land
have paid very dear. Either the day of pay-
ment was not duly considered and provided for,
or the soil did not answer their expectations—
was not rich, well fenced, and watered; or it
was a purchase beyond their ability. Again,
the farmer sees his neighbor, not more wealthy
in stock, or ready money, than himself,
mounted on an excellent horse, or riding in an
elegant chaise quite at his ease and pleasure;
while he has but an ordinary creature, both
for his own and for his wife's accommodation;
and feels himself most sensibly affected. Pride,
or a desire of appearing on an equal advantage,
steps in at once to the relief of his mortified
feelings, and he immediately resolves to excel,
or at least to equal him in outward appear-
ance. But before he takes a single step in this
weighty affair, he ought to consider the age
and circumstances of the man who he wishes
to rival. He may be an older man than him,
and have labored more years; he may have
been more industrious, careful, and economi-
cal; or his family may not have been so large
and expensive—he may have more sons, pos-
sess better faculties, and know how to save in
one thing what he expends extra in another.
And if he has labored more years, and taken
better care of his lands, crops, stock, manure,
&c., he may well ride while others go on foot
who have not paid an equal attention to their
farms. But if he had not labored more years
than you had, and no peculiar advantages
above you, nor been a better husband, and you
cannot afford to buy an elegant horse, or a fine
chaise, the man deserves your pity rather than
your envy. Consider this matter, and how
painful the reflections arising from it, after a
few years of gay and flashy appearance, to be
turned out of doors, and to leave your wife
and children to the cold hand of charity. Sure-
ly, this must operate against the passion you
wish to indulge; get the better of all these
idle and foolish sensations; render you quite
easy, although you see your neighbors finer
than you are, and lead you to avoid all need-
less and ruinous expenses.

It is true, there is a peculiar pleasure in ap-
pearing and living equal to those of our rank
and station, and which we hardly know how
to relinquish; but it is much wiser to sacrifice
a little, yet a great deal to our feelings, than to
be reduced to dependence. Nothing, indeed,
can exceed the folly of those who live beyond
their stated incomes, and who are ambitious to
maintain an appearance, without the means
with which to do it.

Let it, therefore, be the desire of the farmer
to cultivate and improve the soil on which he
lives, with the greatest attention, and to con-
fine his expenses to the annual income of his
lands. This will save him from the pains of
many an anxious and distressing hour, as he
passes along through life, and soften his pillow
when in the hour of death.

McCORMICK'S REAPER.—Mr. McCormick has
made arrangements for the manufacture of
from five hundred to one thousand of his
reapers in London, in time for the harvest next
year. He has also taken out patents for his
reaper in Scotland, France, Belgium, Austria,
and Prussia, and will probably introduce his
machine into each one of those countries dur-
ing the next year.

CRANBERRIES.—As this fruit is largely em-
ployed in most families, some persons may be
glad to be informed, that these berries may be
preserved several years, merely by drying
them a little in the sun, and then stopping
them closely in dry bottles.—*Parkes.*

CELLARS.—We should suppose the health
of the family would be promoted, and the
warmth of the cellar increased, by having it
well cleaned out, white-washed, and the bot-
tom covered with one or two inches of tan-
bark.—*Northern Farmer.*

ORCHARDS.—Rather than let hired help
idle, have all the dry limbs cut out and brought
home for fuel. If any of the trees bear a
worthless apple, or is so far decayed to be of
little value, cut them down and send to the
nurseries for the very best variety to supply
their place.—*Id.*

KEEP YOUR BARN AND STABLE CLEAN—see that
you waste no fodder—card your oxen and
horses every day—look to your bees.

Cover your horses after severe exercise
in cold weather.

DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Richardson's Buildings,
WINCHESTER,
MASS.

Dr. YOUNGMAN respectfully informs the inhabitants
of Winchester, that he has, connected with his office,
an extensive Dispensary, where will be found all
the varieties of Drugs and Medicines usually called for.
He gives his personal attention to the preparing and com-
pounding of his Medicines; and those he purchases are
guaranteed to be genuine. All prescriptions and orders filled
with the greatest possible care and promptness. Besides
the more common articles of Medicine, the following are
kept:—

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral, Carter's Pulmonary Balm,
Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, Townsend's and Cor-
bett's Sarsaparilla, Mrs. Kidder's Dysentery Cordial, Pare
Liquor, Magnesia, Tincture of Valerian, Hockley's
Farrina, Dr. Maynard's Colicoid, Colicoid, and all vari-
eties of Perfumery, Essences and Extracts, all kinds
of Trills, Rums, and Oxygentated Bitters, Seidlitz
and Rochelle Powders, Cod Liver Oil—a pure article—
McEagle's Trippol and Brick Dust, Day & Martin's,
and other Blacking. Also, all varieties of

School Books, Bibles and Testaments,
Blank Books, Blank Deeds and Notes, Paper—all vari-
eties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perforated, Drawing, Bristol
Board; Steel Pens and Holders, Quills, Ink, Envel-
opes, Plain Cards, Pencils and Leads, Seals, Wafers, and
all the varieties of STATIONERY, besides a great variety
of FANCY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Daily
Weekly and Monthly—all which will be sold as low as
can be obtained elsewhere. oct 18 tf

WOBURN CENTRE

MILLINERY ROOMS,

OPPOSITE J. S. ELLIS & CO.'S STORE.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies of
Woburn and vicinity, that she has enlarged her store,
and has just purchased in Boston the largest and most
splendid stock of MILLINERY GOODS ever offered in this
place. This stock consists of a great variety of Bonnets
of every description; a very large assortment of Bonnet
Ribbons, of splendid styles; a great variety of Silk for
Draws Bonnets, Lace Veils, Wrought Collars, Gloves,
Hosiery, and a thousand other articles too numerous to
mention; in doing which it has ever recognized its obligation
to preserve the editorial and advertising columns free
from all immorality and impurities,—to have nothing in
its columns that may not satisfy every family circle.
Although the price of the Traveller is less than that of
any daily paper of equal size and quality in the United
States, yet it claims to be not otherwise inferior to the
best that circulate.

WEST INDIA GOODS, FLOUR, GRAIN,

CROCKERY WARE, &c.

J. S. ELLIS & CO.,

TENDER their thanks to the public for the liberal share
of patronage which they have received, and hope by
their exertions to merit a continuance of the same. They
have on hand and are constantly receiving fresh supplies
of FAMILY GROCERIES, comprising a complete assortment
of choice sugar, coffee, tea, and all the staples of the
trade, which will be sold cheap for cash. Their facilities
for purchasing direct from the manufacturers, enable them to
sell at the lowest prices. "Quick Sales and Small Profits,"
is their motto.

Flour and Grain,

Fresh ground and direct from the mills, always on hand.

Also, a good assortment of

Crockery, Earthen and Glass Ware.

Just received, a few cases of BOOTS, which will be

sold very low.

N. B. Goods sent any reasonable distance free of ex-

pense. oct 18 tf

THOMPSON & TIDD,

NO. 3, WADE'S BUILDINGS,

OFFER for sale a large stock of WEST INDIA

GOODS, Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS,

Crockery and Glass Ware,

Paper Hangings, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and

Grain, Provisions, &c., &c. oct 18 tf

WINCHESTER LIBRARY.

THIS Library numbers about 600 volumes, and is con-

stantly increasing. Any person can purchase one or

more shares, at \$5.00 each, and take out, at one time,

one volume for each share. Annual subscription, at one

time, one volume for every dollar of their subscrip-

tion. Subscribers are earnestly solicited, as all such funds

go to the enlargement of the Library. For further particu-

lars, call on the Librarian, D. YOUNGMAN. oct 25

TO SELL OR LET.

THE subscriber would like to sell or let the well known

Tavern stand in Woburn Centre, for one or more

years, with or without the furniture. oct 18

B. F. BURGESS & Co.,

303 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON,

Manufacturers of Hair Work, Wig Makers, &c.

BURGESS'S CREAM TRITATIVE.

THIS article possesses four very essential qualities for
the preservation and restoration of the human hair,
viz.—Cleansing, Healing, Softening and Nourishing, to a
very high degree, so that it is a sure remedy for GRAY
HAIR, or BALDNESS, if applied in season. The proprie-
tor has sold this LINIMENT or OINTMENT for the last
two years, to the entire satisfaction of those who have
used it, and it is now being rubbed into the roots of
the hair, by the balls of the fingers, twice a week.

None genuine unless bearing the signature of the prop-
rietor. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the proprietors.
oct 18

GOLD PENS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,

AND FANCY GOODS.

OUR Gold Pens are so well known to New England,

that a single word in their favor seems needless. We

would merely remind the public that we still continue to

manufacture them in all varieties, and that our stock of

Gold Pens, Pen and Pencil Cases, both of Gold and Sil-

ver, is not equalled in New England.

We also keep constantly on hand a complete and fresh
assortment of FINE JEWELRY, GOLD and SILVER, and
WATCHES, and FANCY GOODS, of every description,
all of which we warrant and offer on the most reasonable
terms. WILMARTH & BROTHER,

P. S. Gold Pens, Watches and Jewelry repaired, or

taken in exchange. oct 18 tf

NEW AND SECOND HAND FURNITURE,

FOR CASH.

H. P. CALDWELL,

No. 53 CAMBRIDGE ST., BOSTON.

OFFERS for sale a large assortment of FURNITURE

as above, which he will sell at great bargains

FOR CASH. oct 18 tf

PETROLEUM,

OR ROCK OIL, a natural remedy, procured from a

rock well known, and found in great quantities in the

wonderful curative powers in the following diseases:—

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Burns, Scalds, Eruptions of the

skin, Itch, and all the eruptions of the skin, and all the

for sale and warranted by the agents, E. COOPER &

SON, Nos. 5 and 6 Wade's Buildings. oct 25 tf

A LIGHT NOTICE.

BURNING FLUID, Fluid Lamps, Pens and Wicks.

Constantly for sale; also, Oil Lamps refitted with

Fluid Fuel, at the shortest notice, at the Apothecary store

of DR. YOUNGMAN, Winchester. oct 25 tf

BRUSHES.

CLOTHES Brushes, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes,

Lather Brushes and Furniture Brushes—a new and

large assortment just received and for sale at the apothecary

store of DR. YOUNGMAN, Winchester. oct 25

COD LIVER OIL, put up by Wm. B. Little, Chemist,

exhibited at the late Mechanics' Fair, and brought the

premium. For sale by E. COOPER & SON, Druggists,

Wade's Buildings. oct 18

FRENCH LUSTRAL, or Hair Restorative, for clean-

ing, preserving, beautifying and improving the Hair.

Prepared by DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D., Winchester. oct 25

SHAVING CREAMS, such as Carri's, Rousset's, Bab-

bington's, &c., constantly on hand at E. COOPER &

SON'S Drug Store, Wade's Buildings. oct 25

COUGH SYRUP, prepared and sold by D. YOUNG-

MAN, at his Apothecary store in Winchester. oct 28

SAFETY FUSE, for blasting, for sale at the Hardware

store of

THEO. LADD.

COOKING KNIVES and RAZORS—a prime lot just

received and for sale by E. COOPER & SON.

PATENT CHINESE POLISHING "IRON," for polishing

linen, for sale by

TALES AND SKETCHES.

THE BROWN MUG.

BY EDNA SMITH.

Returning from a pedestrian excursion to the Notch of the White Hills, that wonderful gorge which makes the traveler, the first time he approaches it, stop and hold his breath, and look up to the mountains on the right hand and on the left, and down the deep valley that sweeps away below him, and feel, if he never did before, an overpowering sense of the might and majesty of the eternal—we had wandered down the valley of the clear, swiftly-flowing Saco; had tarried a few hours at the beautiful village of Fryeburg; had been into the little museum attached to the academy, and tried to hold at arm's length the long gun that shot the Indian Chief Paugus. The sight of this gun gave us a strong desire to behold the scene of that memorable and tragical conflict, where the brave Lovewell and his devoted followers, in the heart of the wilderness, fifty miles from any white inhabitants, fought through the long summer day with Paugus and his warriors, till but few on either side were left to tell the news of the encounter. The place was scarcely a mile distant, and taking a guide, we repaired to the spot. How could we do otherwise, when we called to mind the battle, that has embalmed the memory of the unfortunate, but heroic little band.

"With footsteps slow shall travelers go
Where Lovewell's Pond shines clear and bright,
And mark the place where those are laid
Who fell in Lovewell's bloody fight."

So says the old ballad. The name of the band is lost, but he was a true prophet; travelers do go and visit Lovewell's pond, and we went among the rest. We stood on its quiet margin and had the various scenes of battle pointed out to us; the place of ambush, the onset, the retreat to the water's edge, and the very spot where Chamberlain is supposed to have stood when he leveled his fowling piece and brought Paugus down. As said again the old ballad—

"There Paugus led the Patriot tribe;
As runs the fox, the wolf would howl,
As howls the wolf would howl the Patriot,
A large bear-skin had Paugus on,
But Chamberlain of Danbury,
One whom a savage never shall slay,
Met Paugus by the water's side,
And shot him dead upon that day."

We stood and mused awhile upon the melancholy fate of Lovewell, and Wyman, and Frye, and their brave companions in arms, and then turned silently away and pursued our rambles down the valley of the Saco.

We had been upon our excursion about a week, and sometimes emerging into an opening and stopping at some farm house to pass the night, when we found ourselves, one afternoon, approaching a small but tidy looking dwelling not many miles from Saco village. The place looked inviting, and our stock of provisions was low.

"Come Joe," said I, "let us try our luck here for something to eat."

"Agreed," said Joe, "for I begin to feel hungry as a bear."

The house stood a few rods from the road, and as we turned up the road that led to it, we were suddenly challenged by a little sandy colored dog, which came running, showing its teeth and barking furiously, toward us, like a young wolf.

"Let's shoot him," said Joe, "and go about our business." And he actually made a motion to that effect, for he had a little touch of the harum-scarum about him; but I forbade it at once, and told him to put up his rifle. At that moment an old lady appeared and called Jowler stow away, who readily obeyed her and retreated behind the house.

"Good woman," said I, "as we came up to the door, 'will you allow us to rest a half hour in your cottage?'"

"Oh, certainly, an hour and a half if you've a mind," said the old lady, looking at us sharply through her spectacles. "Come, come, my door is never closed against the civil caller."

With that we followed the old lady into her little parlor, which was furnished in the most simple and plain mode of country life, but exhibited, in a marked degree, an air of neatness and comfort. The chairs she handed us were of round, straight posts, with high backs, and the seats woven from the bark of the elm, finely striped and twisted. The uncarpeted floor looked white and clean enough for a table. A few ordinary pictures hung round the room, which bore such decided marks of age, that I at once inferred that they were relics of generations that had gone by. A single antique chair, of antique appearance, somewhat elaborately carved, stood against the wall between the two front windows, and over it hung a small looking-glass, in an oak frame, that looked as though it might have reflected the faces of several successive generations.

A modest-looking, fair-faced girl, apparently about sixteen, sat in the corner of the room with sewing work in her hands as we entered. She rose and courtesied to us, with evident diffidence, and resumed her work.

"Good woman," said I, "would it be convenient for you to furnish us with a bit of a lunch? Anything at hand—no matter what—we have been in the woods all day, and have got very tired."

"To be sure," said the old lady, "such as we have shall be at your service in a few minutes. We have nothing very tasty or very nice; but if you have a real appetite for a plain dish, perhaps Sally will pick up something that will answer the purpose. Come Sally, continued the old lady, addressing the young girl with the sewing work, 'set out the table, and see if you can't get a mouthful or two for the gentlemen to eat.'"

As Sally left the room, the eyes of the old lady followed her with doating fondness.

"That's my granddaughter," said she, as the door closed; "she has lived with me ever since she was four years old; and though I say it myself, there isn't a nicer gal in the whole State of Maine, always ready and willing—and so kind, and always at work. She can get a meal of victuals as well as ever I could in my life, and better than I can now, in my old age. There's nothing about the house but what she knows how to do."

"She has been fortunate," said I, "to be brought up by such a grandmother."

"Well I don't know," said the old lady; "it seems as if some children take to goodness nat-

urally. I never had the least trouble with her—nothing but to tell her what to do, and she always did it."

"But she is not all your family," said I. "Yes," said the old lady with a sigh, "she and I have lived alone here now going on three years; ever since my poor husband died—Heaven rest his soul! his body rests under that willow you see from the window yonder, in the corner of the lot. For the last two years of his life he suffered a painful lingering illness. And to see how that child waited upon him for two whole years, almost, as it were, day and night, was enough to melt the heart of Pharaoh. An angel from Heaven could not have done more than she did!"

By this time Sally came in again, and began to spread the table. The day was warm, and I asked for a glass of water.

"May be," said the old lady, "you might like a glass of small-beer, made of sarsaparilla and a few greens we get in the woods?"

I thanked her, and she told Sally to bring some.

"Sally, my child," said the old lady, as her granddaughter was going out of the door.

Sally turned round. The old lady pointed to a little cupboard door in the corner of the room. Sally, who seemed ready to understand the signal, went to the cupboard, opened the door took down a large brown earthen mug, and went out. Instantly she returned, and placed the mug full of beer upon the table, with a couple of tumblers. We filled the tumblers, and drank some of the most delightful beverage we ever tasted. We could not help drinking it, upon which the old lady urged us to take some more, adding that we need not be afraid to drink what we liked of it, for it was not only harmless but very wholesome.

We renewed our draught; and in lifting and setting down the mug, I was struck with the peculiar appearance, and took it up and began to examine it. On glancing at the old lady, I perceived an expression of pleasure on her countenance.

"Pardon me, madam," said I, "but I think you have a choice article in this mug."

"It is a choice article," said the old lady; "it's a mug that we set a great deal of value on, in our family. We don't make much common use of it; but when we have company come in, and particularly strangers, I like to set it before them, for it is in some degree a record of our family history."

I still held the mug in my hand; and had discovered a crowned head stamped upon it, and the name of King William.

"Ah! then this is an ancient article, is it?" said I; "but it can't be as old as King William, can it, though?"

"Yes, I believe it is," said the old lady; "it has been in our family about a hundred and fifty years."

"Is it possible?" said I; "then it must have witnessed some interesting scenes in its day?"

"It has indeed," said the old lady; "sit down a few minutes, while Sally is bringing in your lunch, and I'll give you a short account of its history."

I thanked her heartily, and took my seat.

"That mug, which we commonly call King William's," said the old lady, "because it bears King William's image and name, a hundred and fifty years ago belonged to my great-grandfather, whose name was Humphrey Scammon. His youngest son, Samuel, was my grandfather; and when he was a child, I have many and many a time sat on his knee, and heard him tell the story of the brown mug, and about being carried away by the Indians. In those days—that is, when my grandfather was a little boy, there were but a few white inhabitants in this part of the country, and they lived in constant fear of being killed or carried off by the Indians. A few families were settled round the Saco falls, and a few scattered about in other places. They had built a strong fort on the south side of the river, a little below where the village now stands, to which the inhabitants in the vicinity, on any alarm, would fly, and the Indians fled for security; and those who were so fortunate as to reach it, escaped without injury. My Humphrey Scammon, my great-grandfather, lived on the north side of the river, a mile or two below the fort, towards the river's mouth. One day he was out at work with his oldest son, upon a piece of marsh some ways from the house. Samuel, my grandfather, was then about ten years old, and remained at the house with his mother. Samuel's mother called him, and told him that his poor father and brother were at work hard in the field, and the day was hot, and she wished they had a mug of beer to drink. Samuel at once said he would go and carry some to them; and his mother took that same brown mug—that same King William mug, standing there now on that table, filled it with beer, and sent Samuel away with it to the field. He had been gone but a very few minutes, when he came running, breathless with terror, into the house, and crying out, 'Mother! mother! the Indians are coming! I see them coming down the hill in the edge of the woods, and they are coming right this way!' In all his fright, he still held the mug of beer in his hands, which he now placed on a shelf in the back part of the room."

"Oh, mother, let us fasten the doors," said Samuel, "or they'll come in and kill us!"

"No, child," said his mother, "if we fasten the doors so they can't open them, they'll set fire to the house, and burn us up in it. The only way is to let them come in, and take our chance."

"In a moment more, a dozen savages were at the door and came grimly stalking into the house with their weapons of war in their hands. After reaching the house, and helping themselves to such things as they liked, and emptying a couple of feather beds and the chairs, they demanded of the woman where her husband was. She refused to inform them. They then told her, they would kill her and the boy at once; but if she would tell them where her husband was, they would not hurt any of them. This induced her to tell where her husband and other son were at work in the field. The Indians took Mrs. Scammon and Samuel with them, and started for the field which had been pointed out to them. Here they succeeded also in making prisoners of Mr. Humphrey Scammon and his son James. Another party of Indians at this time came up, and the whole proceeded up the river, intending to capture all the whites they could find, and carry them prisoners to Canada, where they would receive a reward from the French—France at that time being at war with Eng-

land. They would probably have succeeded in taking more prisoners than they did, and perhaps would have taken the fort itself, had not a fortunate circumstance given seasonable alarm at the falls. A boy by the name of Robinson was passing with a team near the marsh where Mr. Scammon was captured, and discovered the Indians in time to make his escape. He mounted the horse that was attached to his team, taking his garters for a bridle, and rode with full speed up the river, till he came to Gray's point a little below the present village, and swam his horse across to Cow Island. Here he left his horse, plunged into the river and swam the remaining channel himself, and fled to the point as fast as possible, and immediately fired the alarm gun."

"Most of the men of the settlement were away in the fields at work, and many of them at a considerable distance. The women and children, with the feeble old men, fled into the fort as fast as they could, where they had waited but a short time before the Indians made their appearance, and began to hurry them into the fort, by promising to come across and attack the fort. In this emergency the women arrayed themselves in men's clothing, put on men's hats, and with muskets in their hands paraded themselves about in different parts of the fort where they could best be seen by the enemy. The Indians, deceived by this formidable array of the forces, concluded the men of the settlement were all in the fort, and well armed, and that it would be useless to attempt an attack. They accordingly in a short time retired, carrying with them the family of Mr. Scammon and a few other prisoners they had taken, and leaving the rest of the settlement in peace."

"It isn't worth while to stop to tell now, how much the prisoners suffered in their long and tedious journey through the woods to Canada; how they slept on the ground at night with henlock boughs for their beds, and often traveled all day on foot without a mouthful of food."

"A year passed away, and nothing had been heard of Humphrey Scammon or his family; and the people on the Saco had given them up for dead. The Indians occasionally continued their hostile invasions through the year, so that the inhabitants on the river dare not venture far from home, and when they found it necessary to labor in the field they kept loaded arms by their sides. But this year, on account of peace taking place between France and England, many of the prisoners in Canada, who had been captured in the English colonies by the Indians, obtained their liberty and returned home. And one day the people on the Saco were greatly surprised and rejoiced at seeing Mr. Scammon and his family, with several others who had been supposed to be lost, make their appearance among them. After stopping at the fort long enough to partake of refreshments, they returned to their homes, and the principal events of the year, Mr. Scammon was in haste to go and ascertain the condition of his homestead. None of the inhabitants could give him much information respecting it, for not one had visited it since the capture of the family; a fact showing in a striking manner how closely they had been confined to certain limits through fear of the Indians. One of the neighbors indeed told him that he had been down the river about a month before, so far that he could see the house, and that it was still standing and looked very much as it used to. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

"They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scammon turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion, and when she turned round and looked every man's eye was turned to her. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for that dear hut, their home, followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them."

do you keep it as long as you live, to remember the Indians by."

"And grandfather did keep it as long as he lived, and when he died he left it to my father, and when father died he left it to me. And that's the story of the King William mug that stands on the table, there, before you," said the old lady; "so now set up and take your lunch, for Sally's got it all ready."

"And pray, good woman," said I, "what do you intend to do with the mug when you have done with it?"

"I?" said the old lady; "when my time comes, and it won't be long, I shall leave the mug to Sally."

We seated ourselves at the table. "I don't know," said the old lady, "as you will find much of anything you can eat."

"I never knew a more groundless fear in my life," said I, glancing round the table, for indeed a more inviting lunch I never sat down to. There were delicious slices of cold beef's tongue, a rich dish of fried ham and eggs, bread of the very best quality, soft milk, but, with the freshest and sweetest butter I ever tasted; cup custards, and a perfect gem of an apple pie, with rich old cheese. Then there was the brown mug full of excellent beer, and the way the whole was served up was the most perfect pattern of taste and neatness I ever beheld. In short, we ate a very hearty dinner. During the operation of eating, I observed that Joe's eyes wandered very often across the room and rested on Sally, who had again taken her sewing and was seated by the window. Having finished our repast, we prepared to depart. I tried to make the old lady except of money for the trouble we had caused her, but she seemed hurt, and utterly refused. We gave them a parting blessing, and went on our way. We walked side by side, Joe and I, I think nearly a mile, without speaking a word. At last said I—

"Joe, you seem to be wrapped up very close in some sort of deep cogitation or other; what are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking," said Joe, "if ever I get married, I mean my oldest son shall inherit the brown mug."

"The story of the Brown Mug, with most of the other incidents in this sketch, is no fiction, but the simple truth."

THE LENT PAPER.

"John, what has become of last week's paper?" inquired Mrs. C., of her husband.

"Surely, wife, I cannot tell; it was brought from the office, I think."

"Yes, James brought it home on Saturday evening; but neighbor N— and wife being here, he laid it on the parlor table."

"Oh, N— has got the paper; I remember now of lending it to him."

"I am very sorry for that. I think you do very wrong, husband, in lending the paper, before we have read them. He who takes a paper and pays for it, is certainly entitled to the first perusal of it."

"Yes, but N— asked me to lend it to him, and how could I refuse so kind and obliging a neighbor? I am sure he would lend his, if he took one, and I should like to borrow it."

"Don't N— take a paper?" inquired Mrs. C., with surprise.

"No."

"Why not? He is, so he says, always very fond of reading."

"Yes, but he seems to think himself unable to take one."

"Unable! he is certainly as able as we are. He pays a much larger tax, and is almost always bragging of his superior cattle, and—"

"Hush, wife! It is wrong to speak of our neighbor's faults behind their backs. He promised to return the paper to-day."

"I hope he will. It contains an excellent article which I desired very much to read."

Mrs. C. was an excellent lady, and probably possessed as liberal feelings, as her peace-loving husband; but she could not believe it to be very wrong, husband, in lending the paper to her more wealthy, yet covetous neighbor.

N— had formerly taken a paper; but, thinking it too expensive, to the no small discomfort of his wife and little ones, he had ordered its discontinuance. He, however, dearly loved to read, and had for a year or more, been in the habit of sending 'little Joe' on the disagreeable errand of borrowing old papers of his neighbors.

Mrs. C. waited patiently through the day, expecting to see little Joe coming with the paper, but the day passed, as likewise did the evening, and no paper came.

The next morning, after breakfast, she was heard to say—

"Well, John

to the world, the world invariably demands the private memoir. Mankind wish to learn something of the private life, habits, and manners of the individual whose great public actions have commanded their admiration, whose illustrious public services have won their gratitude and love. Voltaire, in speaking of Sir Isaac Newton, said, "Does the great Newton eat like other men?"

The labors of America's distinguished historians have given to his country and the world the life and actions of Washington, as connected with the age in which he flourished, and the mighty events thereof in which he bore so prominent and illustrious a part. It has become the honored duty of the author of the Recollections to lift the veil that always conceals the private life of a great man from the public gaze, and to show the Father of his Country in the bosom of his family, on his farm, and at the fireside, friendship, kindness, and hospitality shed their benignant lustre upon his latter days.—*National Intelligencer.*

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1851.

AGENTS.

Boston.—Messrs. R. M. PETERS & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

Worcester.—Dr. David Youngman, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

Stoughton.—Mr. G. W. FINE will act as agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

A YANKEE.

A correspondent mentions to us in a letter, in which he speaks of the closing of the World's Fair, that "America went into the Exhibition at rather the little end of the horn;" but in coming out, she entirely fills the other end." How emblematic this is of Yankee spirit and Yankee enterprise,—it is always bound to go ahead, no matter where you find it.

The great exhibition has placed us in a position in Europe which we did not before occupy, for all the vast multitude who have visited the Fair have noticed the character of the American part of it, and undoubtedly have been struck with the many articles of use and real value that were there shown. We are told that America may have been behind other nations in the fancy articles, but when we come to the most valuable part of the list, we find she far outstrips her competitors.

The fact is, a Yankee's wits are always at work to see how, and by what means, he can accomplish something which no one else ever has; and in all classes of "labor-saving machines," we find him peculiarly fortunate in his inventions. In our cotton and woollen mills, in our machine-shops,—in agriculture, and in every department of science or art, we find the Yankee is "bound to go ahead." This is well illustrated in the shoe business. The idea of making pegged boots and shoes was sent over to England by the Yankees, and some of them are now in Liverpool, London, and other places, making fortunes.

Our good "John Bull" brethren now begin to appreciate the fact, that the United States does contain a race of beings who do know something, even if they are "Jonathan's," and we consequently find that the newspapers of England begin to talk about us quite favorably, and "Punch" gives John some pretty hard hits. We possess the elements internally that will make our influence to be felt more and more. It is yearly extending, with a rapidity that is unprecedented in the history of any people; and while much of the credit belongs to all our country, we know that a very large slice of it belongs to New England. It is our section that has sent so many sturdy sons to the West, to build up that portion of the States; it is our section that has furnished most of the important inventions of the last twenty years.

"A Yankee," then, is indeed a person of some consequence. And when we contemplate the triumphs of the past year, at the World's Fair, and other places, can we not, with some feeling of satisfaction, remember how much of influence we, as a people, are exerting? Then let us not be afraid to be called "Yankees," even if it has been often used as an epithet of contempt, by a vain glorious people,—let us see to it, that we fully discharge our part of the duties that belong to the Yankees of so great and powerful a nation as our own.

WOBURN LYCEUM.—By a reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that the lectures before this institution commence on Tuesday evening next. The list of lecturers, as announced by the committee, embraces much of the best talent in this department; and the committee hope to add the names of Gov. Briggs and Rev. Mr. Giles to the list, which will make the course of lectures exceedingly useful and popular. We trust every ticket will be sold, as nowhere can our citizens obtain a more rational entertainment for so small a sum.

SIDEWALKS.—Everybody who travels, likes a nice sidewalk to help him along. We have them on a good part of Pleasant street, and they are both neat and substantial. A handsome sidewalk is a great ornament to any estate, while at the same time it is a comfort and convenience to pedestrians.

YANKEES FOREVER.—Hobbs's Yankee lock has stood the trial of the greatest lock-makers in England, and been returned to him as impregnable. A fortnight was spent in efforts to open it, but it was no go.

A NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE.—is being erected in "Thompson Village," in this town. A sure sign of prosperity.

PROCEEDINGS OF TOWN MEETINGS.

The following is the official vote and record of the Town Meetings of Monday last, as we receive them from our Town Clerk:—

FOR GOVERNOR,
Whole number of ballots cast,.....639
John G. Palfrey,.....254
George S. Boutwell,.....226
Robert C. Winthrop,.....159

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,
Whole number of ballots cast,.....635
Amasa Walker,.....250
Henry W. Cushman,.....218
George Greenell,.....160
Wm. Parmenter,.....1

FOR SENATORS,
Whole number of ballots,.....637
Charles C. Hazewell,.....440
Henry Wilson,.....434
Anson Burlingame,.....433
Ithamar W. Beard,.....440
Samuel E. Sewall,.....435
Joseph Fuller,.....440
Charles R. Train,.....160
Elisha Huntington,.....161
Henry P. Fairbanks,.....161
John Boynton,.....160
Josiah Hutter,.....158
Uriah Chamberlain,.....159
Abijah Thompson,.....152
Gordham Brooks,.....33
John Henshaw,.....33
Joseph Barney,.....33
Drury Fairbanks,.....33
Timothy Butterfield,.....33
Samuel Hoar,.....1

YEAS AND NAYS.
The yeas and nays on the question of calling a Constitutional Convention, were as follows:—
Yeas,.....416
Nays,.....165

FOR TOWN REPRESENTATIVES,
Whole number of ballots cast,.....595
Necessary for a choice,.....293
Timothy Winn had,.....420
and was chosen.
Honore Conn,.....154
Scattering,.....21

Town Matters.
On Art. 1st, J. B. Winn was chosen Moderator.

On Art. 2d, in relation to a road petitioned for by J. C. Richardson and others, voted to dismiss.

On Art. 3d, in relation to a road petitioned for by Stephen Richardson, Jr., and others, voted to dismiss.

On Art. 4th, voted to annex all the land south of Horn Pond, that does not belong to any other District, to District No. 1.

On Art. 5th, in relation to the compensation of Assessors, voted to dismiss.

On Art. 6th, voted that a committee be raised to make an estimate of the probable cost of one or more reservoirs, and likewise the location of said reservoirs, and report at the next town meeting.

Voted to choose a committee of three, by nomination from the Chair, and Albert Thompson, Abijah Thompson and Luke Fowle were nominated and chosen as that committee.

On Art. 7th, in relation to fire engines, voted to dismiss.

On Art. 8th, in relation to determining the bounds of streets, voted to refer to the Selectmen.

On Art. 9th, voted to pay George Murray seventy-five dollars, for work done on the New Bridge and New Boston road.

On Art. 10th, in relation to a map of the town, voted to dismiss.

Voted to dissolve the meeting.

MASS MEETING IN WOBURN.

It will be seen by reference to another part of our paper, that a series of Temperance Mass Meetings is to be held in Middlesex County. The first of these meetings will be held in this town on Thursday next. And, inasmuch as there will probably be a large number of persons from abroad, the friends of this reform, will, we doubt not, very cheerfully make all necessary arrangements for the place of the meeting, and for the entertainment of the strangers that may be present. It is customary at such meetings, to provide a collation, and we very much mistake in regard to the liberality and public spirit of the friends of temperance in Woburn, if they do not have all things "done up" decently and in order on that occasion.

Able and eloquent speakers are expected to address the meeting. Similar meetings will be held at Groton, Framingham, and Lowell. We cannot but believe that on a subject of such vital importance to the well-being of the community in which we live, there will be but one heart and one voice.

FAT.—Ex-Gov. Brooks Fire Company, of Medford, having lately sat down to a supper at the Spy Pond House, West Cambridge, on their return home "let fly" the following poetical strain:—

"We had a rich, delicious feast,
Oyster sauce and mongrel geese,
Turkey, chickens, the best of supplies
Of apple, meat and pumpkin pies."

A GOOD SHAVE.—makes a man feel better, look better, and of course act better. Roberts, at his new shop, will shave you quickly and comfortably, and trim you up in the most genteel manner. He is perfectly "at home" with the razor and shears, and looks "snug as a bug in a rug" in his new quarters. Call in and see him.

SETTLED DOWN.—the town hay-scales, we hope not for the winter, however. Will the proper authorities see to the matter, for it certainly looks dangerous, if it is not.

COLD.—the weather for the past week. Old Winter is coming along, so lookout for your fingers and toes—and your nose.

HEAVY FORGERIES have been discovered in New York, and the parties arrested.

OBITUARY.

Last week, it will be remembered, we were called upon to announce the painful fact that a fellow-townsmen, Mr. James Baldwin, had died at Havana, on his passage to California. Since then, the following, from the Bee, has been handed us, with a request to publish, and we willingly do so:—

DIED, in Havana, Mr. James Baldwin, of Woburn, Mass., aged 24 years. Mr. Baldwin was passenger in the Empire City, for California. Arriving at Havana, he was attacked with the yellow fever, which resulted, after an illness of four days, in his decease. A few weeks since he left us to seek his fortune in that land of promise; young, vigorous, enterprising, he set out with the highest anticipations and highest prospects for the future before him. Yet how soon did he come to his journey's end. Uniting a manly and generous disposition, with a remarkably even temperament, he was without an enemy, while his integrity of character, his honesty of purpose, endeared him to his friends by more than ordinary ties. In the vicinity of his home, where he was best known, there was he appreciated, and his many characteristics of sterling worth, will long be cherished and remembered. His body lies buried in a stranger land; his spirit has gone to Him who gave it, yet it cannot but be a source of consolation to his afflicted relatives he has left a name without a blemish, a character without reproach, and many friends whose sympathies are freely extended, and who mourn with him his untimely end.

J. H. F.

BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN.

FROM THE YEAR 1800 TO 1851.
Lepewell, Tabitha, d. of Michael, 23d day of 3d mo. 1801.
Cult, Rebecca, d. of Tobias 21st of 9th.
Lock, John, s. of William, 1st of 6th.
Bacon, Mary, d. of Michael, 1st of 1st.
Brush, William, s. of George, 20th of 5th.
Baldwin, Timothy, s. of Henry, 27th of 3rd.
Cleveland, Joanna, d. of Moses, 19th of 7th.
Thompson, Susanah, d. of Jonathan, 4th of 5th.
Teed, Joseph, s. of John, 20th of 11th.
Eads, Mary, d. of Robert, 11th of 4th.
Brooks, Timothy, s. of Timothy, 18th of 8th.
Berbee, Mary, d. of John, 2d of 5th.
Wyman, Jonathan, s. of John, 13th of 5th.
Knight, Dinah, d. of Joseph, 4th of 5th.
Farver, Joanna, d. of Robert, 19th of 3d.
Carter, Ruth, d. of Richard, 1st of 3d.
Wyman, Timothy, s. of Francis, 15th of 7th.
Smith, John, s. of Matthew, 19th of 11th.
Polly, Hanna, d. of George, 6th of 3d.
Read, William, s. of George, 23d of 7th.
Knight, Jonathan, s. of Michael, 23d of 1st.
Johnson, William, s. of John, 29th of 7th.
Baker, Susanah, d. of John, 15th of 1st.
Brush, Elizabeth, d. of George, 23d of 11th.
Comy, Mary, d. of David, 30th of 11th.
Peirce, Jonathan, s. of Robert, 2d of 13th.
Richardson, Abigail, s. of Robert, 21st of 8th.
Brooks, John, s. of Timothy, 16th of 8th.
Faller, Samuel, s. of Thomas, 9th of 3d.
Menon, s. of Henry, 14th of 7th.
Johnson, Esther, d. of William, 13th of 2d.
Smith, Samuel, s. of Matthew, 29th of 2d.
Convers, Samuel, s. of Samuel, 4th of 2d.
Dutton, Sarah, d. of John, 19th of 3d.
Russell, John, s. of John, Jr., 1st of 6th.
Craggen, Abigail, d. of John, 4th of 6th.
Knight, Samuel, s. of Joseph, 18th of 1st.
Farver, Mercy, d. of John, 1st of 3d.
Barker, Susanah, d. of John, 13th of 3d.
Eads, Mary, d. of Robert, 2d of 3d.
Polly, Hannah, d. of George, 28th of June.
Baldwin, Mary, d. of Henry, 19th of 5th.
Smith, Samuel, s. of Matthew, 26th of 5th.
Glazier, John, s. of John,.....
Berbee, John, s. of John, 9th of 6th.
Eaton, William, d. of Michael, 24th of 7th.
Cutler, Sarah, d. of John, 5th of 3d.
Wyman, Seth, s. of John, 2d of 4th.
Crampton, Joseph, s. of Francis, 15th of 9th.
Walker, Edward, s. of Samuel, 12th of 8th.
Thompson, Jonathan, s. of Jonathan, 28th of 7th.
Russell, Joseph, s. of John, 15th of 11th.

Brooks, John, s. of John, 1st of 1st.
Cleveland, Edward, s. of Moses, 20th of 3d.
Baker, Mary, s. of John, 20th of 5th.
Post, Mary, d. of Richard, 25th of 7th.
Johnson, Joseph, s. of William, 14th of 4th.
Craggen, John, s. of John, 10th of 3d.
Eads, Samuel, s. of Robert, 2d of 3d.
Smith, Hannah, d. of Matthew, 21st of 8th.
Baldwin, Henry, s. of John, 2d of 4th.
Wright, Elizabeth, d. of Joseph, 21st of 5th.
Johnson, Obediah, s. of John, 15th of June.
Lock, Joseph, s. of William, 8th of March.
Knight, Joseph, s. of Michael, 10th of 11th.
Reed, Sarah, d. of George, 12th of 12th.
Reed, Timothy, s. of Ralph and Mary, 14th February

FASHIONS.

The Cambridge Chronicle,—a handsome and ably edited sheet, by the way,—hits off the fashions in the following pleasant and humorous manner, letting out a secret, the while, concerning the "Bloomer" costume:—

"THE FALL (inf old) STYLE of bonnets is still much in vogue. It is whispered about in relation to the 'Bloomer' costume, that the full trousers having proved on trial to be rather umbrous and unwieldy, are to be supplanted by the old pattern of small clothes worn by the great grandfathers of the present generation. Closely fitting jackets are much approved for cold weather, and as we understand from good authority that the Paris ladies have adopted the gentlemen's style of coats, we suppose they will be the mode forthwith. We notice sacks which are but a very slight elongation of the old cut of pea-jackets, and being generally combined with very tight-fitting pants, give to the wearer very much the appearance of the old pattern of small clothes worn by the kitchen tongs of generous dimensions. Very short gentlemen sport the longest watch-chains, and very young gentlemen display the tallest dickies. Mustaches and goatees, of all light and bright colors, appear to be in extensive request. Hats have very much the appearance of being generally designed according to the taste or whim of the wearer, and the different styles are 'too numerous to mention.'"

The Ladies' Fair, at the Rev. Mr. Edwards's Church, was very creditable, and passed off quite pleasantly, and resulted in the receipt of some eighty dollars.

MIDDLESEX SENATORS.—The Traveller says that it is not certain that any of the Senators from this County are chosen. There is no certainty until the official vote is declared.

Forty-four thousand acres of land have been taken up in Illinois during the present quarter of the present year. 2600 were claimed on Mexican land warrants.

MORRIS—the colored lawyer, tried in Boston, for aiding the escape of Shadrach, the slave, was acquitted.

Mr. Webster has received a beautiful letter from Kossuth, referring to his celebrated letter to the Austrian minister.

Arrangements are making in Philadelphia for a demonstration in behalf of the Irish exiles.

THE ELECTION.

There is no choice of Governor by the people, and it will devolve on the Senate and House of Representatives to elect him. It is impossible at this moment to give a correct list of members elected. Each party makes strong claims, and it remains yet in doubt. The Coalition, thus far, have the Senate, and the House, as near as can be ascertained, stands 171 Whigs, and 157 Coalitionists. The completion of the House will depend on the 4th Monday, and it may be on the result in Lowell. We understand the same difficulty, which caused the rejection of the votes in Lowell, exists in Cambridge. We hope the candidates will be patient under existing circumstances.

THANKSGIVING.

Some very superficial editors are applauding the several Governors of the New England States for unitedly fixing upon the 27th day of November, as a day of Thanksgiving, and think the arrangement a capital one. Now we don't think any such thing at all. If Governor Dinsmore had had the happiness of his people at heart, when he found that Governor Boutwell had appointed the 27th in Massachusetts, he would have stolen a march upon him, and appointed the 20th. That would have given us a chance for the best pick of turkeys, and we could have taken them at a fair price, too. Now every body who has got a good turkey will run off to Boston with it, thinking that Boston folks will pay the biggest prices, and so we shall have to put up with just such as we can get. Why couldn't Gov. Dinsmore have had his eyes open to this matter!—*Nashua Telegraph.*

We are sorry for the New Hampshire folks, that's a fact, though we can't help thinking what a time we shall have, all the while. As the Telegraph editor says, Boston will be the grand mart for turkeys, consequently the market will be flooded, so we predict; and while they are growling and grumbling in New Hampshire for the loss of their nice and fat poultry, we folks in Massachusetts will not only secure "the first pick," but get our turkeys almost at our own price into the bargain. We wish somebody would send the Telegraph editor one, though.

The Telegraph from Washington announces that Mr. Webster has given out that he shall shortly resign.

QUILL AND SCISSORS.

The following is an epitaph on a person who was an incessant danner:—
"Here lies at rest W. W.,
Who no more will ever trouble you."

He who has good health is young; he is rich who owes nothing; and he is happy who takes a good newspaper.

An exchange paper says that, "When David slew Goliath with a sling, the latter fell stone dead, and of course quite astonished, as such a thing had never entered his head before."

A gentleman who did not trust to his memory, but wrote down all he was to do, wrote in his pocket-book—"I must be married when I get to town."

The Turks believe after Adam was driven out of Paradise, he did penance by standing nine hundred years on one leg.

Neighbor Flagg advertises "comforters" for sale, suitable for cold weather. Unmarried folks please notice.

The members of the Phalanx are requested to notice the call for a meeting, in another column.

It is said that the most popular hood with the ladies, the present season, is *man-hood*.

A Western poet, in speaking of the moon, said: "She laid her cheek upon a cloud like beauty on a young man's bosom." O, git out.

Congress meets on the first day of December. Thanksgiving in twenty-eight States on the 27th of November.

The old lady that used to dry her clothes on the Equinoctial line, has gone to Greenland to get the north pole to draw cistern water with.

For the Journal.

HOMEOPATHIC DOSE.

MR. EDITOR:—I am prepared to prove that the statements respecting Homeopathy, put forth by your medical correspondent, in the last Journal, are all entirely false in every particular, with only two exceptions.

First, I admit the great good to the community, in showing them that it is not necessary to convert their bodies into apothecary shops.

Secondly, he says "the medicines are essentially the same as are used by all regular physicians." The truth is, that of between two and three hundred remedies in Homeopathic use, but very few are the same as those employed by Allopathic physicians; and those few, not diluted as he says, we never use in the murderous, life-destroying, health-ruining manner, in which they are so often and so recklessly used by them. I would most respectfully suggest to your correspondent the propriety of confining his essays in future to those matters of which he has some positive knowledge.

T. S. S.

The trustees of the State Reform School at Westboro', Mass., give notice to courts and justices throughout the Commonwealth, that no more boys can be received at present. The school is calculated for but 300, and now contains 322.

There are 18,000 Mormons at Salt Lake, and they are building a railroad to the mountains, to bring materials for a second temple.

Ex-Governor Lincoln exhibited twenty-eight varieties of pears at the Worcester Horticultural show.

For the Journal.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

At the call of several gentlemen who have long been interested in the subject, a Convention of the friends of temperance met at Concord, on Wednesday, the 12th instant. The purpose for which the Convention was called, was to take into consideration the propriety of forming a County Temperance Society, and to discuss the Maine Liquor law. Twenty-two towns were represented, by their delegates, and the number in attendance, as large as could, under all circumstances, have been expected. John A. Knowles, Esq., of Lowell, was chosen President of the Convention. A Committee, of which Hon. Samuel Hoar, of Concord, was Chairman, was chosen to prepare business for the Convention, with more special reference to the drafting a resolution bearing upon the Maine Law. This Committee having retired, the question on the formation of a County Temperance Society came up for discussion. The best feeling prevailed on the general subject of doing something to waken a new interest in Middlesex in the cause of Temperance. It was stated that we had within the County twelve or fifteen hundred tipping shops, and unless something were speedily done we should soon relapse into a worse condition than we were in previous to the agitation of the subject of temperance twenty-five years ago. Some difference of opinion prevailed as to the best method of proceeding in the work.

Dr. Josiah Bartlett, and Chas. Bowes, Esq., of Concord, W. A. White, of Watertown, and some other gentlemen contended that the best course to pursue, would be the immediate formation of a County Society, which, through its Executive Committee, should exercise a supervision over all the towns in the County, should appoint quarterly meetings in different sections thereof, and see that these meetings are well sustained. Rev. Mr. Cushing, of Bedford, on the contrary, thought that the machinery of a Society might just as well be dispensed with, and the Convention then in session appoint a series of mass meetings to be held at once in various sections of the County. On the whole however, after extended discussion, the first opinion, with some modifications, prevailed, and a committee was raised to prepare a Constitution, and bring in the names of the officers of a County Temperance Society. Subsequently this Committee reported a Constitution, and recommended the following gentlemen as officers of the Society:—

PRESIDENT.

HIS EXCELLENCY GOV. BOUTWELL, of Groton.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

HON. — HUDSON, of Lexington,
REV. MR. WOODS, of Ashby,
JOS. A. KNOWLES, Esq., of Lowell,
DR. HOYT, of Framingham.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

CHARLES BOWERS, Esq., of Concord.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

DR. JOSIAH BARTLETT, of Concord,
DANIEL KIMBALL, Esq., of Woburn,
REV. MR. FROST, of Concord,
REV. MR. BLANKINSHIP, of Carlisle,
N. P. BARKS, Esq., of Waltham.

The Maine Liquor Law occupied a prominent place in the discussions of the day. The Committee on that subject reported the following Resolution:—

Resolved, That the Maine Law, not merely in its general principles, but in the details of its provisions, as for instance in the simplicity of its application, the employment of the contraband article itself in testimony, the speed and certainty of its penalty, the obstacle in the way of appeal, the removal of discretionary power from the magistrates, the withdrawal from intoxicating drinks of all the sanctuaries of property, and above all their confiscation and destruction when used for sale, these all indicate that the Maine Law must be (what actual experience is daily proving) the one efficient engine to suppress the open sale of intoxicating drinks.

This resolution was freely, and with great interest discussed, and although in the opinion of the President of the Convention, and of

Hon. Mr. Hoar, an objection might be made on legal grounds to one or two provisions of the Maine Law, yet, in its great outlines, and general features, it was deemed just such a law as Massachusetts needed and must have. The resolution was carried by a unanimous vote.

Under the direction of the Society now formed in this County, several places were selected as central points, at which to hold mass meetings immediately. Such a meeting will be held in this town next week, on Thursday, at which it is expected that large delegations will be present from all the surrounding towns. It is sincerely to be hoped that the interest already beginning to be felt on this subject, will receive a new impulse. The services of distinguished speakers will be secured, and we doubt not the occasion will be one of great interest. Let the citizens of our town do all in their power to make this first mass meeting in old Middlesex the best of the whole series, and in whatever way they may be called on to render aid, let them be ready cheerfully to meet the call with a generous response.

A FRIEND TO THE CAUSE.

The Troy Whig states that operations for tunnelling the Hoosac Mountain have commenced. Fifty workmen are engaged in setting up a steam machine that is to do the boring. The cost of the machine is \$15,000, and it will be in operation in about six weeks.

The trial of Mason for cutting his wife's throat with a razor, in Haywood county, N. C., on the 7th day of October, resulted in his conviction. He was sentenced to be hung on the 31st inst.

TEMPERANCE RALLY IN WOBURN.

MR. EDITOR:—I presume your paper this week will contain some report of the Convention at Concord, which met on the 12th inst., and formed "The Middlesex County Temperance Society."

That society instructed their Executive Committee to appoint a series of meetings in different parts of the County, all of which they hope will be Mass. Conventions of the people.

The first of these meetings is to be held in Woburn, on THURSDAY OF NEXT WEEK, (Nov. 20th.) It is held here for the purpose of accommodating the towns in all this vicinity, and it is desired and expected that the temperance men of this part of Middlesex County will muster in strong force.

The old Temperance feeling is awaking in all parts of Massachusetts; the 1500 grog shops of Boston, 1010 of which are kept by foreigners, and among the dealers in which are found 125 females; the scores of similar shops in the suburbs; the immense increase of taxes by which this liquor business drains the pockets of sober men; the immorality, suffering and crime which it produces—these things, it is firmly believed, are not in accordance with the wishes of a majority of the people, and we hope that on next Thursday the people of this region will say so.

For the Journal.

INCIDENT AT A FAIR.

In attending the Fair at the Rev. Mr. Edwards's Church, in this town, on Tuesday evening, and which, by the way, was a very pleasant one, I was reminded of a personal incident, at a Fair in a Southern city, held for the purpose of building a Church. It was indeed a beautiful scene. The hall was very large, and in the centre was a table, around which were four young men, selected to draw lotteries. The ladies held the subscription papers, and solicited the purchase of tickets on numbers. I was in conversation with a friend, when a beautiful young lady handed me her subscription, and asked me to purchase a ticket. I asked her how many prizes. She said one. I said, "will you be the prize?" "Perhaps so," said she. "Then I will take them all." With a sweet smile, and slight blush she thanked me for my liberality, and observed if I would purchase a ticket and should draw the prize, she would acknowledge herself to have been drawn, provided she had been the prize. The lottery was drawn, and sure enough, I did draw the prize, a work-box. It created quite a sensation, and afforded much amusement. I presented the lady with the box, and observed that I might call at some future day for my prize. With a graceful smile she thanked me. I have never seen her since, but that smile and blush of innocence I shall never forget. BRENCHET.

LAKE STEAMER BURNED.—*Buffalo, Nov. 10, 10 P. M.*—The magnificent steamer Buckeye State, took fire at her wharf, an hour and a half ago, supposed to have originated from a pipe igniting the wood work under her deck. The steamer at the time of the outbreak, had her steam up, and was about to leave for Cleveland, with a heavy cargo and near two hundred passengers aboard. She was scuttled as soon as possible, but owing to shallow water did not sink far. Considerable excitement exists in consequence of a report that there is powder on board, supposed to have been smuggled amongst some groceries. Nevertheless, the fire department are making the greatest efforts, but it is hoped they will succeed in saving the main portion of the boat. She changed owners only a few days since, being now owned by Captain Imson and Cabot. She is valued at \$150,000, and is insured for \$30,000 among several companies. Insurance for \$7000 on her was refused by one company to-day.

Rats may be expelled from your cellars and granaries simply by scattering a few stalks and leaves of mullein in their paths. There is something very annoying in this plant, to the rat. It affords, therefore, a very easy remedy for a most perplexing evil, and is much more

For the Journal. SCRIBBLINGS.

Alone in the field I was toiling, toiling, toiling, beneath early September's hazy sky; for be it known, I have to earn my bread—my, my potatoes too “by the sweat of my brow, for I am poor. And, although persevering at my daily task, I was so deeply absorbed in a day dream, in which both gladness and sadness acted their widely different parts, and in which commingled both light and shade, that I was almost entirely unconscious of what was passing around me, until my reverie was suddenly broken by the sharp report of a gun in the hands of some “hunter halting idly nigh,” and I was forced to fold the wings of my dreaming imagination, that had borne me off on a “wild goose chase,” and again alight among the stern realities of real life. Evening's soft, vigor-inspiring breath, born from a summer clime, fanned gently my heated brow, and I was conscious that the moment for day's departure over “Prairie land” and the “Queen of the Pacific” toward the empire of the “Celestials,” was drawing nigh. Tired and weary I turned from the scene of my daily toil and wended my way to a little commanding eminence that reared its green, inviting summit some fifty feet above the surrounding country. I seated myself on a rock that reared its moss-enveloped form beneath a noble patriarchal oak that had battled the storms of centuries, and with outstretched arms and nodding head defied the vivid lightning's stroke, and fearless stood amid the deafening roar of heaven's artillery, which caused the very hill on whom I stood to tremble to its base. This giant-tree, once the proud monarch of a vast forest, long since by the woodman's keen-eyed axe laid low, is also possessed of considerable interest. This tree bears acorns now, and in its younger years bears feasted on the fruit that grew plentifully on every limb. Among its dark, rich foliage, long years ago, the little harmless warblers of the wood, at each return of Spring, built their nicely-constructed nests, and reared their tender offspring unmolested by the cruel urchin who takes delight in destroying nests, young ones and the fond hopes of parent-birds, and also undisturbed by the harsh report of the heartless fowler's bird-extirminating gun. Beneath its shade the proud young Indian warrior his dusky sweetheart wooed, and poured into her willing ear the story of his deathless love, nor feared the listening tree that waved above their heads so noiselessly, would hear the tale and bear it down to coming years. In the “times that tried men's souls” this tree was in its prime. Doubtless, it heard—if trees can hear—the first gun fired at Lexington on that thrice-glorious battle-morn, the 19th of April, 1775:—that signal gun that aroused the slumbering Spirit of Liberty, which has never since slept, and, thank God, never will sleep again, so long as the name of our immortal Washington is loved and honored, and the “stars and stripes” float out upon the breeze. And too, it saw, if trees can see, in less than two short months after, the tocsin of war was sounded at Lexington and Concord, the sulphur smoke arise from Bunker Hill, on that eventful day when our brave fathers knelt upon its hallowed brow “in prayer and battle for a world.” It likewise beheld the flames and smoke of burning Charlestown. And still it stands, this noble tree, and overlooks many a proud city and thriving village of our beloved land, that have sprung up as it were, by magic, in every direction, where but a few years ago, comparatively, was one vast and almost unbroken wilderness. Nearly all these places have objects of deep interest both to the resident citizen and the passing stranger; the most prominent among which is that vast monumental pile that rears on high its lofty granite form, and marks that sacred spot where the lamented, martyred WARE, together with many other spirits brave and true, fought, bled and died in freedom's holy cause, at the commencement of that great and glorious struggle which finally terminated in the independence of these United States of America.

In meditative mood I sat on my somewhat exalted seat, until two little fleeting hours had pushed off from the shores of time into the vast ocean of eternity. The sky had become suddenly overcast, and the damp, chill wind was blowing freshly from the east. I started from my now solitary retreat nearly benumbed with the cold, as I was thinly clad, and groped my way through the thick gloom to my humble dwelling, almost reproaching myself the while, for thus endangering my health by such wanton exposure to the cold night air. Weary and almost melancholy I threw myself on my bed, and ere many minutes had passed, I was quietly slumbering in the arms of Morpheus, forgetful of all life's cares and anxieties.

SIMON GREEN.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. A PROCLAMATION FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

In accordance with ancient usage, and as an acknowledgement of the blessings and privileges we have enjoyed, I do, by and with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint THURSDAY, the 27th day of November next, to be observed by the people of this Commonwealth, as a day of PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

The year which is now closing has furnished many reasons for public gratitude: In the abundance of the Harvest; In the increased attention given to Agriculture;

In the development of Mechanical, Commercial and Manufacturing Industry; In the prosperity of our Educational system in all its departments;

In the diffusion of christian principles; In the prevalence of a true sentiment, and the practice of the arts of Peace;

And finally, in the continued existence and harmony of the American Republic.

I do, therefore, earnestly invite the people of this Commonwealth, to assemble in their usual places of public worship, and render Thanksgiving, and Praise to the Ruler of Nations, for the blessings they have enjoyed; and may all remember the poor, the afflicted, and the oppressed, and especially those who have been bereaved by the casualties of the mighty deep.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this fourth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, and of the Independence of the United States, the seventy-sixth.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice of the Council.

AMASA WALKER, Secretary.
God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Cambria arrived at Halifax on Wednesday last, with three days' later news from Europe.

Kossuth, with his family, is on his way to this country, having embarked in steamship Washington, from Southampton, on the 13th inst. The English people were paying much respect to him. The London Times attacks Kossuth severely.

Lady Franklin has made another appeal for a steamer, to search for her husband.

Matters in Europe thus far appear quiet.

ATTEND TO YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—A man who had become rich by his own exertions, was asked by a friend the secret of his success. “I have accumulated,” replied he, “about one half my property by attending strictly to my own business, and the other half by letting other people's alone.”

A lady upon taking up Shelly's novel, “The Last Man,” threw it down very suddenly exclaiming, “The last man! Bless me! if such a thing ever were to happen, what would become of the women?”

The President has appointed Mr. Bloomer, the husband of the Mrs. Bloomer, Postmaster at Seneca Falls, N. Y.

A chain of hills abounding in iron ore has been discovered in Liberia.

The Erie Railroad has a motive force of one hundred and seventeen engines.

Forty colored persons sailed from New York a few days since, for Liberia.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Woburn Lyceum.

The first Lecture of the course will be given on TUESDAY EVENING NEXT, 18th inst., in the Vestry of the Rev. Mr. Edwards' Church, commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock, by REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON.

J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, }
J. EDWARDS, } COMMITTEE.
G. M. CHAMPNEY, }

Woburn, Nov. 15, 1851.

W. M. P.

The members of the WOBURN MECHANIC PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION, are invited to meet at their Annual, THIS (Saturday) EVENING, Nov. 15th, at 6 1/2 o'clock.

Per Order,
F. A. THOMPSON, Clerk.

Woburn, Nov. 15, 1851.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, 10th inst., by Rev. John Edwards, Mr. George B. Newhall, of Lynn, to Miss Sarah Phillips, of Woburn.

In Winchester, by Rev. John Pierpont, Mr. Oliver S. Wellington, of Medford, to Miss Ellen L. Symmes, of W. In Charlestown, 13th inst., Mr. A. K. Packard to Miss Caroline M. Carleton.

DEATHS.

In Wilmington, 3d inst., Mr. John Plagg, aged 63.

In Charlestown, 4th inst., Mr. Thos. Clark, wife of Rev. Jared Clark, Chaplain of the Mass. State Prison, 66 yrs, 8 months.

In Somerville, at the McLean Asylum, Miss Susan Partridge Mills, a native of Gloucestershire, Eng., 53.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

MIDDLESEX, ss. Nov. 15, 1851.
TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold at Public Auction, on Monday, the fifteenth day of December next, at 9 o'clock A. M., at the dwelling house of the subscriber in Woburn, in said county, all the right, title, equity, and all the right, title and interest that LORENZO RICHARDSON had on the 7th day of July last, to or in a certain Real Estate, situated in Charlestown, in said county, on Elm Court, so called, being the place where the said Richardson now lives, and the same that is described in a mortgage deed from Lorenzo Richardson and Mary Ann Richardson to John Richardson, recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book 551, page 142.

nov 15 3w ALBERT THOMPSON, Depy Shff.

POWDERED HERBS.

FRESH Powdered Herbs, for cooking, such as Sage, Thyme, Sweet Majoram, Summer Savory, put up by the Shakers, for sale by E. COOPER & SON, nov 15 Apothecaries, Wade's Buildings.

DINING and Tea KNIVES, Carvers and Forks, together with a good assortment of Pocket Cutlery, for sale by THEO. LADD, nov 15 GAGE & FOWLER'S, Nos. 1 and 3 Wade's Buildings.

OVERCOATS, and other garments, may be found in great variety, at GAGE & FOWLER'S, nov 15

SKATES. A splendid assortment of American and German Skates, just received at THEO. LADD'S.

COLLECTOR'S SALE FOR TAXES.

Will be sold at Public Auction, on Monday, the 1st day of December next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Town Hall, in Woburn, so much of the Real Estate (situated in said Woburn) belonging to the following residents of said town, as shall be sufficient to pay the TAXES assessed thereon for the year 1851, and all legal costs and charges. Said residents, real estate, and taxes, are as follows, viz:—

JOHN ANDREWS.—About two-thirds of an acre of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Warren St., and bounded northerly by said street, southerly by land of John Robinson, southerly by land of John Murray, and northerly by land of B. H. Kimball, James Marston, and Asa S. Kendall. School Dist. Tax, \$9.92. Town and County Taxes, \$8.44. School Dist. Tax, \$9.92.

SAMUEL W. RUSSELL.—About five and one-fourth acres of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Railroad street, and bounded northerly by said street, northerly by land of Sewall Pligg, southerly by land of Silvanus Wood, and by a lane, and southerly by said lane. Town and County Taxes, \$16.48. School Dist. Tax, \$9.91.

If said Taxes, and all legal costs and charges, shall not be paid on or before said time of sale, so much of said Real Estate will then be sold as shall be sufficient to pay the same.

EDWARD SIMONDS,
Collector of Taxes for Woburn.
Woburn, Nov. 8, 1851.

TRUENMAN, SLEATER & Co.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOSTER'S WHARF, BOSTON.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Fowler's Bookstore, Woburn, will receive attention. nov 15

E. COOPER & SON,
—DEALERS IN—
Fancy Goods,
Medicines,
Chemicals,
Perfumery,
Dye Stuffs,
Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS,
WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Foreign Leeches constantly on hand. oct 18

FISK & CUSHING,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
96 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON. oct 18

ELIJAH P. FISK,
ISAAC CUSHING.

JOHN HAMMOND,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 15 CONGRESS STREET,
BOSTON. oct 18

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. oct 18

T. A. & H. G. CHAPMAN,
—DEALERS IN—
EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS,
6 Hanover Street,
3 DOORS NORTH OF COURT STREET, BOSTON. oct 18

COLE & ORDWAY,
PAINTERS AND GLAZIERS.
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling.

Sashes and Blinds, of every description, furnished. Paints, Oil and Glass, of the best quality.

JOHN G. COLE, F. E. ORDWAY.
Shop first building South of the Branch Railroad depot, NOV 8 WOBURN.

N. WYMAN, JR.,
—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
No. 8 WADE'S BUILDINGS,
WOBURN. oct 18

T. J. PORTER,
Woburn & Boston Express,
Office in Boston, No. 16 State street, and 46 North Market street. Office in Woburn, at Woodbury's Store. Orders for freight, packages, &c., promptly attended to. nov 1

EATY & FAIRBANKS,
STATIONERS,
—AND—
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON. oct 18

WILLIAM SIMONDS,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
BUREAUS AND SECRETARIES,
oct 18 WINGCHESTER, MASS.

BENZ F. WYER & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Hats, Caps,
Cavalry, Franks, Fettes, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENZ F. WYER, EDWIN PIERCE,
N. B. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order. Boots, Shoes and Rubbers neatly repaired. oct 25

RICHARDSON & COLLAMORE,
DOOR, SASH AND BLIND MAKERS,
House Builders, and Dealers in Lumber,
BENJAMIN RICHARDSON,
HORACE COLLAMORE, }
WOBURN, MASS. oct 18

CHERRY and Pine Sashes, of every description, made to order. Planing and Sawing done at short notice. oct 18

CALVIN A. WYMAN,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended on reasonable terms. oct 25

ALBERT THOMPSON,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
Residence, Woburn Centre.

All communications will receive prompt attention. oct 18

TAYLOR & SANDERSON,
WINCHESTER & BOSTON
EXPRESS.

OFFICES in BOSTON—27 South Market street, and Railroad Exchange, Court Square. In WINCHESTER, at Taylor & Sanderson's Store.

T. & S. also keep on hand a large stock of the best WEST INDIA GOODS and GROCERIES, which they will sell very cheap, at their store as above. oct 18

WOBURN AND BOSTON RAILROAD
EXPRESS.

The subscribers continue to attend to the EXPRESS business in all its branches, between Woburn and Boston. Orders received at No. 10 Court Square, Boston, and at the Depot in Woburn.

W. E. COOPER & SON,
G. E. CONVERSE.

CUTTER & OTIS,
PAINTERS, GLAZIERS, AND PAPER HANGERS
IMITATIONS OF WOOD AND MARBLE,
Dealers in Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oil and Glass,
STEPHEN CUTTER,
JOHN H. OTIS, }
WOBURN. oct 18

NURSE BOTTLES, Nurse Flasks, Nipple Shields, Breast Pumps, Breast Pumps, Lacticals, &c., constant on hand and for sale or let, by E. COOPER & SON, oct 18

BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD.

COACH AND TICKET OFFICE, 50 Court street, Seely's Building.
CHANGE OF HOURS. On and after Monday, Nov. 3d, 1851, Trains will run as follows:—

Leave Boston at 7:30 A. M., 12 M., and 5 P. M.
Leave Lowell at 8 A. M., 12:05 and 6:35 P. M.
The 8 A. M. Train stops at Woburn Watering Place. The 5 P. M. Train stops at East Woburn, and above Woburn Watering Place. The 6:35 P. M. Train stops to leave Upper Railroad Passengers.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS
Leave Boston at 7:55, 9:20, A. M., 9:30, and 6 P. M.
Leave Lowell at 7:10 and 10 A. M., 3, and 4 P. M.
The 6 P. M. Train stops at East Woburn, and above Woburn Watering Place.

WOBURN BRANCH TRAINS
Leave Woburn Centre at 6:30, 7:45, 9:30, A. M., 1:15, 4:30 and 8 P. M.
Leave Boston at 8:50 and 11:30, A. M., 3, 5:15, 7 and 9 P. M.
Also, a Train leaves Winchester for Woburn Centre at 6:17 P. M.

*On Tuesdays this Train leaves at 11 P. M., and on Saturdays at 10 P. M. For further particulars, see PATRISSEAN Railway Guide. WALDO HIGGINSON, Agent B. & L. R. R. Co. Nov 8

INSURANCE.
THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been appointed Agent of the CAMBRIDGE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, and is ready to receive applications for Insurance, against the hazard of Fire, on Buildings, Goods, Furniture, &c.

EDWARD A. WILSON,
Main Street, Woburn. nov 8

DR. N. KENDALL,
OF THE REFORMED PRACTICE.

WOULD inform the inhabitants of Woburn, Medford and vicinity, that he has removed to North Woburn, where he intends to keep a large variety of U. S. PATENT MEDICINES and Compounds, for the cure of all diseases of the human system that are curable. Scrofula, Humors, King's Evil, Cancer and Salt Rheum, and all skin diseases, are curable if taken in season.

Dr. K.'s Scrofula Syrup is good for Chronic Rheumatism and Liver Complaints, and all Humors of the human system. The Syrup, Pills, and Ointment will cure every skin disease, if taken according to directions.

A cure for the Piles, if not more than two or three years' standing, and sometimes of five or ten years.

His Dysentery Cordial and Medicine are the most valuable medicines known for Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, or Summer Complaints of children, Diarrhea, Dysentery, &c. Its operation and action appear to be a specific, if not infallible remedy.

Dr. K.'s COUGH SYRUP, Powders, Drops and Plaster, are the best now in use, and will cure Coughs, and Consumption in the first stages, if taken according to directions. nov 1

POND'S IMPROVED UNION RANGE.
1850.

THIS subscribers having had in use for several months a new improvement in their RANGE, which they have thoroughly tested, are prepared to offer them to the trade, and to set them for the use of families, for heating houses, hotels, &c.

They are equally well suited for wood and coal, and are made of six different sizes, adapting them for both large and small establishments. The principal improvements we have made in this Range are, the placing of the oven on either side of the fire in place, rendering it perfectly accessible without being obliged to reach over the fire when baking, and in bringing the boilers in immediate contact with the fire, so that they all boil readily. The oven is large and roomy, and the fires are so arranged about it, that we can warrant it to bake with great perfection. Other improvements have been made, rendering it perfectly simple in operation, and being but one chamber, and one of the most durable and economical Ranges ever made.

HOT AIR FIXTURES, for warming additional rooms, are made of six different sizes, adapting them for both large and small establishments. The principal improvements we have made in this Range are, the placing of the oven on either side of the fire in place, rendering it perfectly accessible without being obliged to reach over the fire when baking, and in bringing the boilers in immediate contact with the fire, so that they all boil readily. The oven is large and roomy, and the fires are so arranged about it, that we can warrant it to bake with great perfection. Other improvements have been made, rendering it perfectly simple in operation, and being but one chamber, and one of the most durable and economical Ranges ever made.

Also, FURNACES, for heating houses, and PARLOR GRATES, of the best manufacture and finish, and great variety of patterns: MIRROR MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES, of beautiful design, with a full assortment of Stoves, Tin and Copper Ware, &c., &c., for sale at our Store, Range and Furnace Factory, Nos. 28 and 30 Merchants' Row, Boston, at wholesale and retail, at the lowest market prices.

Their Ranges are used by quite a number of families in Woburn; and for a description of their beautiful MIRROR CHIMNEY PIECES, they would refer to the house just erected by Mr. J. A. Wood, corner of Mr. Warren and Summer streets, Academy Hill, Woburn.

Personal attention given to setting Ranges and Furnaces. MOSES POND & CO. oct 18

ALFRED A. CHILDS,
19 TREMONT ROW, OPPOSITE MUSEUM,
BOSTON.

Mantle, Pier and Oval
LOOKING-GLASS MANUFACTORY,
HOUSE AND SHIP ORNAMENTS,
of antique and unique patterns and styles, furnished from his Manufactory at short notice.

Portrait and Picture Frames Ready Made.
HAS A FINE GALLERY OF
OIL PAINTINGS,
ON SALE.

OLD FRAMES RE-GILT AND VARNISHED.
Oil Paintings and Prints Restored.
oct 18

E. W. CHAMPNEY & Co.,
44 MILK STREET, BOSTON.

HAVE on hand and are constantly receiving a full assortment of Silk and Union Gallons, in black and colors; Seaming and Slipper Gallons; Union and Taffeta Ribbons; Silk and Cotton Hosiery and Shoe Laces, in all qualities and lengths; Sewing Silks.

—ALSO—
A general assortment of Laces, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Fancy and Thread Store articles, all of which will be sold on the most favorable terms.

oct 18 44 MILK ST., BOSTON.

QUADRILLE HALL.
MR. H. H. WARD will respectfully give notice, that he is prepared to furnish Music on all occasions at short notice. Apply to H. H. Ward, South Church. Refers to P. L. Converse, Woburn. nov 1 4w

ROOFING SLATES—A NEW ARTICLE.
ROOFING SLATES, from the Hildesville quarries, R. V.—a superior article, being one third thicker than the Welsh Slates, the material equally as good; therefore more suitable for large roofs. For sale at 107 Friend street, between Causeway and Travers street, Boston, by DAVID TILSON. nov 1

WANTED.
GAITER BOOT FITTERS. Also, good workmen on Gaiter Boots. Extra wages paid. oct 18

ALMANACS FOR 1852.
FARMER'S, Christian Family, and Comic Almanacs, for sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

JUST RECEIVED, a lot of that new style WHITE GLAZED WARE, at FLAGG'S Dry Goods and Crockery Store. oct 18

SOLAR LAMPS. A good assortment of large and small Solar Lamps, at WM. WOODBERRY'S. nov 1

A GOOD assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's WOOLEN HOSIERY, just received at FLAGG'S. oct 18

BRISTOL BRICK DUST, for polishing Knives, for sale by THEO. LADD. oct 18

SMITH'S Premium CLEANSING COMPOUND—A lot just received—WARRANTED to remove Dry Pimples, Itch, &c., from Clothing, without injuring the color. Sold by his agents, E. COOPER & SON, oct 18

MAP of the World, showing the different routes to California, and all parts of the World—price 20 cents. For sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

TO SELL OUT ALL!

GEO. W. WARREN & Co.,
WILL OFFER THEIR STOCK AT
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL
—FOR—
NINETY DAYS,
—AT SUCH A—
REDUCTION
AS WILL ACCOMPLISH THE SALE OF THEIR
ENTIRE STOCK,
PREPARATORY TO A
Dissolution of Copartnership,
ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY NEXT.

THE LADIES MAY EXPECT
"More than their Money's Worth!"

192 Washington St., Boston.
nov 1 6w 10w

LADIES' FUR STORE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Store and Chambers, 175 Washington St.,
BOSTON.

HAVE in store a valuable assortment of the richest, as well as the most common qualities of
FUR GOODS,
MADE UP IN EVERY DESIRABLE FORM.
CUFFS, from \$1.00 to \$50.00 per pair. OLD FURS altered and repaired by experienced workmen.

Beaver & Felt Bonnets.—Children's Hats and Caps, for all Seasons.

Should any article not prove equal to its recommendation, satisfaction will be promptly made. oct 18 W. M. SHUTE.

PLUMBING.
LOCKWOOD, ZANE & LUMB,
NO. 5 DERBY RANGE, CORN ST.,
BOSTON. oct 18

NO. 34 SCHOOL ST., (directly opposite the City Hall), BOSTON, MASS.

COCHITUATE WATER.

MANUFACTURERS and Dealers in Lead Pipe, Water Closes, Bathing Tubs, Lift Pumps, Hydrants, Brass Cocks, Bath Boilers, Water Rams, Filters, Sheet Lead, Forging Pumps, Shower Baths, Peer Pumps, Leather or Hose, Silver Plated Ware, Cooking Ranges, Pig Tin, Wash Basins, Marble Slabs, Pountains, Rubber Hose, Water Bells, Wash Trays, &c., &c.

L. Z. & L. offer one of the largest and most select collections of PLUMBING materials ever exhibited in this country; and are prepared, from a long experience, both in New York and Boston, to do any kind of Plumbing in a satisfactory manner. Persons wishing our services will find in either store all the work fitted up and in operation, which will be shown them with pleasure.

Orders from the country solicited. LOCKWOOD, ZANE & LUMB, No. 5 Derby Range, Court St., and No. 31 School St., oct 18 BOSTON.

UPHOLSTERY, CABINET WORK, &c.
H. M. CURRIE,
Corner of Washington and Summer Sts., BOSTON.

HAS constantly on hand a good selection of the most FASHIONABLE UPHOLSTERY GOODS that can be obtained. All kinds of PILLOWS and DAMASKS, for Car and Chair Seating, Upholstery Materials and Trimmings, Lace and Muslin Curtains. Also, every description of Linen, Shawl Goods and Trimmings, for

POETRY.

For the Journal.
LINES TO MISS—
BY THE VILLAGE RUSTIC.

I've walked mid pleasure's giddy throng,
I've followed beauty's train;
I've heard the gay and winking song,
In its soft and melting strain;
I've roamed o'er many a lovely land,
O'er many a sparkling sea;
I've looked on beauty's form bedecked
In robes of majesty.
I've gazed on beauty's witching grace,
Mid pleasure's changing scenes;
On eyes that shed o'er beauty's throng,
Their soft and melting beams;
I've looked on beauty's shining brow,
All bright and fair to see,
But those bright charms were doomed to fade,
When I have thought of thee.
I've roamed in many a sunny land,
In many a genial clime;
I've looked on many a fairy form,
But none so fair as thine;
I've wandered 'mid the forest wild,
Among earth's fragrant bowers,
I've listened music soft and sweet,
In the bright moonlight hours.
I've listened to beauty's silvery voice,
With all its magic powers,
But sweeter far were those sweet tones
That cheered my darkest hours.
In vain I seek 'mid beauty's throng,
A form more fair to see;
To thee this heart still fondly turns,
For thou art dear to me.
North Woburn, Nov., 1851.

MISCELLANY.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

Of all the sights that nature offers to the eye or mind of man, mountains have always stirred my strongest feelings. I have seen the ocean when it was turned up from the bottom by the tempest, and moon was like night, while the conflict of the billows and the storm tore and scattered them in mist and foam across the sky. I have seen the desert rise around me; and calm in the midst of those arid wastes, uttering cries of horror, and paralysed with fear, have contemplated the sandy pillars, coming like the advance of some gigantic city of conflagration, flying across the wilderness, every column glowing with intense heat, and every blast death; the sky vaulted with gloom, the earth a furnace.
But with me, the mountain in tempest or calm, the throne of thunder, or with the evening sun painting its dells and declivities in tints dipped in gold, has been the source of the most absorbing sensation. There stands magnitude, giving an instant impression of a power above man; grandeur, encumbered; beauty that the touch of time makes only more beautiful; the truest earthly emblem of that ever-living, unchangeable, irresistible majesty, by whom and from whom all things were made.

PILING UP JOKES.

The wretch who perpetrated the following atrocities must be lost to all sense of shame, and absolutely incorrigible. We tried hard to compose our nerves while reading them, but 'twas no use, and we fairly snickered right out, as Sam Slick says:
Speaking of wags—what is more waggy than a dog's tail when he is pleased?
Speaking of tails—we always like those that end well. Hogg's for instance.
Speaking of hogs—we saw one of these animals the other day lying in the gutter, and the opposite one a well-dressed man; the first had a ring in his nose, the latter had a ring on his finger. The man was drunk, the hog was sober.
"A hog is known by the company he keeps," thought we; so thought Mr. Porker, and he went.
Speaking of going off—put us in mind of a gun we once owned. It went off one night, and we haven't seen it since.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—Nothing is better adapted to give the last polish to the education of a young man than the conversation of virtuous and accomplished women. Their society serves to soothe the rough edges of our character, and to mellow our tempers. In short the man who has never been acquainted with females of cultivated minds is not only deprived of many of the purest pleasures, but also will have little success in life; and I should not like to be connected by the bonds of friendship with a man that has a bad opinion and speaks ill of the female sex in general.

A DILEMMA.—Three boys went out a-fishing one day, when a thunder storm coming on, they ran to a large hemlock-tree a few rods from the brook, for shelter. Just before they reached the tree, it was shivered into a thousand pieces by a stroke of lightning. The boys stopped aghast; at last one said to the nearest, "Sam, can you pray?" "No," said Bill, "can you?" "No," said Nor I; either, but, by hooky, something must be done!"

Southey says, in one of his letters—"I have told you of the Spaniard, who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyment; and though I do not eat my carous away, I pack them in as little as I can, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

A fellow was engaged to a girl in Maine. But liked her sister better than he did her. Wanting to be off with the old one before he was on with the new, he asked his betrothed what she would take to release him—she replied that about sixty-two dollars she thought was as much as he was worth; whereupon he paid the cash, took a quit claim, and married the sister.

Old Dr. Rand was once called to visit a hypochondriac lady who fancied she had swallowed a mouse. "Nonsense!" cried the doctor, "it's all fudge!" "Oh no, doctor!" said the patient, "it is not nonsense, it's a live mouse, I feel it now, trying to gnaw out. Oh, what can I do?" "Do," exclaimed the old man, "there's but one thing you can do,—you must swallow a cat!"

A GREAT MAN.

Campbell, in his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England," says of Sir Matthew Hale, that in the year 1660 he was appointed Chief Baron of the Exchequer, on which occasion he wrote and adopted the following rules:—
1. That in the administration of justice I am entrusted for God, the king, and country, and therefore—
2. That it be done uprightly, deliberately, resolutely.

3. That I rest not upon my own understanding or strength, but improve and rest upon the direction and strength of God.
4. That in the execution of justice, I carefully lay aside my own passions, and not give way to them, however provoked.

5. That I be wholly intent upon the business I am about, remitting all other cares and thoughts as unreasonable, and interruptions.
6. That I suffer not myself to be prepossessed with any judgment at all, till the whole business and both parties be heard.

7. That I never engage myself in the beginning of any cause, but reserve myself unprejudiced till the whole be heard.
8. That in business capital, though my nature prompt me to pity, yet to consider there is a pity also due to the country.

9. That I be not too rigid in matters purely conscientious, where all the harm is diversity of judgment.
10. That I be not biased with compassion to the poor, or favored to the rich, in point of justice.

11. That popular or court applause, or distaste, have no influence in anything that I do, in point of distribution of justice.
12. Not to be solicitous what men will say or think, so long as I myself exactly according to the rule of justice.

13. If in criminals it be a measuring cast, to incline to mercy and acquittal.
14. In criminals that consist merely in words, where no harm ensues, moderation is no injustice.

15. In criminals of blood, if the fact be evident, severity is justice.
16. To abhor all private solicitations, of what kind soever, and by whomsoever, in matters depending.

17. To charge my servants not to interpose in any matter whatever,—not to take more than their known fees,—not to give any undue precedence to causes,—not to recommend counsel.

18. To be short and sparing at meals, that I may be the fitter for business.
He was a religious man, and never, on any account whatever, intruded on the Sabbath. In his early career he invariably spent sixteen hours each day in study, and eventually filled the office of Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

"I'M ALMOST HOME."

The following is related of a young girl whose journey of life was near its end:—
About her chamber glided gently the loved form of her parents, and only sister. She silently noted their movements with a mild expression of her dying eye, turning it from side to side. Arrested by her peculiar look, so expressive of affliction and patient suffering, they paused to look upon her, whom they now saw but dimly through their tears; and so soon should see no more.

A feeble effort to speak, a quivering, voiceless movement of the lips, drew closely around her the loving hearts of that sorrowing circle. Mother, father, sister, all came closer to her side. A playful smile lit up her countenance. She laid her little pulseless hand within her mother's palm, then closed her eyelids to the light of earth and sank away. The cold, damp air of death's shadowy valley seemed circling over her. Slowly sinking down, she glided towards that river's shore, which like a narrow stream, divides the spirit land from ours. But she the quivering lips essay to speak!
"Mother!" Oh! how each heart throbbeth now, and then each pulse stood still. They list!
"Mother!" the dying girl breathes forth—"I see—light—I'm almost home!"
Blessed thought! Light is sown for the righteous, even amid the gloom and darkness of the grave.

COLUMBIA RULES THE SEA.

BY THE PEASANT BARD.
Josiah D. Canning, a "farmer poet," as he calls himself, of Gill, Massachusetts, is author of the following lines, which, if not equal to those of Campbell, yet possess very considerable merit.—*Boston Post.*

The pennon flutters in the breeze,
The anchor comes a-peep,
Let fall! shoot home! the briny foam
And ocean's waste we seek.
The booming gun speaks out adieu,
East fades our native shore,
Columbia free shall rule the sea
Britannia ruled of yore.

We go the tempest's wrath to dare,
The billows' maddened play,
Now climbing high against the sky,
Now rolling low away.
While Yankee oak bears Yankee hearts,
Courageous to the core,
Columbia free shall rule the sea
Britannia ruled of yore.

We'll bear her flag around the world,
In thunder and in flame;
The sea-girt isles a wreath of smiles
Shall form around her name;
The winds shall pipe her peans loud,
The billows chorus roar,—
Columbia free shall rule the sea
Britannia ruled of yore.

Is there a haughty foe on earth
Who'd treat her with disdain?
'Twere better far that nation were
Whelmed in the mighty main!
Should war her demon dogs unchain,
Or peace her plenty pour,
Columbia free shall rule the sea
Britannia ruled of yore.

"OIL PAINTINGS RESTORED."—Hez called upon the gentleman who advertises to restore oil paintings, and requested him to restore a valuable landscape which was stolen from him two years ago.

Said a Walpole belle—"Dr. Beeswax, do you think tight lacing is bad for consumption?"
"Oh no!" said the old gentleman, "that is what the disease lives on."

"My husband neglects his home," said a lady to her friend the other day. "What would you do if you were in my place?"
"Use more honey," was the ready and reasonable reply.

To pronounce a man happy merely because he is rich, is just as absurd as to call a man healthy because he has enough to eat.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either lead or drive."

For the Journal.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

What class of persons are best qualified to promote agriculture? Is it men of science, whose chief employment has been in the study and perusal of books, deriving therefrom their knowledge by means of literary pursuits, and not in any way from experience, or is it the time-honored laborer of the soil? Of the multiplicity of vocations or trades pursued by mankind, who is best qualified to promote each other's welfare? Is it not persons of like engagements, who are thoroughly bred in the art both by theory and practice? Persons who engage themselves in a work of which they have no practical knowledge, are most liable to destroy rather than to elevate and prosper; therefore let the mechanics co-operate in promoting each other's welfare, and the literary fraternity in promoting the welfare of those of like pursuits.

The art of farming is of great magnitude and importance; hence it is that agricultural knowledge should be based upon truth,—upon direct and actual experience. Theory in farming is of but little use, and can never, in the routine of agricultural pursuits, be beneficially supported; because different localities require different treatments in order to propagate one and the same kind of article. We cannot better give the reader the mode by which we would have agricultural knowledge more generally disseminated, than by referring him to the remarks which were made by His Excellency the Governor, before the Essex County Agricultural Society, Sept. 25th. In speaking of agricultural education, he thought "the State might do much, but that there was a power in the farmers themselves, which would render applicable the words of the poet used for the Greeks, when struggling under the Turkish tyranny,—
"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

He advised the farmers to "set in motion the work of reformation in their own towns and school districts."

These remarks are worthy of notice, because they strike at the root of the matter. If the farmer desires information, he must seek for it either by observation, or from the experience of his brother farmer; hence the plan of farmers "setting in motion the work of reformation in their own towns and school districts," is a very desirable one. It is a method on which we have before given a favorable opinion, believing that by the means of farmers' clubs, or conversational meetings held in farming communities, for the purpose of discussing on agricultural topics, to be the most correct way of receiving agricultural knowledge, as it would most likely come from a direct source, therefore its veracity might be relied upon. We predict that such meetings would be conducive of a benefit superlative to that of a State Agricultural School, because in the one case protracted experience would be given, while in the other, theories are to be taught and results waited for, which, after all, will be theory more than practice.

It is a number of years, Mr. Editor, since an Agricultural Society was formed in your town. Its members were composed of farmers and mechanics,—the mechanics taking the most conspicuous part, for its officers were persons who carried on the most extensive business in the art of manufacturing leather of any then in the place. If the question were asked why it was that they so soon gave up their organization, it would be a very plain and radical one to answer, because, in the first place, the society was formed in the village, amidst mechanics and tradesmen of various classes, therefore the inducement for real, thorough-bred farmers to assemble with such a variety of vocations, to discourse on agricultural topics, was very small, and their number, consequently, was small also.

With due respect to the members who then composed that society, we say, that so far as the commencing of such an enterprise was concerned, it was well; but when we reflect upon the irregularity on which their organization was based, claiming to be an association of agriculturists, we are led to exclaim, "have a place for everything, and everything in its place." We are obliged to close this epistle, filled with our humble effusions, with scarcely doing justice to the matter treated upon. Having exhausted our sheet, we hope that some of our agricultural friends who possess an abler pen than ours, will resume the subject.
Winchester, Nov., 1851.

CABBAGES.—It is asserted in Dr. Rees' Encyclopedia, that "cabbages possess the property of fattening cattle not only more expeditiously, but in less proportion than turnips, an acre of the former having been found to fatten one in four more than the same extent of the latter crop." Cabbages should not be pulled up till there is danger of their freezing too fast to be got up. If you have room, take them up by the roots and set them out in the bottom of a cellar, the cooler the better.—*N. E. Farmer.*

PLOUGHING.—It is best that most tillage land should be ploughed in autumn. Fall ploughing saves labor and time in the spring, a season when cattle are commonly weak, and the hurry of business presses on the farmer. But a soil which is sandy and light should not be disturbed by fall ploughing, but lie to settle down and consolidate through the winter.

WOOD CUTTING.—Experienced agriculturists consider it as an established fact, that the same forest land which produces sixty cords of wood per acre when cut once in twenty years, would produce ninety cords if cut three times during the same period.

WOBURN CENTRE MILLINERY ROOMS.

OFFICE: J. S. ELLIS & CO.'S STORE.
THE subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, that she has enlarged her store, and has just purchased in Boston the largest and most splendid stock of MILLINERY GOODS ever offered in this place. This stock consists of a great variety of Bonnets, of every description; a very large assortment of Ribbons, of splendid styles; a great variety of Silks, Draw Bonnets, Lace Veils, Wrought Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention. Mourning Goods and Mourning Bonnets, and Ready Made Dress Caps, always on hand.
Old Bonnets altered into the latest style, Bleached and Pressed, at short notice, and warranted to give satisfaction.
Ass't Philadelphia, N. TEARE, Jr.
Oct 18

DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Richardson's Building, WINCHESTER, MASS.
DAVID YOUNGMAN respectfully informs the inhabitants of Winchester, that he has, connected with his office, an extensive Apothecary Store, where will be found all the varieties of Druggs and Medicines usually called for. He gives his personal attention to the preparing and compounding of his Medicines; and those he purchases are guaranteed to be genuine. All prescriptions and orders filled with the greatest possible care and promptness. Besides the more common articles of Medicine, the following are kept:—
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Carter's Pulmonary Balsam, Viator's Balsam of Wild Cherry, Townsend's and Corbett's Sarsaparilla, Mrs. Kidder's Dysentery Cordial, Pure Liquid Magnesia, Fluid Extract of Valerian, Hecor's Tonic, Dr. Menard's Compound, and a large assortment of Perfumery, Essences and Extracts, all kinds of Trills, Richardson's and Oxygenated Bitters, Seltz and Rochelle Powders, Cod Liver Oil—a pure article—Mr. Eagle Tripp's and Brick Dust, Day & Martin's, and other Blacking. Also, all varieties of
School Books, Bibles and Testaments, Blank Books, Blank Deeds and Notes, Paper—all varieties such as Writing, Tissue, Perforated, Drawing, Bristol Board, Steel Pens, Holders, Quills, Ink, Envelopes, Plain Cards, Pencils and Leads, Seals, Wafers, and all the varieties of STATIONERY, besides a great variety of FANCY ARTICLES. Also, Periodicals, Daily Weekly and Monthly, all which will be sold as low as can be obtained elsewhere.
Oct 18

WEST INDIA GOODS, FLOUR, GRAIN, CROCKERY WARE, &c.

J. S. ELLIS & CO.,
TENDER their thanks to the public for the liberal share of patronage which they have received, and hope by their exertions to merit a continuance of the same. They have on hand and constantly receiving fresh supplies of FAMILY GROCERIES, comprising a complete assortment, which will be sold cheap for cash. Their facilities for the purchase of the public, (or ready money) will be as cheap as the cheapest. "Quick Sales and Small Profits," is their motto.

Flour and Grain, fresh ground and direct from the mills, always on hand.

Also, a good assortment of
Crockery, Earthen and Glass Ware.
Just received, a few cases of BOOTS, which will be sold low. N. B. Goods sent any reasonable distance free of expense.
Oct 18

THOMPSON & TIDD, NO. 3, WADE'S BUILDINGS.

OFFER for sale a large stock of WEST INDIA GOODS, Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS, Crockery and Glass Ware, Paper Hangings, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and Grain, Provisions, &c. &c.
Oct 18

TO SELL OR LET.

THE subscriber would like to sell or let the well known Tavern stand in Woburn Centre, for one or more years, with or without the furniture.
Oct 18

B. F. BURGESS & Co., 303 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

Manufacturers of Hair Work, Wig Makers, &c.
BURGESS'S CREAM NUTRITIVE.
THIS article possesses four very essential qualities for the preservation and restoration of the human hair, viz:—Cleansing, Healing, Softening and Nourishing; to a very high degree, so that it is a sure remedy for GRAY or BALDNESS. If applied in the early stages of the disease, it will prevent the hair from falling out, and will induce its growth. No one engaged in bearing the signature of the proprietor. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the proprietors.
Oct 18

WINCHESTER LIBRARY.

THIS Library numbers about 600 volumes, and is constantly increasing. Any person can purchase one or more shares, at \$5 each, and take out, at any time, one volume for each share. Annual subscribers may take at one time, one volume for every dollar of their subscription. Subscribers are earnestly solicited, as all such funds go to the enlargement of the Library. For further particulars, call on the Librarian, D. YOUNGMAN.
Oct 25

GOLD PENS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND FANCY GOODS.

OUR Gold Pens are so well known to New England, that a single word in their favor seems needless. We would merely remind the public that we still continue to manufacture them in all varieties, and that our stock of Gold Pens, Pen and Pencil Cases, both of Gold and Silver, are equalled in New England.
We also keep constantly on hand a complete and fresh assortment of FINE JEWELRY, GOLD & SILVER WATCHES, and FANCY GOODS, of every description, all of which we warrant and offer on the most reasonable terms.
WILMARTH & BROTHER,
9 Court St., Boston—4 doors from Washington street.
P. S. Gold Pens, Watches and Jewelry repaired, or taken in exchange.
Oct 18

NEW AND SECOND HAND FURNITURE, FOR CASH.

H. P. CALDWELL,
No. 33 CAMBRIDGE ST., BOSTON.
OFFERS for sale a large assortment of FURNITURE as above, which he will sell at great bargains.
FOR CASH.
Oct 18

PETROLEUM.

OUR ROCK OIL, a natural remedy, procured from a salt well four hundred feet deep, and possessing wonderful curative powers in the following cases:—Rheumatism, Sciatica, Burns, Scalds, Eruptions of the Skin, Blisters and Pimples on the Face, Erysipelas, &c. For sale and warranted by the agents, E. COOPER & SON, Nos. 5 and 6 Wade's Buildings.
Oct 25

A LIGHT NOTICE.

BURNING FLUID, Fluid Lamps, Cans and Wicks, constantly for sale; also, Oil Lamps refitted with Fluid Tins, at the shortest notice, at the Apothecary store of DR. YOUNGMAN, Winchester.
Oct 25

BRUSHES.

CLOTHES Brushes, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Lather Brushes and Furniture Brushes,—a new and large assortment just received and for sale at the Apothecary store of DR. YOUNGMAN, Winchester.
Oct 25

COD LIVER OIL, put up by Wm. B. Little, Chemist.

Boston—a prime lot just received. This article was submitted at the Medical Fair, and brought a high premium. For sale by E. COOPER & SON, Druggists, Oct 18
Wade's Buildings.

FRENCH LUSTRAL, or Hair Restorative, for cleansing, preserving, beautifying and improving the Hair.

Prepared by DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D., Winchester.
Oct 25

SHAVING CREAMS, such as Carrie's, Russell's, Lab-bitt's, for sale by E. COOPER & SON, Apothecaries, Wade's Buildings.
Oct 25CLOUGH SYRUP, prepared and sold by D. YOUNGMAN, at his Apothecary store in Winchester.
Oct 25SAPPHYR FUSE, for blasting, for sale at the Hardware store of THEO. LADD.
Oct 25COOPER'S KNIVES and RAZORS—a prime lot just received and for sale by E. COOPER & SON, Wade's Buildings.
Oct 25PATENT CHINESE POLISHING IRONS, for polishing linen, for sale by THEO. LADD.
Oct 25

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

THE readers of this paper are respectfully informed that I have in store one of the largest and best selections of HATS and CAPS, for GENTLEMEN, YOUTH and CHILDREN—from the lowest to the highest price—at wholesale and retail.
Should any article not prove equal to the recommendation, satisfaction will be promptly made.
Store and Chambers, 175 Washington street, Boston.
Oct 18 W. M. SHUTE

J. CLOUGH, M. D., SURGEON DENTIST.

No. 9 TREMONT TEMPLE, OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON.

Extract from the *Boston Courier*.
"DENTISTRY.—This is decidedly a day of advancement in this art. Having had somewhat to do with this branch of mechanics and surgery, chiefly in a year's practice myself, and also in operations on my own person, the object of this notice is to call attention to Dr. C. C. Clough, M. D., of this city. We have known him for years as a faithful and scientific Dentist. It is well to observe, that no work is more susceptible of slight than dentistry, especially that most difficult and important part of it, filling teeth. In this the Doctor excels. His practice, too, is commensurate with his merits and the length of his experience. He knows how to work, and has the faithfulness to apply that knowledge to practice. It is not by puffery and fulsome advertising that he has raised himself to the dignified stand he occupies among his acquaintances, but by skill and thoroughness, and constant attention to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of his profession, in the manufacturing of fine mineral teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method of filling teeth, which, we guarantee, is with the utmost thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work. We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness, strength and finish. But lest we should make this notice too long, we here conclude with the naming of his establishment, at No. 9, Tremont Temple." Oct 18

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON.

Amos Baker, Principal.—Stephen Gilman, Ass't.

Assisted by efficient teachers in the various departments of French, Music, Drawing, &c.
Extract from the *Annual Catalogue* for 1851.
THE eighteenth annual term of Chapman Hall School will commence on the first Monday in September, 1851. Grateful for past patronage, it will be our earnest endeavor to make the School worthy the confidence and support of the public. Our mode of instruction is, in light airy, well ventilated, and expressly adapted to the purposes of education. Room No. 1, the basement, forty feet square, and eighteen feet high, is fitted up for the purpose of Gymnastic Exercises. Room No. 2, the hall on the second floor, is appropriated to the purposes of Singing, Declamation, and private Exhibitions of the School. Room No. 3 is allotted to the Practice of the Department. Room No. 4, to those who are studying Latin in connection with the English branches. Room No. 5, to those who are pursuing the English studies only, in which room will be held the recitations of the French Department. Room No. 6, to a select class in Greek and Latin. Thus we have four departments, so classified that the pupils in each room will be taught in the most judicious manner, for the course of life for which they may be designed.
Oct 18

HENRY W. HOWE, WATCH MAKER AND JEWELLER.

Richardson's Building, WINCHESTER, MASS.
Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Silver Spoons, Spectacles, and a variety of Fancy Goods.
Clocks, Watches, Accordeons and Jewelry repaired. Also, Engraving executed.
Oct 25

TEARE, TAILOR, KNIGHT'S BUILDING, WOBURN.

AS a great variety of Broadcloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, of every shade and quality, for Fall and Winter trade, which he will make into garments, for cash, at prices that will suit the most economical. Constantly on hand a large and extensive assortment of Shirts, Collars and Bosoms.
READY MADE CLOTHING, of every description.
All those that may be in want of garments, such as have been made at his establishment, are invited to call and examine, as he feels confident that his styles and prices will be satisfactory to all. Garments cut in his style, and warranted to fit.
N. TEARE, Jr.
Oct 18

HO! THE TELEGRAPH!

ALL those who have "seen the telegraph," now in town, are respectfully invited to step up and take a look at it, and call in at
Flagg's Dry Goods Store,
Fowles' Block, where is kept on hand a complete and well selected assortment of DRY GOODS, which will be offered at the very lowest prices for cash.
Call and examine the goods, and get
necessaries necessaries.
Crockery, Glass & Earthen Ware, a good assortment of various styles and prices, to suit; Crockery Toys; and Fancy Articles in great variety. Also, WASHINGTON FLUID for sale. H. FLAGG, Jr.
Oct 18

LIVERY STABLE.

THE subscriber has established himself in the above business on Union street, a few rods from Main street, where he is prepared to furnish the best of teams at short notice, and at rates suitably low to suit the most economical of the riding public. Call and see.
N. B. Stabling for horses.
W. D. WARREN.
Oct 18

A CUTTING NOTICE.

ROBERTS, FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER, RESPECTFULLY gives notice to his friends and customers that he has "cut" the acquaintance of his former shop, and removed to a more convenient and comfortable room, in Fowles' Block, nearly opposite his old stand, where he will be happy to wait upon all who may be pleased to drop in. He hopes to see many friends and faces at his new saloon, and he will serve and shave them to the best of his ability.
Hair Cutting, Curling and Champoning, and Razors Honed neatly.
Oct 18

HOUSE IN WINCHESTER.

FOR SALE, a first rate, new two story and a half house, within four minutes' walk of the depot, containing large parlor, 21 by 15, sitting and dining room, kitchen with range, wash and store room on first floor, eight chambers, bathing room, cellar, fruit room, &c., and 30,000 feet of land. Said house will be sold low. Inquire of JOHN HAMMOND, No. 15 Congress street, Boston.
Oct 18

REMOVAL.

DR. CUTLER has removed to the house on Pleasant Street, next that of Mr. O. C. Rogers, and opposite the residence of Maj. J. B. W. V. and is ready to attend to professional calls by day or by night.
Oct 18

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

A CIRCULATING LIBRARY, containing all new books as soon as published, at the
WOBURN BOOKSTORE.
Oct 18

GRAIN BAGS WANTED.

J. S. ELLIS & CO. would be obliged to all who would have GRAIN BAGS belonging to them, if they would return them immediately.
Oct 18

ALL BRASS CLOCKS—warranted—for sale very cheap by THEO. LADD.

NURSE BOTTLES, Nurse Flasks, Nipple Shields, Breast Pumps, Lard Pumps, Lard Cans, &c., on hand and for sale or to let, by E. COOPER & SON, Oct 18
Wade's Buildings.

WIRE RAT TRAPS,—a sure catch,—for sale by THEO. LADD.

PARKER & WHITE'S RAY CUTTERS, for sale by THOMPSON & TIDD, No. 3 Wade's Buildings.
Oct 18

BLASTING and Sporting POWDER, and PATENT SHOT, for sale at the Hardware and Store of THEO. LADD.

COAL, Lime and Hay, constantly on hand and for sale by W. D. WARREN.
Oct 25

DAILY EVENING TRAVELLER.

THE CHEAPEST PAPER IN BOSTON!

THE DAILY EVENING TRAVELLER is published at No. 8, Old State House, by HENRY FLEXNER & Co., at \$2 a year, strictly in advance at the counter, but ONE DOLLAR LESS than any other paper of the same size in the United States.
It is designed to furnish, in a clear but comprehensive manner, THE FRESHEST ADVICES, both FOREIGN and DOMESTIC.

Reports of Lectures.

Particular attention is paid to reports of Lectures upon scientific and literary topics, and such other public discourses delivered in the city and elsewhere, as are interesting and instructive to the general reader.

Railroad Matters.

Railroad intelligence, including information respecting the condition and progress of railroads throughout the United States, constitutes a distinguishing feature of the Traveller.

Money Matters.

Carefully prepared articles on

WOBURN JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE,
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER.
JOHN A. FOWLE, EDITOR.
TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, payable always
in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.
Communications should be prepaid.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor-
ing towns, solicited.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1851.

NO. 6.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

NATHAN HALE.

A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

It was a calm, clear evening in the early spring of 1775, when a young man came to his native home, to bid his aged mother farewell.

I see that picture before me now. A two story house, built of dark grey stone, with a small garden extending from the door to the roadside, while all around arise the orchard trees, fragrant with the first blossoms of spring. Yonder you behold the hay-rick and the barn, with the lowing cattle grouped together in the shadows.

It is a quiet hour; everything seems beautiful and holy. There is the purple flush upon the Western sky, a sombre richness of shadow resting upon yonder woods; a deep serenity, as if from God, imbues and hallows this evening hour.

Yonder, on the cottage porch, with the rich glow of the sunset on her face, sits the aged mother, the silver hair parted above her pale brow. The Bible lies open, but there is that about her countenance which makes you forget her homely costume. Her eyes, their dark blue contrasting with the withered outlines of her countenance are upraised. She is gazing in the face of the son, who bends over her shoulder and returns her glance.

His young form is arrayed in a plain blue hunting frock, faced with fur, while his rifle rests against the door and his pistols are girdled to his waist by a belt of dark leather. A plain costume this, but gaze upon the face of that young man and tell me, do you not read, a clear soul, shining from those dark eyes? That white brow, shadowed by masses of brown hair, bears the impress of Thought, while the pale cheek tells the story of long nights given to the dim old Hebrew Bible, with its words of giant-meaning and organ-like music; to the profane classics of Greece and Rome, the sublime reveries of Plato, the impassioned earnestness of Demosthenes, or the indignant eloquence of Cicero.

Yes, fresh from the halls of Yale, the poetry of the Past, shining serenely in his soul, here to his childhood's home, comes the young student to claim his mother's blessing and bid her a long farewell.

But why this rifle, these pistols, this plain uniform?

I will tell you. One day, as he sat bending over that Hebrew Volume—with its great thoughts spoken in a tongue, now lost to man, in the silence of ages—he looked from his window and beheld a dead body carried by the glassy eyes upturned to the sky, while the stiffened limb hung trailing on the ground.

It was the first DEAD MAN OF LEXINGTON.

That sight roused his blood: the voices of the Martyrs of Bunker Hill seemed shrieking forever in his ears. He flung aside the student's gown; he put on the hunting skirt. A sad farewell to those well-worn volumes, which had cheered the weariness of many a midnight watch, one last look around that lonely room, whose walls had heard his earnest soliloquies; and then he was a soldier.

The Child of Genius felt the strong cords of patriotism drawing him toward the last bed of the Martyrs on Bunker Hill.

And now, in the sunset hour, he stands by his mother's side, taking one last look at that wrinkled face, listening for the last time to the tremulous tones of that solemn voice.

"I did hope, my child," said the aged woman, "I did hope to see you ministering at the Altar of Almighty God, but the enemy is in the land, and your duty is plain before you. Go, my son—fight like a man for your country. In the hour of battle remember that God is with your cause; that His arm will guide and guard you, even in the moment of death. War, my child, is at the best a fearful thing, a terrible license for human butchery; but a war like this, is holy in the eyes of God. Go—and when you fight, may you conquer, or if you fall in death, remember your mother's blessing is on your head!"

And in that evening hour, the aged woman stood erect, and laid her withered hand upon his bended head.

A moment passed, and he had grasped his rifle, he had muttered the last farewell. While the aged woman stood on the porch, following him with her eyes, he turned his step toward the road.

But a form stood in his path, the form of a young woman, clad in the plain costume of a New England girl. Do you behold a voluptuous beauty waving in the outlines of that tunic? Is the hair dark night or long, glossy, waving and beautiful? Are those hands soft, white and delicate? You behold none of these; for the young girl who stands there in the student's path, has none of the dazzling attractions of personal beauty. A slender form, a white forehead, with the brown hair plainly parted around that unpretending countenance, hands somewhat roughened by toil; such were the attractions of that New England girl.

And yet there was a something that chained your eyes to her face, and made your heart swell as you looked upon her. It was the soul, which shone from her eyes and glowed over her pallid cheek. It was the deep, ardent, all-trusting love, the eternal faith of her woman's nature, which gave such deep vivid interest to that plain face, that pale white brow. She stood there, waiting to bid her lover farewell, and the tear was in her eye, the convulsed tremor of suppressed emotion on her lip. Yet with an unflinching voice, she bade him go, fight for the country and conquer in the name of God.

"Oh," she exclaimed, placing her hands against her breast; while her eyes were riveted to his face, "should you fall in the fight, I will pray God to bless your last hour with all the glory of a Soldier's death!"

That was the last word she said; he grasped her hand, impressed his kiss upon her lip, and went slowly from his home.

When we look for him again, the scene is changed. It is night, yet through the gloom, the white tents of the British army rise up like ghosts on the summit of the Long Island hills. It is night, yet the stars look down

upon that red cross banner, now floating sulkily to the ocean breeze.

We look for the Enthusiast of Yale! Yonder, in a dark room, through whose solitary window pours the mild gleam of the stars, yonder we behold the dusky outlines of a human form, with head bent low and arms folded over the chest. It is very dark in the room, very still, yet can you discover the gleam of the soldier in the uncertain outline of that form, yet can you hear the tread of the sentinel on the sands without?

Suddenly that form arises, and draws near the solitary window. The stars gleam over a pale face, with eyes burning with unnatural light. It is dusky and dim, the faint light, but still you can read the traces of agony like death, anguish like despair, stamped on the brow, and cheek, and lip of that youthful countenance.

You then hear a single, low-toned moan, a muttered prayer, a broken ejaculation. Those eyes are upraised to the stars, and then the pale face no longer looks from the window. That form slowly retires, and is lost in the darkness of the room.

Meanwhile, without the room, on yonder slope of level ground, crowning the ascent of the hill, the sound of hammer and saw breaks on the silence of the hour. Dim forms go to and fro in the darkness; stout pieces of timber are planted in the ground, and at last the work is done. All is still. But like a phantom of evil, from the brow of yonder hill arises that strange structure of timber, with the rope dangling from its summit.

There is a face gazing from yonder window, at this thing of evil; a face with lips pressed between the teeth, eyes glaring with unnatural light.

Suddenly a footstep is heard, the door of that room is flung open, and a blaze of light fills the place. In the doorway stands a burly figure, clad in the British uniform, with a mocking sneer upon that brutal countenance. The form which we lately beheld in the gloom—now rises, and confronts the British soldier. It needs no second glance to tell us that we behold the Enthusiast of Yale. That dress is soiled and torn, the face is sunken in the cheeks, wild and glaring in the eyes, yet we can recognize the brave youth who went forth from his home on that calm evening in spring.

He confronts the Executioner, for that burly figure in the handsome red coat, with the glittering ornaments, is none other than the Provost of the British army.

"I am to die in the morning," began the student, or prisoner, as you may choose to call him.

"Yes," growled the Provost, "you were taken as a spy, tried as a spy, sentenced as a spy, and to-morrow morning, you will be hanged as a spy!"

That was the fatal secret. General Washington wanted information from Long Island, where the British encamped. A young soldier appeared, his face glowing with a high resolve. He would go to Long Island; he would examine the enemy's posts; he would peril his life for Washington. Nay, he would peril more than his life: he would peril his honor. For the soldier who dies in the bloody onset of a forlorn hope, dies in honor; but the man who is taken as a spy, swings on the gibbet, an object of loathing and scorn. But this young soldier would dare it all; the gall of the dishonor; all for the sake of Washington.

"General," was the sublime expression of the Enthusiast, "when I volunteered in the army of liberty it was my intention to devote my soul to the cause. It is not for me now to choose the manner or the method of the service which I am to perform. I only ask in what capacity does my country want me? You tell me that I will render her great service by this expedition to Long Island. All I can answer is with one word—bid me depart, and I will go!"

He went, obtained the information which he sought, and was about to leave the shore of the island for New York, when he was discovered.

Now, in the chamber of the condemned felon, he awaited the hour of his fate, his face betraying deep emotion, yet it was not the agitation of fear. Death he could willingly face, but the death of the GIBNET!

He now approached the British officer, and spoke in a calm, yet hollow voice.

"My friend, I am to die to-morrow. It is well. I have no regrets to spend upon my untimely fate. But as the last request of a dying man, let me implore you to take charge of these letters."

He extended some four or five letters, among which was one to his betrothed, one to his mother, one to Washington.

"Promise me, that you will have these letters delivered after I am dead."

The Briton shifted the lamp from one hand to the other, and then, with an oath made answer:

"By—! I'll have nothing to do with the letters of a spy!"

The young man dropped the letters on the floor, as though a bullet had torn them from his grasp. His head sank on his breast. The cup of his agony was full.

"At least," said he, lifting his large bright eyes, "at least, you will procure me a Bible, you will send me a clergyman? I am ready to die, but I wish to die the death of a Christian."

"You should thought of these things before, young man," exclaimed the liveried hangman. "For Bible or Preacher, I can tell you. At once, that you'll get neither through me."

The young man sank slowly in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. The brave Briton, whose courage had been so beautifully manifested in these last insults to a dying man, stood regarding the object of his spite with a brutal sneer.

A moment was gone, the young man looked up again, and exclaimed—

"For the love of Christ do not deny me the consolations of religion in this hour!"

A loud laugh echoed around the room, and the condemned spy was in darkness.

Who shall dare to lift the veil from that Enthusiast's heart, and picture the agony which shook his soul, during the slow-moving hours of his last night? Now his thoughts were with his books, the classics of Greece and Rome, or the pages of that Hebrew volume, where the breeze of Palestine swells over the waves of Jordan, and the songs of Israel resound for evermore; now with his aged mother, or his betrothed; and then a vision of

that great course of glory which his life was to have been, came home to his soul.

That course of glory, those high aspirations, those yearnings of Genius after Ideal, were now to be cut off forever by—the Gibbet's rope!

I will confess, that to me there is something terrible in the last night of the Condemned Spy. Never does my eye rest upon the page of American history, that I do not feel for his fate, and feel more bitterly when I think of the injustice of that history. Yes, let the truth be spoken, our history is terribly unjust to the poor—the neglected—the Martyrs, whose fate it was, not to suffer in the storm or battle, but in the cell, or by the gibbet's rope. How many brave hearts were choked to death by the rope, or buried beneath the coils of the gall, after the agonies of fever! Where do you find their names in history?

And the young man with a handsome form, a natural genius, a highly educated mind—tell us, is there no tear for him!

We weep for Andre, and yet he was a mere Gambler, who stalked his life against a General's commission. We plant flowers over his grave, and yet he was a Plottor from motives altogether mercenary. We sing hymns about him, and yet with all his accomplishments, he was one of the main causes of Arnold's ruin; he it was who helped to drag the Patriot down into the Traitor.

But this young man who watches his last night on yonder Long Island shore—where are tears for him?

Night passed away, and morning came at last. Then they led him forth to the sound of muffled drum and measured footsteps. Then—without a Bible, or Preacher, or friend, not even a dog to wait for him—they placed him beneath the gibbet, under that blue sky, with the pine coffin before his eyes.

Stern looks, scowling brows, red uniforms and bristling bayonets, were all around—but for him, the Enthusiast and the Genius, where was the kind voice or the tender hand?

Yet in that hour, the breeze kissed his cheek, and the vision of Manhattan Bay, with its foam-crowned waves and green islands, was like a dream of peace to his soul.

The rough hand of the Hangman tied his hands and bared his neck for the rope. Then, standing on the death-cart, with the rope about his neck, and Eternity before him, that young man was very pale, but calm, collected and firm. Then he called the brutal soldiery, the Refugee Hangman, to witness that he had but one regret.

And that regret not for his aged mother, not even for his meek-eyed betrothed, not even for the darkness of that hour—but said the Martyr: "I REGRET THAT I HAVE ONLY ONE LIFE TO LOSE FOR MY COUNTRY."

That was his last word, for ere the noble sentiment was cold on his lips, they choked him to death. The horse moved, the cart passed under his feet; the Martyr hung dangling in the air! Where was now that clear white brow, that brilliant eye, that well-formed mouth? Look—yes, look and behold that thing palpitating with agony—behold that thing suspended in the air, with a blackened mass of flesh instead of a face.

Above, the bright sky—around, the crowd—far away, the free waves—and yet here, tossed and plunges the image of God, tied by the neck to a gibbet!

Like a dog he died—like a dog they buried him. No preacher, no prayer, no friend, not even a dog to howl over his grave. There was only a pine box and a dead body, with a few of the vilest wretches of the British camp. That was the Martyr's funeral.

At this hour, while I speak,—in the dim shadows of Westminster Abbey, a white monument arises, in honor of John Andre, whose dishonorable actions were, in some measure forgiven, in pity for his hideous death.

But this man of Genius, who went forth from the halls of Yale, to die like a dog, for his country, on the heights of Long Island, where is the marble pillar, carved with the letters of his name?

And yet we will remember him, and love him, for evermore. And should the day come, when a Temple will be erected to the Memory of the Heroes of the Revolution—the Man-Gods of our Past—then, beneath the light of that temple's dome, among the sculptured images of Washington and his compatriots, we will place one poor broken column of New England granite, surmounted by a single leaf of laurel, inscribed with the motto—*Justi etiam habent unam vitam pro patria*; and this poor column, and leaf of laurel and motto, shall be consecrated with the name of

NATHAN HALE.

THE BARRISTER AND THE WITNESS.

There is a point beyond which human forbearance cannot go, and the most even tempers will become ruffled at times. At the assizes held during the past year at Lincoln, England, both Judge and counsel had much trouble to make the timid witnesses upon a trial speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the jury; and it is possible that the temper of the counsel may thereby have been turned aside from the even tenor of its way. After this gentleman had gone through the various stages of barbed and had coaxed, threatened, and even bullied witnesses, there was called into the box a young ostler, who appeared to be simplicity personified.

"Now, sir," said the counsel, in a tone that would at any other time have been denounced as vulgarly loud, "I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak up."

"I hope not, sir, was shouted, or rather belted out by the witness, in tones which almost shook the building, and would certainly have alarmed any timid or nervous lady."

"How dare you speak in that way, sir?" said the counsel.

"Pleaze, zur, I can't speak any louder," said the astonished witness, attempting to speak louder than before, evidently thinking the fault to be in his speaking too softly.

"Pray have you been drinking this morning?" shouted the counsel, who had now thoroughly lost the last remnant of his temper.

"Yes zur, was the reply.

"And what have you been drinking?"

"Coffee, zur."

"And what do you have in your coffee, sir?" shouted the exasperated counsel.

"A spoon, zur," innocently shouted the witness in his highest key, amidst the roars of the whole court—excepting only the now thoroughly wild counsel, who flung down his brief, and rushed out of court.

HARD TIMES.

BY HANNAH MORE.

We say the times are grievous hard, And hard they are, 'tis true! But, drunkards, to your wives and babes They're harder made by you.

The drunkard's tax is self-imposed, Like every other sin; The taxes altogether cost Not half so much as Gin.

The state compels no man to drink, Compels no man to game; 'Tis Gin and gambling sinks him down To rags, and want, and shame.

The kindest husband changed by Gin, Who had started in the country, And he told me that they were a meeting of men who had refrained from ardent spirits. I said to him, 'When is there another meeting?' and he said he could not tell me. But as we were going up Salford he saw a bill on the wall, and he read it for me, for I could not read myself, but now I can read a bit. (Applause.)

The bill said that the meeting was in Broughton road, on Tuesday next. I went to it and liked it very well. I attended the next meeting at Gravel-land, and I liked that better, and the next meeting was in Bloom street, and I liked that better still. The next meeting was in Canal street, Oldfield road, on the first of August last, and there I was convinced it was a good thing, and I signed the pledge, and prayed to God to keep me to it. (Cheers.) I think God did so. An old master of mine was the *Cheerman* that met, and he said to me, 'Rimmer, if you had taken my advice three years ago, thou would have been worth one hundred pounds; and I have since found his words were true. Now I can draw wages comfortably, and when I get my money I throw it in my wife's lap, because I know she will lay it up to the best advantage. (Applause.) For twenty-six or twenty-seven years before I joined the Temperance Society, she was plagued with a drunken husband, and she has not had one moment's comfort, only since I joined. Before I joined I had neither table nor *cheers*, nor any pots in the house; but now I have plenty of *cheers* and tables, and a good fat pig in the cote. (Laughter and applause.)

That serving man! I knew him once, So jaunty, spruce, and smart! Why did he steal, then, pawn the plate? 'Twas Gin ensnared his heart!

Behold the shivering female there, Who plies her woful trade! 'Tis ten to one you'll find that Gin That helpless wretch has made.

Look down those steps, and view below Yon cellar underground; There every want and every woe, And every sin, are found!

Those little children trembling there, With hunger and with cold, Were by their parents' love of Gin, To sin and misery sold.

Look through the prison's iron bars! Look through that dismal grate, And learn what dire misfortune brought So terrible a fate!

The debtor, and the felon, too, Though differing much in sin, Too oft you'll find were thither brought By all-destroying Gin.

See the pale manufacturer there, How lank and lean he lies! How haggard is his sickly cheek! How dim his hollow eyes!

How amply had his gains sufficed, On wife and children spent! But all must for his pleasure go; All to the Gin-shop went.

See that apprentice, young in years, Who's drunken long in sin! What made him rob his master's till? Alas! 'twas love of Gin.

That serving man! I knew him once, So jaunty, spruce, and smart! Why did he steal, then, pawn the plate? 'Twas Gin ensnared his heart!

But, hark! what dreadful sound was that? 'Tis Newgate's awful bell! It tolls, alas, for human guilt! Some malefactor's knell!

Oh, woful sound! Oh, what could cause Such punishment and sin? Hark! hear his words! he owns the cause, 'Bad company and Gin.'

And when the future lot is fix'd, Of darkness, fire and chains; How can the drunkard hope to 'scape Those everlasting pains?

LIFE IN THE WEST.

Our Yankee traveller, who saw the live hoarser, has again written to his mother: 'Western people go their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, as you can down east, without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling two of his neighbors in my hearing a pretty large story. Says I, 'Stranger, that's a whopper!' Says he, 'Lay there stranger!' And in the twinkling of an eye, I found myself in the ditch, a perfect quadruped, the worse for wear and tear. Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed, 'That isn't a specimen of your western women, is it?' Say he, 'You are afraid of the fever and ague, stranger, an't you?' 'Very much,' says I. 'Well,' replied he, 'that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologize in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols (which he held cocked in his hand) shall cure you of that disorder entirely—so don't fear, stranger?' So I knelt down and politely apologized. I admire the western country much; but curse me I can't stand so much etiquette; it always takes me unawares.'—*Chicago Democrat*.

LOAFER'S FASHIONS.

A slight squint over the left eye; the right hand in the bosom; the thumb and fore-finger lightly touching the watch-guard.

The hat stood upright upon five hairs, a corner of a silk handkerchief just showing itself at the left temple. The whiskers should be long, and carlocks descending half way down the face.

A light cane may be carried under the arm, which should be dexterously twirled, whenever you meet a dun. In such cases, the eyes should be steadfastly fixed on the clouds, and the step be brisk and hurried.

On meeting a lady, the upper lip should be gently curled, and if you have handsome teeth, be suddenly struck with a comical idea which creates a broad smile.

If you see a poor acquaintance, stoop to brush the dust off your trousers' leg, or pause a moment to look at a picture, if any such be near. He will pass by as a matter of course.

Always carry a pocket full of punice with you, to fling into the eyes of the tailors' boys, if there is no other way to get clear of them.

SHORT AND SWEET.—I can't speak in public; never done such a thing in all my life, said a chap the other night at a public meeting, who had been called upon to hold forth, but if anybody in the crowd will speak for me, I'll hold his hat.

JOB PRINTING.

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS, CONTAINING IN PART

Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blankets, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills, Shoe Bills, Notices, &c.,

PROMPTLY AND TASTEFULLY EXECUTED AT THE

JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE, OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type throughout, and we are prepared to execute all orders for Printing in the best manner and at short notice.

Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superior style, at reasonable rates.

THE WRONG LETTER-BOX.

Amusing incidents often occur by persons mistaking the letter-box of stores and offices in this vicinity, for that of the post office. We sometimes find three or four letters in our own letter-box, intended for the mails. These we, of course, put on their way.

Standing once at our front window, we observed a young woman, whose face was not visible to us, drop a letter into our box, and on taking it out, we found that she had mistaken our establishment for that of the post office. It was directed to Thomas—, in Ireland, and the inland postage accompanied it. The letter we caused to be sent, with no others, to the post office, and gave the circumstance no further thought.

Bused some months afterward in examining the contents of our exchange papers, and inditing such paragraphs as they suggested to us, we did not pay much attention to a gentle tap at the door of our private room, until it was repeated. We then, too anxious to conclude our labors on order to the applicant, bade the one that knocked "come in," and continued our labors without lifting an eye to the door, which was opened quietly, and as quietly closed. We were startled at length with a sweetly modulated voice, inquiring, "is there a letter here for me?"

We at once raised our eyes, and saw a female about eighteen years of age—or, as we have of late lost the art of judging closely in these matters, perhaps twenty. It did not make a dimple's difference to her face, and would not, if five more years had been added to them. There was an oval face, with nature's own blush, and a slight projection of the mouth that told of Ireland, even without the softened modulation of voice that belongs to the women of that island. Neatness was all that could be ascribed to her dress—it deserved that.

Letters are frequently asked for in a newspaper office, in reply to advertisements, so we bade the young woman go to the front office and inquire of the clerks.

She had been there, and there was no one but a boy, who could not give her the information.

So we inquired the name. "Kitty McInnes," but perhaps it will be Catherine on the letter," said she, "as that's my name."

We looked on the letter-track in the front office, among the "A. B.'s," the "X. W.'s," the "P. Q.'s," etc., but saw none for Catherine.

Returning, we inquired to what advertisement the letter was to be answered.

"Advertisement!—to no advertisement,—it would be in answer to my letter."

"And from whom did you expect a letter?"

The young woman looked much confused, but apparently considering the question pertinent, she said, "from Thomas—."

We saw at once that she had, as hundreds before had done, mistaken our office for the post office, and the name given was that upon the letter which we had some months before sent from our letter-box to the post office.

"He has not written, then," said Catherine, in a low voice, evidently not intended for our ear.

"But—he may have written."

"Then where's the letter?" said she, looking up.

"At the post office, perhaps."

And we took Catherine by the hand and led her to the door, and pointed out the way to the post office.

"You will ask at the window," said we, "but as the clerks are young men, you need not tell them from whom you expect the letter."

"Not for the world," said she, looking into our face with a glance that seemed to say there was no harm in telling us.

We must have used less than our usual precision in directing Catherine to the post office, as, quite half an hour afterwards, when visiting the place, we saw her at the window, receiving the change and a letter from one of the clerks, and the impudence, shall we say of woman or of love, induced Catherine to break the seal at the door. A glow of pleasure was on the cheek of the happy girl. We would not have given a penny to be informed that Thomas was well, and was coming in the next packet. We felt anxious to know whether Thomas would come, but the names of such persons rarely appear among the passengers of the Liverpool packets, being commonly included in that comprehensive line, "and two hundred in the steerage."

So we gave up all hopes of knowing when Thomas would arrive, but concluded, as we would see the name, with that of Catherine, in the marriage list, to which we had determined to keep a steady look.

It was but a short time afterward that we did indeed see the name of Thomas in the papers. He was one of the passengers in the ship cast away below New York, of whom nearly every soul perished, and Thomas among the rest.

We had never seen Thomas, but had somehow cherished such an interest in his fate that we felt a severe shock at its announcement; and what must have been the feelings of Catherine, with her ardent, sanguine, Irish temperament? Loving deeply as she must have loved, and hoping ardently as she must have hoped, what must have been her feelings?

We paused a few weeks afterward, to mark the new grass shooting, green and thick, in Ronaldson's graveyard, and to see the buds swelling on the branches of the trees that decorate that populous city of the dead, when a funeral, numerously attended, wound slowly the corner of the street, and passed into the enclosure. It was the funeral of an Irish person—we knew by the numbers that attended—and as the sexton lowered the coffin down into the narrow house, the place appointed for all the living, we saw engraved upon a simple plate, CATHERINE MCINNES.

The story was told. The small sum of money which Catherine had deposited in the savings' fund, to give a little consequence to her marriage festival, had been withdrawn to give her "decent burial,"—*U. S. Gazette*.

WOMAN.—It was a pertinent and forcible saying of the Emperor Napoleon, that "a handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel and the other a treasure."

Every time one laughs, it is said, he draws a nail out of his coffin.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 22, 1851.

AGENTS.

BOSTON.—Messrs. R. M. PETERSON & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

Worcester.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing. Providence.—Mr. G. W. Dyer will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

KOSKUTH.

The noble Magyar leader, it seems, is not guilty of the gross improprieties imputed to him by some bitty bodies, who have taken special pains, before his arrival, to let the public know what an ungrateful being he was. We are glad to learn officially, from headquarters, that there is not a word of truth in the base reports that have been industriously spread far and near in regard to him.

"Honor to whom honor is due," say we, and we doubt not our readers are of the same opinion. When a man has done for his country a noble service, and thereby has placed himself in a position where misfortune can triumph over him, he should not be regarded in a less favorable light by those who judge of him, than if he had conquered, and been one of fortune's favorites. There is too much of this habit in the world,—of giving a great deal of praise and glory to the children of fortune, when they may not have scarcely a claim for it, compared with those who have lost their all in performing some noble deed.

Capt. Long, of the U. S. steamship Mississippi, has given a public and flat contradiction to all the false reports of a misunderstanding having taken place between Koskuth and himself, and the officers of the steamer lend their aid in refuting the falsehood. The steamer Mississippi has arrived at New York, bringing twenty-seven of the Hungarian patriots, with their families and relatives,—all tried and sure friends of Koskuth. They have been with him in his days of prosperity, as well as adversity,—they pledged their all in their country's cause, and lost everything,—their homes and families were swept away, and now they are exiles.

Capt. Long says Koskuth and his companions have shown the utmost gentlemanly appreciation of the honor done them by the United States, in placing at their disposal the steamer Mississippi, for the purpose of conveying them to America. We notice among the twenty-seven, the names of many who are intimately connected with the Hungarian affairs, and did our space permit, would give our readers a list and sketch of them. Among the number is Perezel, once one of the wealthiest nobles in the Austrian Empire, now in poverty,—the Chief Rabbi of Hungary, Dr. Acs, the celebrated writer, Koskuth's Adjutant General, and others equally noted. Now they are all literally destitute, in most cases having reserved only from their former vast fortunes, the clothes with which they are now clad.

THE LYCEUM.

Rev. Mr. Chickering's lecture before the Lyceum last Tuesday evening, was a beautiful production. Those who were fortunate enough to be present, do not need to be told that the subject was "Switzerland." The lecturer has recently made the tour of the Alpine scenery, and his mind seems to have caught and embodied its sublime and beautiful realities. The descriptions of the crags and precipices, the cascades and chasms, the icy glaciers and the snowy and craggy mountain peaks, were most lively and grand. One was almost transported to this land of sublimity and song, and with the traveller felt the awe that was inspired by the uplifted serenity of Jungfrau and Mont Blanc, the sense of beauty that poured upon the soul, as the rising sun lit up the snowy pinnacles, and the shrinking dread that filled the bosom, as the eye looked down those awful depths. And then those placid lakes, how they sparkled in the sun, their gushing streams, how they bounded on the rocky passes, and the deep ravines, and those carved and shelving paths, how they wound about the lofty precipices; and those old towns and cities, have peopled with strange, but picturesque multitudes. We think every one who heard this lecture will love Switzerland more, and will search Byron and Coleridge to aid their imaginations, in taking wings to this renowned region.

"THE GRANITE STATE LANCERS," Capt. Thomas G. Banks, of Nashua, N. H., in connection with the citizens of that place, will give a grand Thanksgiving ball at Franklin Hall, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 20th. The members composing the Lancers are well and favorably known to our military friends, and others, in this town, and we are happy to know that there still exists between the military of Woburn and Nashua the most friendly feelings. Numerous invitations to the above ball have been received in town, and we warrant all who attend "a great time." Some good friend will accept thanks for the invitation sent to the editor—and printer—of this paper.

LYCEUM.—We would call the attention of those who attend the Lectures, to the notice of the Secretary, that the next Lecture will be given in the Unitarian Church, instead of the Vestry of the Rev. Mr. Edwards's Church, as heretofore.

A FOWL TRANSACTION.—calling at a body's door and leaving a plump Thanksgiving turkey. We'd better not catch any one serving us in that way.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

On the Album's page we find
Various traces of the mind;
Some with Vanity overcharged,
Some with Wisdom much enlarged;
One on lover's pinions flies,
To prove, in verse, his love, he tries.
Another, with a flattering tongue,
That proves itself in wisdom young,
Declares his lady all perfection,
While smallest spot defies detection.
Others, more prudent, speak in truth
Of Virtue, Beauty, Wit and Youth,
And gaze with fondness on their love,
As some bright being from above.
Some show that love has made them blind,
For imperfections they ne'er find.
Such love I hope may ne'er be thine,
For bright it cannot always shine;
True love is that which, when it sees
Faults in a friend, is not displeased,—
'Twill o'er those faults a mantle throw,
Nor less of true devotion know.
May it be thine, fair friend, to receive and give
Such love, while in this world you live.

J. A. F.

TEMPERANCE MASS MEETING.

Thursday last was a bright day for the Temperance cause. The Mass Meeting holden in this town was full, and the right spirit was manifested. We sincerely hope and trust, that not a man who attended that meeting, and by his presence gave a pledge to sustain the cause, will ever flinch from his duty while a vestige of this curse of rum selling, shall stain our land.

The meeting was called to order by Dr. Enos Hoyt, of Framingham,—prayer by Rev. Mr. Edwards.

The Executive Committee, through Daniel Kimball, Esq., presented a series of resolutions expressive of the conviction of the framers thereof, that the present License Law has done its work,—the duty of the citizens of Massachusetts to petition the Legislature for the passage of a law similar to the Maine Law, and the obligation of Temperance men to carry their principles to the ballot box. These resolutions Mr. Kimball sustained in a few words, and then introduced to the Convention, Rev. Mr. Pierpont, of Medford. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Frost, of Concord, and Rev. Mr. Whitney, of Reading. The meeting in the afternoon was addressed by Rev. Messrs. Phinney and Blain, and Dr. A. J. Bellows, of Charlestown, Rev. Dr. Edwards, of Andover, Messrs. Bowers, of Concord, and Eaton, of Malden, and one or two other gentlemen.

In the evening the services were opened with prayer by the Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, and singing by the Kimball's, brothers, and addresses by the Rev. Messrs. Angier, of Concord, Swallow of Wilmington, and Whiting, of Reading, and closed with a temperance song from the Kimball's.

The collection at the Town Hall, provided by our citizens, was everything that could be expected, and did them great credit.

CRIME IN BOSTON.—The immense crime in Boston is truly alarming. The police reports show a dreadful state of the ravages of rum. The 1500 grog shops are a monstrous disgrace to the city, and loudly call for reform. There are indications of a complete turn-out of the present authorities, and we hope to see the cause of temperance succeed. Public sentiment must be aroused, and the curse of intemperance must be driven from our land. Come up to the good mark ye temperance men, and put your shoulders to the wheel. Read the workingman's speech on the first page,—it is worth printing in gold.

A terrible accident occurred in New York, on Thursday. It seems a schoolmistress, in one of the public schools was taken ill, which alarmed the scholars, at the same time the cry of fire was raised; the children rushed for the stairway, and got wedged in by the bannisters, which gave way, and large numbers fell 30 feet, making sad havoc. Some 48 dead bodies were taken out. The scene is described as heart-rending in the extreme; parents and friends drawing out the dead bodies of these innocent children. It is beyond description.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES A CARDINAL AT LAST.—A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, writing from Rome, Oct. 20th, says Archbishop Hughes is to wear the scarlet cap. His Grace has been made a Cardinal in spite of all opposition. The appointment is said to have been made in the face of the express protest of all the Roman Catholic Bishops in the United States save one, and contrary to the opinion of Chief Justice Tany.

MR. EMERSON'S LECTURES.—By reference to a notice in another column, it will be seen that Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is to deliver a course of six lectures, at the Unitarian Church in this town, on successive Thursday evenings, commencing next week. Mr. Emerson is a very popular lecturer, and the desire to hear him will doubtless insure the sale of every ticket at once.

CIGARS.—Neighbor Cooper, over opposite, has the choicest of Havanas and Principes, which are really worth puffing. If anybody don't believe it, let him call and try them, and get a good supply for Thanksgiving.

MIDDLESEX SENATORS.—After all the paper warfare, it appears that the Coalition Senators are elected.

Editor—gone—amongst "Hoosiers"—great time—devil in chair—scissors—flourish—cabbage—exchanges—lookout!

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER ONE.

STEAMER ALABAMA,
Lake Erie.

DEAR JOURNAL:—As I have been thinking over and over again of the many triumphs of steam power in railroads, steamers, &c., I could not help wishing that Robert Fulton would make us a visit about these days, and take note of the changes wrought in thirty years past. A traveller can now take the cars in Boston at 8 A. M., arrive in New York at 4 P. M., cross the ferry to Jersey City, and take a seat in the New York and Erie Railroad cars at 5 o'clock, travel all night, and the next day at about 12 o'clock will reach Dunkirk, on Lake Erie, having accomplished a journey of seven hundred miles. "I reckon" that Fulton, Franklin, or most of our good old grandfathers would open their eyes and mouths pretty wide after taking such a trip.

This reminds me of an incident which has just occurred. An old lady got into the cars about sixty miles back from Dunkirk, and finding the seat next me unoccupied, she took possession of it for herself and two bandboxes, with an ancient-looking carpet-bag, and bundles too numerous to count or mention. I soon found her quite communicative, and learned that she had never seen a railroad before. She said she had "hearn tell 'em, and now she had cum up from Cuba all the way to take a ride to Dunkirk." After we started she seemed quite astonished at the speed of the cars, and upon the arrival at the next station she declared it beat anything she ever saw—

"Why!" says she, "ten year ago, I cum down this 'ere town horseback, on our Tom, and it must have tuk me twice as long."

I told her there were very few horses that could travel as fast as an iron horse.

"You don't say!" says she, "an iron horse! why, how funny!"

"I should have said a locomotive, ma'am."

"Lo-co-mo-kee!" says she, "where on airth did get that name?"

By this time I found that our seat was getting to be a centre of attraction, and so I immediately got out for "refreshments." On my return I found she was calling in requisition the talents of most all her neighbors to answer her questions, for they fell from her lips "thick and fast." Soon after we started again, the conductor made his appearance in the forward part of the car, collecting tickets. My fair friend said to me—

"How far is it to the Lake?"

"Thirty miles," says I.

"And what is that man after?" says she.

"That's the Conductor, after tickets."

"The Conductor?—arter tickets, is he? Well, I declare! that's great business, gettin' tickets arter he's earned them! He shan't have mine—I've hearn' of them fellows afore!"

Soon the "ticket-man" arrived at our seat. "Tickets!" says he.

"No, you don't!" says the lady. "Ma'b'e I've never travelled before; but I won't be cum over in that way,—you shan't have my ticket till I get there."

This was followed by such a roar of laughter from her fellow-passengers, that the car actually shook its sides also. I couldn't stand it any longer. I'd seen fun enough for this time, and immediately moved my seat to the forward car.

Finding half a seat vacant, I seated myself by the side of a man who looked as though he belonged to the West. He soon proved himself to be a "Hoosier." After looking at me pretty sharp, says he—

"Goin' out west, stranger?"

"West and South," says I.

"You're a Yankee, ain't you?" says he.

"Yes; but how did you know that?"

"Do you think I can't tell y'es far as I can see? Why, I know a Yankee as well as I know a grey squirrel from a coon."

"Thanks I to myself, that's an illustration, anyhow."

"Been out here 'fore this?"

I said I had, and also said I thought the West was "a great country."

"You may bet on that," says he. "Why, we can take Yankee land and hide it out West here, and you'd hardly know 'twas out here. I'll bet we, 'fore long, will beat all creation in size and population. Got the time o' day, stranger?"

I told him what o'clock it was.

"I thought so, from my cavity," says he, and immediately he hauled from under his feet a most venerable-looking knapsack, opened it, and out came a loaf of bread, or rather, half a loaf, a large piece of hog's-head cheese, and rather a suspicious-looking flask.

"Hungry, stranger?" says he.

"Just had a lunch," says I. But this made no difference with him, for he out with his jack-knife, which had but just been through his tobacco, and cutting off some bread and cheese, handed it, saying—

"Take a junk, stranger."

I pleaded the want of an appetite, and said I'd just been eating.

"Now, stranger, don't be bashful. My old woman made this cheese and bread two weeks ago, 'fore I left home."

I found I was "cornered," and knowing it was a difficult matter to refuse the hospitality of a Western man, took the eatables and attempted a bite on the "home-made bread." It was no go, however; for I found the end I commenced on would compare quite favorably with some mineral substances for tenacity or hardness. Just then we stopped at the next depot. It did not take me long to leave the cars, and fortunately finding the "cattle" train waiting, I had no difficulty in disposing of my friend's bread and cheese.

The Erie Railroad has been completed within a few months, and is indeed a great affair. It passes through the southern tier of counties in the "Empire State," and is doing an immense business. The scenery on the road, for the first two hundred and fifty miles, is as fine as anything I ever saw, especially in and near the State of Pennsylvania. The traveller will find himself continually gazing upon the grand and beautiful, in all its interesting variety, ever and anon changing from valley to mountain, crossing rivers, then passing along by them for miles, and often the grade is several hundred feet above the river body. The latter part of the ride is not very interesting, for the country is very rough and wild, hardly looking civilized, and the people and towns look as though they belonged to Iowa or Wisconsin.

I find that such a journey, taken without stopping, places one in the position of a "used up man," and rather unfits him for newspaper correspondence; therefore you will make some grains of allowance for this letter, as I have just completed the above-mentioned tour, and in a few minutes will again be on the move for the "Buckeye State." At intervals I may inflict on the readers of the "Woburn Journal" a letter, for the purpose of giving some account of what may be seen out here.

J. A. F.

We are glad to see that W. T. Choate, an old shoe manufacturer of this place, and late of the firm of Choate & Flanders, has again resumed his old business, and for the present is located over Fowle's bookstore. We augur for him the success that invariably follows long experience and constant application to business. In another column see his advertisement for workmen, both male and female.

THE ELECTION.—Next Monday, for Representatives of the towns which failed to elect, from present appearances, will be a hard fought political battle; in Lowell great exertions are making to bring out every voter. We recommend calmness, with a just regard for the "ballot box," and trust no blood vessels will burst.

CUBAN DIFFICULTIES.—Advices from Washington state, that Secretary Webster and the Spanish Minister have amicably settled all matters, and the latter is to dine with Mr. Webster. Nothing like a good dinner to settle the dispute. We hope they will not forget the poor prisoners now in chains.

SHOCKINGLY BURNT.—In Charlestown, on Wednesday afternoon, a little boy about one year old, son of Mrs. McManiman, residing in Cook's Place, was most shockingly burnt upon the face, arms and body, by his clothes taking fire.

FORGIVEN.—George G. Monroe, formerly of this town, has been sentenced to one year in the House of Correction for forging a note of \$200, in the name of Messrs. Brown & Buffum.

In Chelmsford, on the night of the 10th inst., the dwelling house of Henry Bradford, with all its furniture, was consumed by fire.

Rev. T. W. Higginson will preach in the Unitarian Church to-morrow.

RUM.—There are 1500 grog shops in Boston. No wonder the police reports are full.

RAILROADS.—There are 10,200 miles of Railroad in the United States.

QUILL AND SCISSORS.

We wish to all our readers a happy Thanksgiving, large turkeys, plenty of pumpkin pies, with a generous portion reserved and sent to the poor.

A student of medicine having courted a girl a year, and got the mither, has turned round and sued her father for "the visits he paid her."

We hear "a yarn" about some craft getting wrecked on the "raging canal,"—captain saved—and mate.

Several articles unavoidably deferred till our next.

There is to be a Thanksgiving dance at the Town Hall, in Burlington, next Thursday evening.

The editor of the Lowell Patriot says he hasn't seen our paper. Perhaps he will when he sees this.

It is a musical fact that every orchestra contains at least two musicians with moustaches, one in spectacles, three with bald heads, and one very modest man in a white cravat.

We wonder if Plummer, of the Portland Eclectic, is he that seas of the Norway Advertiser? If he is, his goose quill has penned a squib or two for this quarter.

It has always been admitted that a man has two eyes, and one nose; but as it has lately been decided in the State, we have more noses than eyes.

The boy that undertook to ride a horse-radish, is now practising on a saddle of mutton, without stirrups.

Friend Ladd has some corn-poppers to sell, and he throws the corn in—to the popper, to pop it, just as anybody would. If they'll "pop" the question," he can send us one for trial.

Some "good 'ooman" sent the printers a nice pie last week—another this week! But they go off like torpedos! Many thanks.

A modest young lady, who is about to be married, vows she'll take chloroform when the time comes.

There is a grocer out south who is said to be so mean that he was seen to catch a flea off his counter, hold him up by the hind legs, and look into the cracks of his feet to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his sugar.

An exchange says that it takes two men to milk a California cow. Don't believe a word of it.

What is the best flavored tea? Ans.—Generosity.

A late philosopher says that if anything will make a woman swear, it is looking for her night-cap after the lamp is blown out.

Somebody has taken our best cotton umbrella, and left another—with a black head. We don't like the exchange a bit, and think we've got cheated. We are very anxious to "swap."

A young gentlemen who had just married a little undersized beauty, says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that Nature could not allow it.

BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN FROM THE YEAR 1641 TO 1843.

(Continued.)

1665.

Richardson, Hannah, daughter of Theophilus, 6th day of 2d month.
Baker, Samuel, s. of John, 21st of 2d.
Walker, John, s. of Samuel, 2d of July.
Dutton, James, s. of Thomas, 22d of 6th.
Brush, Mary, d. of George, 15th of 4th.
Winn, Rebecca, d. of Joseph, 25th of May.
Wynnan, Nathaniel, s. of Francis, 25th of 9th.
Johnson, Rebecca, d. of Mathew, 1st of March.

1666.

Bacon, Abigail, d. of Michell, 5th of 1st.
Brooks, Ebenezer, s. of John, 9th of 10th.
Eams, Abigail, d. of Robert, 22d of 7th.
Peire, Deborah, d. of John, 30th of 8th.
Kendall, Abigail, d. of Frances, 6th of 2d.
Thompson, James, s. of Johnathan, —
Post, Joana, d. of Richard, 13th of 7th.
Winn, Hannah, d. of Inceus, 11th of 2d.
Richardson, Joseph, s. of John, 3d of 11th.
Cleveland, Jorah, s. of Moses, 26th of 12th.
Johnson, Benjamin, s. of William, 15th of 8th.
Lock, Mary, d. of William, 16th of 8th.
Willson, Abigail, d. of John, 8th of 6th.
Winn, Sarah, d. of Joseph, 9th of 9th.
Craggen, Elizabeth, d. of John, 3d of 6th.
Glazier Zachariah, s. of John, 20th of 2d.

1667.

Smith, John, s. of Mathew, 28th of 1st.
Fowll, James, s. of James, 4th of 1st.
Brooks, Sarah, d. of Isaac, 14th of 3d.
Thompson, James, s. of Jonathan, 27th of 14th.
Baldwin, Abigail, d. of Henry, 20th of 6th.
Richardson, Hannah, d. of Joseph, 21st of 8th.
Baker, Benjamin, s. of John, 24th of 3d.
Brush, William, s. of George, 28th of 2d.
Walker, Samuel, s. of Samuel, 25th of Jan.
Johnson, Mathew, s. of Mathew, 10th of Mar.
Wynnan, Samuel, s. of Francis, 20th of 9th.
Richardson, John, s. of Theophilus, 16th of 11th.
Blouet, Sarah, d. of Samuel, 17th of 12th.
Russell, Samuel, s. of John, 3d of 12th.
Wright, Joseph, s. of Joseph, 14th of March.
Farmer, Hannah, d. of John, 22d of 11th.
Whittemore, Joseph, s. of Thomas and Elizabeth, 14th of August.

1668.

Snow, John, s. of John, 13th of 3d.
Eams, John, s. of Robert, 9th of 3d.
Berbec, James, s. of John, 15th of 3d.
Brooks, Meriam, d. of Isaac, 20th of 3d.
Winn, Edward, s. of Inceus, 15th of 14th.
Dutton, Benjamin, s. of Thomas, 19th of 12th.
Johnson, Josiah, s. of William, 15th of 11th.
Willson, Elizabeth, d. of John, 6th of 6th.
Glazier, Elizabeth, d. of John, 4th of 6th.

1669.

Richardson, Mary, d. of Joseph, 22d of 1st.
Brooks, Jane, s. of Isaac, 13th of 6th.
Cleveland, Isaac, s. of Moses, 11th of 3d.
Fowll, Abigail, d. of James, 13th of 8th.
Richardson, Jonathan, s. of Isaac, 12th of December.
Post, John, s. of Richard, 14th of 2d.
Reed, Hannah, d. of George, 18th of 12th.
Flagg, Gershom, s. of Gershom, 10th of 1st.
Lock, Samuel, s. of William, 14th of 8th.
Snow, Samuel, s. of Samuel, 8th of 12th.
Johnson, Hannah, d. of Mathew, 23d of 1d.
Brooks, Deborah, d. of John, 20th of 1st.
Craggen, Marsy, d. of John, 25th of 1st.
Wright, Sarah, d. of Joseph, 25th of 12th.
Glazier, John, s. of John, 15th of 10th.

For the Journal.

WINCHESTER AWAKE!

MR. EDITOR:—It may be interesting to many of the readers of your paper, to learn that the friends of temperance in Winchester are waking up to newness of life. Pursuant to notice, a very respectable number of the good people of this town met at the Vestry of the Congregational Church, on Thursday evening, for the purpose of forming a Town Temperance Society.

The meeting was called to order by Samuel Kendall, and organized by the choice of Dr. A. Chapin, as Chairman, and J. A. Bolles, Esq., as Secretary. The meeting then proceeded to organize the Society, and after taking the preliminary steps necessary to an organization, the following Pledge was unanimously adopted, and signed by nearly all present.

We whose names are hereunto annexed, believing that the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, are not only needless, but hurtful to the social, civil, and religious interests of men; that it tends to form intemperate habits, and that while it is continued, the evils of intemperance will never be done away, do therefore agree, that we will not use, make, buy or sell as a beverage, either spirituous or malt liquor, or wine or cider; that we will not provide them as articles of entertainment, or for persons in our employment, and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance the use of them through the community.

The readiness with which this pledge was adopted and signed, gives cheering evidence that the head and heart of many of our most worthy citizens are right upon this subject, and that they will give the foe no quarter in our community.

A. W. S.

Winchester, Nov., 20, 1851.

NEW PUBLICATIONS—in great variety, can always be had at Fowle's bookstore.

Several heavy failures in Boston this week.

For the Journal.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, NOV. 18, 1851.

FRIEND FOWLE:—I continue to receive your valuable and interesting Journal in due course of mail, and am happy to say that its perusal affords me a great luxury. I remember of somewhere reading of a certain gentleman who in speaking of his courtship, said, there was not much love at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance. But not so with your paper and my humble self, for a due regard was had for the Journal and its editor at this beginning, and this has increased on acquaintance.

The election has passed in our loved and native state of Massachusetts, and now, after watching the returns for several days, I should hardly be allowed, were I not a Yankee, even to guess, who will be Governor in 1852. Verily, the old adage "There is no knowing who will be Governor 'till after the election," and methinks this sometimes ought to be questioned. Perhaps the return of the votes from Hull has not been correctly given, and many put it down as a fixed fact, that no safe conclusion can be arrived at, until the above place is rightly heard from. But whatever may be the result, the various political parties have cast a heavy vote, and have thereby exercised a right and performed a duty—the noblest which a freeman can enjoy. The election in New York, as you are aware, has recently taken place, and has been warmly contested. Any one accustomed to the generally quiet and orderly manner in which your elections are conducted, knows little, in fact nothing, of political excitement, and we may add political intrigue and disorganization, when compared with that which is practised in this State, and especially in this city. It has been truly said that "a New England town is the most perfect democracy which the world has ever seen." But, were you to witness some of the proceedings here, you would surely say they were far from being a "perfect democracy." An Inspector of a Ward election gave it as his opinion that \$100,000 were expended by the several parties in order to accomplish their ends, and thereby "save the city." There may be, and doubtless there are some honorable exceptions to the above remarks, but as a general thing, I believe they are all too true. Enough of politics.

The great apostle of temperance, Father Mathew, left here a short time since for his native land. Many of his countrymen, and Americans accompanied him to the place of his departure; as the steamer started, he displayed his grey hairs in token of farewell, and departed amidst the benediction of thousands. He issued on the day of his departure a beautiful and eloquent farewell address to the people of the United States, in which he spoke most feelingly of the many kindnesses extended to him by the American people, and invoked the choicest blessing of Heaven upon their country and its institutions. In his Address he stated that he had administered the pledge to six hundred thousand persons in this country, and had received many letters, all bearing testimony to the faithfulness with which it was observed. May he long live in peace and prosperity to enjoy the brilliant evening of a well spent life.

Since Katy Hayes return from your vicinity she seems to have been involved in difficulties, in consequence of a difference having arisen between herself and the gentlemen by whom she was engaged to sing in this country. Her last three concerts have not been attended with the success which might have been expected. Jenny Lind is expected here this week en route for Boston; it is said she declines giving concerts in the city for the present, on account of the respect she has for Miss Hayes.

Several of the companions and friends of Koskuth, have arrived, and every where receive much attention and regard; they all speak in the highest terms of their beloved Chief. The papers are full of the reception, and the speeches of Koskuth in England. The base falsehoods, which some friends, probably, of old Nicholas, of Russia, or of the Austrian tyrant, have endeavored to instill into the mind of the community, have been "nailed to the counter." Capt. Long, and other officers of the Mississippi, speak in unqualified terms of his noble conduct during his voyage to England. All now believe that his struggles, whether on the battle field or in the Turkish dungeon, have been to regain the constitutional rights and liberties of his country, and also to give freedom to other of the down-trodden and oppressed nations of the Old World. All think his great object is to secure the *beau ideal* of liberty, and when this is done, his purpose will be accomplished. He is expected to arrive here in a few days, and we predict for him a welcome and a reception as cordial and enthusiastic, and such as are seldom accorded to any man. We shall see what we shall see. I have already extended this article to too great a length, and asking pardon for the same, I remain,

D.

LOWELL.—The Mayor and Aldermen of Lowell have declared the election in that city to have

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

FROM THE ISTHMIUS—Another Riot at Chagres.—Another terrible riot has occurred at Chagres, growing probably out of the same causes which led to the former difficulties. The following account is from the Panama Star, of Oct. 23:—

"A general fight commenced, which ended in the free use of firearms, and some of the cannon on the old fort. The reported number of the killed is 14 natives and 1 American. Some 20 or more natives were wounded, and also one American. The U. S. consul, Mr. Glenison, was shot at, but not injured.

Postscript.—At a late hour last evening we conversed with two gentlemen who had just returned from the steamer Ohio, and from them we learn that when they left Chagres, the fight between the Americans and blacks, who are not natives, but San Dominicans, Jamaicans and Carthaginians, was still going on with desperation. They state that at least 20 or 30 Americans were killed, and a much larger number of blacks, making in all about 100. A ball was fired through the hat of one of our informants. The roof of the Irving House at Chagres was shattered by a cannon ball from the fort."

A proposition to take the fort was made to the Alcalde by the Americans, and accepted, and the attempt was to be made immediately. The blacks were in full possession of the fort, and one rifleman, a returned Californian, was seen to pick off five of them successively as they attempted to discharge the cannon.

Two bars of silver valued at \$5000 had been recovered on the Cruces road. They were stolen from the British specie train about three months since.

FROM CALIFORNIA TO OCT. 15.—Views of the markets vary considerably, as will be seen by two accounts under that head. The News-letter says "groceries and provisions are gradually creeping up to paying prices, and much more confidence is felt in most kinds of securities. Real estate is sought after as an investment at improved rates." The mining districts were not overstocked with goods. The making of bricks and lime, the receipt of an abundance of coarse lumber from Oregon, and the raising of hogs, poultry and other provisions in large quantities are facts worthy the attention of shippers.

A letter says four men had taken out \$35,640 in three days, from a place called "Yankee Slide," on the American river. Nature had changed the course of the river at that point, and after working three weeks in removing the dirt which had thus been washed into the original bed of the river, they succeeded in finding one lump of pure gold weighing 282 ounces.

The theatres and other places of amusement are open on Sunday evenings, as we see by the advertisements in the newspapers of that city.

Mechanics' wages were \$10 per day at San Francisco, with a prospect of six months' employment in building.

The Spirit of Missions states that in 1830 there were but 20 congregations, 23 clergymen, and one bishop in the Episcopal Church in all the States of Georgia, Tennessee, Indiana, Florida, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri and Arkansas; now there are in the same States, 12 bishops, 225 clergymen and 264 parishes; so that while the population has increased not two-fold, the number of laborers has increased more than ten-fold.

VERDICT FOR DAMAGES.—In the Supreme Judicial Court, at Cambridge, before Judge Bigelow, the case of Eliphalet Wheeler vs. inhabitants of Framingham, a verdict of damages was rendered for the plaintiff in the sum of \$300. It was for the value of a horse that was injured by the alteration of the highway across the Worcester Railroad in Framingham. C. R. Train, of Cambridge, for plaintiff, B. F. Butler, of Lowell, for defendant.

MERITED TESTIMONIAL.—A silver pitcher, two goblets and salver, are in course of preparation at Mobile, to be presented to Wm. S. Smith, Secretary of the British Consul, in Havana, in consideration of his kind and humane attention to the prisoners taken with Lopez, while they were in prison in Havana. The Boston Times asks what ought to be given to the American Consul.

Commodore Charles Skinner, of the Bureau of construction at Washington, is now on a visit to the Charleston navy yard, executing the duties of his office, inspecting the shipping, &c. On his arrival at the yard, Saturday, he was received with the customary honors.

MECHANICS AND LABORERS DISCHARGED.—On Saturday, at the close of the half term at the navy yard, fifty-one men—masons, carpenters and their laborers—were discharged, work being on the decrease.

A whale was taken off Bridgiampton, L. I., one day last week; and on the following day another whale was captured off Southampton. They yielded about thirty barrels of oil each.

DEATH OF JUDGE COLE.—The Portland Advertiser announces the death of Judge Cole, of the United States District Court. He died in Paris, Me., on the 12th inst.

In Waltham, on Sunday last, Francis Stearns, aged 16, son of Nathaniel Stearns, was accidentally shot and killed by a lad named Manson, with whom he was gunning.

John P. Holland, of New Hampshire, aged 21, was murdered on the 14th September on the Coquille river in Oregon. Two only of a party of ten escaped.

Snow fell at Buffalo, Saturday last.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

Arrivals from Europe, bring us intelligence of the reception of Kossuth in London, with speeches from prominent men. They all show progress in liberal sentiments, to meet the views of the masses. Kossuth has declared himself a republican. The President of France has sent in his Message; he is for universal suffrage. The state of matters in France looks precarious.

Money in England is abundant and easy. Ex. Secretary Walker, made a great speech at the Kossuth dinner, in Southampton. When all the manifestations will end, remains to be seen; they will leave strong impressions somewhere.

The stable of Dr. Charles Jewett, the distinguished temperance lecturer, was entered in Millbury on Wednesday evening, and robbed of a horse valued at about one hundred dollars. The thief who would rob a faithful temperance lecturer is too great a villain to be about. The Doctor offers a reward of \$25 for the recovery of the property or the detection of the thief.

THE HUNGARIANS.—At the invitation of Alderman Franklin, on behalf of New York city, the Hungarian refugees have left the steamer Mississippi and have taken up their abode at the Irving House, where they will await the arrival of Kossuth.

The Washington writer for the N. Y. Journal of Commerce says there have been no negotiations whatever between Mr. Webster and the Spanish minister, concerning the release of the Cuban prisoners. Spain herself proposed their release; and the matter of reparation to the Spanish consul at New Orleans has been satisfactorily adjusted.

Franklin Sawyer, Jr., one of the editors of the Christian Watchman and Reflector, and also a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, died at Cambridge on Tuesday last. He was about forty-one years of age. He was an excellent private citizen, and a valuable public officer.

GALE.—A northeast storm commenced on Thursday night, and continued through Friday with great violence. The wharves and streets in Boston suffered much damage by overflowing. We fear the shipping at sea has suffered also. The gale was very heavy here, but we have not heard of any damage.

The Mormons are again creating trouble. Governor Young has abused the government officer, and they have left their city. The Mormons are a singular people.

The person who leased the right to sell refreshments in the Crystal Palace, is said to have realized the snug little bit of pocket money, of \$500,000 by the operation.

'Fellow citizens' said a stump orator, 'we have the best country in the world, and the best government. No people in the world enjoy more privileges than we do. Here we have liberty of speech, and liberty of press, without onerous despotism. What, fellow citizens? Do you want anything more, my countrymen?'

'Yes sir— I want to suck out of that flask sticking out of your coat pocket' bawled a loafer.

THE DROPPINGS.—A speculator offers \$25,000 for the right to pick up such lost articles as fall through the crevices of the floor in the Crystal Palace. The planks, it will be recollected, were left with a space between them.

A PLEASANT FACT.—More Bibles have been sold in Hungary, within the last two years, since the revolution, than for any time during the previous twenty years, notwithstanding the mass of the people are so nearly beggared by the losses of the revolution, and Austrian extortion.—*Congregationalist.*

Railroad accidents have become so numerous that we cannot keep up with them.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Woburn Lyceum. The next Lecture before the Lyceum will be given on TUESDAY EVENING, Nov. 25th, at the UNITARIAN CHURCH, by REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON. Lecture commences at 7 1/2 o'clock.

Public Lectures. RALPH WALDO EMERSON will read a series of Six Lectures on the conduct of life, comprising the topics of Fate, Power, Wealth, Economy, Culture and Work, on successive THURSDAY evenings, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the Unitarian Church, commencing Dec. 4th, 1851. Tickets for the Course, to admit a gentleman and lady, are for sale at most of the public places in town. Price, one dollar each. Woburn, Nov. 22, 1851.

W. M. P. An adjourned meeting of the WOBURN MECHANIC PHALANX, will be held at their Armory, THIS (Saturday) EVENING, Nov. 23d, at 8 o'clock.

N. E. P. Union. The members of the 31st Division, N. E. P. U., are hereby notified that their monthly meeting takes place on TUESDAY EVENING next, Dec. 2d, to make choice of officers. All interested are requested to be present. THEO. S. RICHARDSON, Rec. Sec. Woburn, Nov. 22, 1851.

Warren Academy. The Winter term will commence on THURSDAY, Dec. 4th, Woburn, Nov. 22, 1851.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, 19th inst., by Rev. Hollis Kendall, Mr. John Firth to Miss Melinda Teal.

In Chelmsford, Dr. James M. Thresher, of Melrose, to Miss Nancy Maria Adams of C.

In Lowell, Mr. Frank E. Thistle to Miss Adeline N. Colburn.

DEATHS.

In this town, 18th inst., Mrs. Mary Flagg, 43. In New York Corner, Ellen W., wife of James A. Phelps, aged 25. In Danvers, Capt. Johnson, Proctor, one of the last surviving patriots of revolutionary memory in that town, 66. In Ipswich, Maj. Josiah Giddings, 53.

ASSIGNMENT OF SCHOLARS.

To the several Primary Schools in District No. 1. The committee appointed by the District to fix the boundaries of the Western Primary School, (the new school west of the Canal), and to equalize the number of scholars in the several Primary Schools in District No. 1, have decided upon the following assignment of the District: The North Primary School will include the same streets as heretofore, viz.—Main street, from Jacob Brackett's house to the line of District No. 2, and all the streets leading out of it, that are within the limits of District No. 1. The South Primary School will include Canal street, Warren street, the streets connecting Warren street with Canal street, Summer street, Wyer's Court, Main street from the Capt. Edgell house below the railroad depot, to Winchester line, Pond street, and the street leading from along the south end of Horn Pond, and the streets upon the hill near Joshua E. Littlefield's.

The Eastern Middle Primary School will include Main street from the Capt. Edgell house below the depot, John Fowle's corner inclusive, Railroad street, and all the streets leading from it belonging to District No. 1, Walnut street, Oakley street, Union street, Salem street, First street, and Second street.

The Western Middle Primary School will include Pleasant street on the east side of the Canal, Court street, Bennett street, the street leading from Pleasant street by the house of Albert Thompson, Main street from Widow Ruth's house to Jacob Brackett's house inclusive, Park street, the street leading from Park street and the new row by the house of Edwin Pierce to Franklin street, Hovey street, Spring street, Franklin St., and Franklin avenue.

The Western Primary School will include Pleasant street on the west side of the Canal, and all the streets and parts of streets leading out of it that are within the limits of District No. 1. It is the meaning of the committee, that the scholars on both sides of each street shall attend the school to which the street is assigned. By the foregoing arrangement, there will be sufficient to pay the TAXES assessed upon each side of each street, and about sixty in each of the other Primary Schools.

COMMISSIONERS. JOHN CLAMPNEY, JOHN FLANDERS, STEPHEN DOW, TRUMAN RICKARD, } COMMITTEE.

Notice to Teachers. The Teachers of the several Primary Schools in District No. 1, are hereby directed to send all scholars to the schools to which they are sufficient to pay the TAXES assessed upon the District by the above named committee. nov 22 3w WALTER WYMAN, Prud. Com.

COLLECTOR'S SALE FOR TAXES. WILLIAM LADD at Public Auction, Monday, the 1st day of December, next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Town Hall, in Woburn, so much of the Real Estate (situated in said Woburn) belonging to the following residents of said town, as shall be sufficient to pay the TAXES assessed thereon for the year 1851, and all legal costs and charges. Said residents, real estate, and taxes, are as follows, viz:—

JOHN ANDREWS.—About two-thirds of an acre of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Warren St., and bounded northeasterly by said street, southeasterly by land of John Robinson, southeasterly by land of John Murray, and northeasterly by lands of B. H. Kimball, James Marston, and Asa S. Kendall. } Town and County Taxes, \$14.15. School Dist. Tax, \$2.02.

SAMUEL W. RUSSELL.—About five and one-fourth acres of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Railroad street, and bounded northeasterly by said street, northeasterly by land of Sewall Flagg, southeasterly by land of Sylvanus Wood, and by a lane, and southeasterly by said lane. } Town and County Taxes, \$16.48. School Dist. Tax, \$3.94.

THOMAS MCKENNY.—About one-eighth of an acre of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the "Old Farm," so called, East Woburn, and bounded southeasterly by land of Robert Russell and Robert Bradley, northeasterly and northerly by land of David Wright, 2d, and easterly by a street. } County and Town Taxes, \$24.11. School Dist. Tax, \$1.57.

EDWARD SIMONDS.—Collector of Taxes for Woburn. Woburn, Nov. 8, 1851.

J. W. HAMMOND. RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, that he has taken a store in Fowle's Block, where he would solicit a share of public patronage. His stock of Goods includes every variety of Groceries, Dry Goods, &c. viz:—Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, English Petersham, Tweed, Canada Gray, &c.; Frocks and Dress Coats of a superior quality; Under Shirts and Business Coats, of all kinds and prices; Furnishings, of Black and Fancy Broadcloth, Broadcloth, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Canada Gray and Satinets; Vests—Black Satin, Fancy Silk, Broadcloth, and Cashmere; Ladies' Furnishings, of every description.

Consisting of Plain and Corded Shirts, Drawers, Undershirts, Collars, Bosoms, Plain and Fancy Cravats, Black Satin Stocks, Cashmerettes and Lined Gloves, Buck Mitts and Gloves, Umbrellas, &c. &c., which will be sold at a small advance from wholesale prices. nov 22 1f

SHERIFF'S SALE. MIDDLESEX, ss. Nov. 13, 1851. TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold at Public Auction, on Monday, the fifteenth day of December next, at 9 o'clock A. M., at the dwelling house of the subscriber in Woburn, in said county, all the right in equity, and all the right, title and interest that JAMES L. RICHARDSON had on the 7th day of July 1851, or in a certain Real Estate, situated in Charlestown, in said county, on Elm Court, so called, being the place where the said Richardson now lives, and the same that is described in a mortgage deed from Lorenzo Richardson and Mary Ann Richardson to John Richardson, recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book 25, folio 135.

WANTED. JOURNEYMEN and Binders, at the Shoe Manufacturing business, in which most wages are paid. Constant employment will be given. Good work will be required. Apply to the subscriber, over Fowle's Block, Woburn. nov 22 1f W. M. T. CHOATE.

WANTED. TWO faithful CARRIERS, to circulate the Journal in this town. Apply at this office. nov 1

CARPETINGS. Wool, cotton and wool, and cotton Carpets, at WOODBERRY'S. nov 22 1f

WIRE CORN POPPERS.—and the corn to pop, for sale by THEO. LADD. nov 22 1f

BLANKETS.—a superior article, at low prices, at W. WOODBERRY'S. nov 22 1f

WOOLEN YARN.—a large assortment, at W. WOODBERRY'S. nov 22 1f

COAL HOODS. Coal Seives, Shovels and Pokers, for sale at the Hardware and Store store of THEO. LADD. nov 18 1f

COMFORTERS, suitable for Hoods, just received at FLAGG'S Dry Goods store. nov 8 1f

SHOE BILLS, in large or small quantities, for sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE. nov 8 1f

TWILLED PRINTS, new styles, at FLAGG'S Dry Goods store. nov 8 1f

WIRE RAT TRAPS,—a sure catch, —for sale, at THEO. LADD. nov 18 1f

PARKER & WHITE'S HAY CUTTERS, for sale by THOMPSON & THID, No. 3 Wade's Buildings. nov 18 1f

OVERCOATS, and other garments, may be found in great variety, at Nos. 1 and 2 Wade's Buildings. nov 15 1f

SKATES. A splendid assortment of American and German Skates, just received at THEO. LADD'S. nov 18 1f

PORTER MONIES, inlaid with silver, and other patterns, for sale by E. COOPER & SON, Druggists, Wade's Buildings. nov 18 1f

PAINTED RUGS.—just the article to put under stoves, nov 1 1f

CASH PAID FOR OLD LEAD, at the Hardware and Store store, Knight's Building, by THEO. LADD. nov 8 1f

WOBURN LYCEUM.

THE Executive Committee of the LYCEUM would respectfully announce, that they have made arrangements for a Course of Lectures, to be given in the Vestry of Rev. Mr. Edwards's Church, commencing on TUESDAY EVENING, Nov. 18th.

The Lecturers already engaged are Rev. J. CHICKERING, Dr. O. W. HOLMES, EDWIN P. WHEELER, Esq., Dr. J. V. C. SMITH, Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON, Rev. A. S. TRAIN, F. T. RUSSELL, Esq., DANIEL KIMBALL, Esq., and Rev. A. L. STONE.

Negotiations are in progress to secure Geo. Briggs and other eminent gentlemen for the remainder of the course. Season Tickets have been issued at 50 cents each, which may be found on sale at G. W. Fowle's, and the stores generally.

Single tickets at 12 1/2 cents, may be had at the door on the evenings of the Lectures.

OMNIBUS LINE. THE subscribers having purchased the line of J. B. Davis, will continue to run to North Woburn, and about town, and they hope for a continuance of patronage. S. YOUNG & CO. nov 22 1f

T. J. PORTER, Woburn & Boston Express, nov 22 1f

WILLIAM WINN, JR., LICENSED AUCTIONEER, BURLINGTON, MASS. nov 18 1f

WOBURN AND BOSTON RAILROAD EXPRESS. nov 25 1f

TRUEMAN, SLEATER & Co., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, FOSTER'S WHARF, BOSTON. nov 15 1f

E. COOPER & SON, Dealers in—Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods, Chemicals, Perfumery, Dye Stuffs. nov 15 1f

TAYLOR & SANDERSON, WINCHESTER & BOSTON EXPRESS. nov 18 1f

T. A. & H. G. CHAPMAN, DEALERS IN EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS, 6 Hanover Street, 3 Doors North of Court Street, BOSTON. nov 8 1f

COLE & ORDWAY, PAINTERS AND GLAZIERS. nov 18 1f

N. WYMAN, JR., DEALER IN FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, No. 8 Wade's Buildings, WOBURN. nov 18 1f

CUTTER & OTIS, PAINTERS, GLAZIERS, AND PAPER HANGERS. nov 18 1f

WILLIAM SIMONDS, Manufacturer and Dealer in BUREAUS AND SECRETARIES, nov 18 1f

BENJ. F. WYER & Co., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Hats, Caps, &c. nov 18 1f

RICHARDSON & COLLAMORE, DOOR, SASH AND BLIND MAKERS, nov 18 1f

CALVIN A. WYMAN, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, WOBURN, MASS. nov 18 1f

ALBERT THOMPSON, DEPUTY SHERIFF. nov 18 1f

FISK & CUSHING, MERCHANT TAILORS, nov 18 1f

JOHN HAMMOND, REAL ESTATE BROKER, nov 18 1f

LEYS & FAIRBANKS, STATIONERS, nov 18 1f

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS, nov 18 1f

REMOVAL. nov 18 1f

QUADRILLE BAND. nov 18 1f

REMOVAL. nov 18 1f

REMOVAL. nov 18 1f

REMOVAL. nov 18 1f

REMOVAL. nov 18 1f

REMOVAL. nov 18 1f

REMOVAL. nov 18 1f

REMOVAL. nov 18 1f

REMOVAL. nov 18 1f

REMOVAL. nov 18 1f

REMOVAL. nov 18 1f

REMOVAL. nov 18 1f

J. CLOUGH, M. D., SURGEON DENTIST.

No. 9 TREMONT TEMPLE, OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON.

EXTRACT FROM THE BOSTON COURIER.

"DENTISTRY—This is decidedly a day of advancement in this art. Having had somewhat to do with this branch of medicine and surgery, chiefly in a year's practice myself, and also in operations on my own person, the object of this notice is to call attention to J. Clough, M. D., of this city. We have known him for years as a faithful and scientific dentist. It is well to observe, that no work is more susceptible of slight than dentistry, especially that most difficult and important part of it, filling teeth. In this, the Doctor excels. His practice, too, is commensurate with his merits and the length of his experience. He knows how to work, and he has the faithfulness to apply that knowledge to practice. It is not by puffery and fulsome advertising that he has raised himself to the dignified station he occupies among his acquaintances, but by skill and thoroughness, and constant attention to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of his profession, in the manufacturing of the mineral teeth. But we would chiefly call attention to his method of filling teeth, which we guarantee, is with the utmost thoroughness and success, and also to his plate work. We have seen whole sets from him, of equal faithfulness, strength and finish. But best we should make this notice long, we have called for nothing of his establishment, at No. 9, Tremont Temple." oct 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL, CHAPMAN PLACE, SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. nov 18 1f

WOBURN JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE,
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, BY
FOWLE & BROTHER.
JOHN A. FOWLE, EDITOR.
TERMS.—\$1.50 per year, payable always
in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.
Communications should be prepaid.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor-
ing towns, solicited.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I. WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1851. NO. 7.

JOB PRINTING.
OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS,
Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blankets, Cal-
culation, Pamphlets, Shop Bills,
Shoe Bills, Notices, &c.,
PROMPTLY AND TASTEFULLY EXECUTED AT THE
JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE,
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.
The office has been furnished with new type through-
out, and we are prepared to execute all orders for Print-
ing in the best manner and at short notice.
Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superior
style, at reasonable rates.

ORIGINAL TALE.

Written for the Woburn Journal.

MARY LESTER; —OR— LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

BY MRS. A. M. E. OF NEW YORK.

CHAPTER I.

"No! I'll never marry: men are jealous, exacting, cruel creatures, and I would sooner spend my life in a convent, away from every dear friend that I have, than to promise honor and obedience to a husband, while I am certain that I could never love one. They may say what they please, Addie, about Frank Phillips' worth; he is a vain, selfish and unreasonable man, and rather than become his wife I would part with my mother, and with you, dear, and everything on earth."

"And is it because you do not love Frank Phillips, dear Mary, that you are so bitter against all his sex? He and myself have been almost your only companions from childhood, and you have chosen to lavish all your affection upon me, and bestowed upon poor Frank nothing but unchanging dislike. You did not agree as children, and now that you have arrived at more mature years, and he chooses to love you and marry you, you disagree still. But there are those in the world to suit you, Mary, and you will, one of these days, be as much in love with one of these hard-hearted beings, as you call them, as Frank Phillips seems to be with your own sweet self."

"No never, but to love only as Frank Phillips loves, would be no great change from my present feelings, and I should pity the man indeed who could obtain no more. There is no great harm, as I see, in being called an old maid; for my part I think them an excellent class of people, and should have no objections to being one of the number. What say you, Addie?"

"That I should; my heart finds too much pleasure in loving, to wish for single blessedness, and Mary Lester is as unlikely to be among that solitary class of individuals as myself. If she is not married within the space of two years, and to a man whom, if I should call selfish, cruel, or even unreasonable, she would take every pains to place before me, as one of the best and noblest of beings, that heart of her's will not be the heart it is now, full of affection and truth."

"Oh, yes, if he were void of every good quality in her own opinion, it would be a wife's ambition that the world should see but virtues and goodness in her husband's character, and to one whom I love as I love you, dear Addie, I should wish my husband to be perfection itself. I would not have your kind heart pained by the thought, that I had ought to make me unhappy which you had not the power to alleviate. But you may rest assured that your friend loves liberty too well to resign it in such a cause, and be careful, my dear, that you do not sigh some day to be free yourself. Mr. Welton, I doubt not, loves you now sincerely, and your trustful heart has faith in his promises of continued love. May you not be disappointed, and may your hopes of happiness be as fully realized in a married life as mine may be, I trust, in the life that I have chosen."

At this moment a servant entered and said that there was a stranger in the parlor who had asked for Mrs. Lester, and on being told that she was absent, asked to see some other member of the family. She could not tell his name, or where he came from, only that he was the "sweetest looking gentleman that she ever put her eyes upon."

"Upon your recommendation, Peggie, I will wait upon him. Tell him Mrs. Lester's daughter, —don't say Miss Mary,—will see him in a few minutes."

"I wonder what stranger has found his way to this little village of ours. I know of no one who would be likely to come from a distance at this time, to visit us. He must be a book pedlar or something of the sort, or when he was told that ma was out, he would have gone away."

Mary had caught up the stray curls that had fallen over her neck and shoulders, and after a few vain attempts to confine them with her comb again, she descended to the parlor.

Mary had been educated at a boarding school in a secluded part of one of the Middle States, and in her own little cottage home she had lived almost as secluded as at school. She had seen but little of the world, and her opinion of mankind was gained almost entirely from books; there she had received her prejudices in regard to matrimony. Her father had been dead since her infancy, and Frank Phillips had been the only gentleman that she had ever intimately known. Mr. Welton she saw frequently with her cousin Addie Herford, but the thought of his wishing to take so valuable a friend from her society, convinced her still more strongly of the selfishness of his sex, and though he was really a noble and excellent young man, and loved her cousin dearly, she could see nothing about him to please.

Frank Phillips was not one that Mary might love. He was vain of his own abilities,

and Mary never did anything in which he did not see something to disapprove; and yet he loved her and anxiously sought to gain her hand. Mrs. Lester would have consented to Mary's marriage, for she felt that life was uncertain, and should she be taken away, her daughter would be left without a friend. She felt that Frank Phillips was unworthy of Mary, but she knew of no one else in whom she could put greater trust, and to see them united, was one of the dearest wishes of her heart; but she would not urge it, for she knew that upon such a subject she had no right to speak in opposition to a daughter's wish.

Would that all parents would leave their daughters unguided thus in that which so deeply concerns themselves alone. It is a mother's duty to advise, but beyond this she should not go.

But I must not forget that Mary stands at the parlor door and the stranger is waiting her entrance.

CHAPTER II.

"Your wish was to see my mother, I believe, sir; may I know your errand?"

The stranger approached, and taking her hand respectfully, said,—"I am happy to meet with Miss Lester. I have not the pleasure of your mother's acquaintance, but I have presumed—a stranger—to call at her house. My name is Norton, and as I propose to remain in your village for some time, I feel it my duty as well as my pleasure, to make friends with some of its inhabitants. The little church at the end of the lane is given to my charge, and hearing of your mother's interest in the late pastor, I have hoped, though less worthy, to find a friend in her myself. I feel that I am alone indeed, but my duty is to forward and aid the cause of religion, and in this I trust I shall be content."

"For such a reason, if for no other, I doubt not but that you will find a warm friend in my mother. She has been untiring in her efforts to promote Christianity, and through the suggestions of our late beloved pastor, has been the means, we trust of doing much good. She does not know of your arrival, sir, or she would have before this sought an opportunity of giving you a welcome."

Mary had always been taught to reverence religion and piety; wherever she saw it, it called forth her admiration and respect. She had never before seen it so sincerely exemplified in the character of one so young, and had she turned to her own heart for a moment, she would have found an interest there awakened that she had never felt before.

She conversed freely with the stranger, and when he arose to depart, she expressed the wish that he would call again when he might find her mother at home. A gleam of pleasure passed over Mr. Norton's countenance at this remark, which proved that he would not be unwilling to accept her invitation; and hoping, he said, to have the opportunity of calling to see her mother and herself soon again, he bade her good afternoon and left the house.

Mary returned to her cousin again, but with feelings she had never experienced before. The dark blue, penetrating eyes of Mr. Norton seemed gazing as fixedly upon her as when he was standing before her, and his deep musical voice was still sounding in her ears. Could she feel that her mind was as calm and unagitated as it had been an hour before? Could she feel now that strong prejudice against his sex when his heart told her there was so much of excellence in him? She could not, weak though it might seem, and she paused a moment at the door of her chamber to recover her usual quietness.

"If this young gentleman was a stranger to you, I should judge, from his lengthened stay, that he was much less of a stranger now. Pray tell me, Mary, what have you been talking about all this time?"

"Oh, of everything, nearly, that is, relating to our village. This gentleman is to succeed our late pastor, and he is calling round upon his people: excepting by mother he has been invited to do so, and not having seen her, he ventured to call, hearing of her interest in ministers, upon the recommendation that his profession would give."

"And should he prove very agreeable, I should not be surprised if the daughter's interest soon surpassed the mother's."

"Oh, Addie, you know that I have not half so much goodness as mother."

"I never saw a want of it in your character, my dear, and you are too good to refuse even your heart, let alone your interest, when you have found the man who deserves such a prize."

CHAPTER III.

Summer passed, and Addie Herford became Mrs. Welton. Sad was her separation from her aunt and cousin, for she had received from them a mother's and a sister's love. She had known happy days at the cottage, and she could not leave it, even for the beautiful home that she was going to, without many sad feelings. But Addie was happy in her husband's love; though friends and home were dear, she was more than all else to her. Mary felt the loss more keenly, for next to her mother, she was the only friend that she had ever fully trusted. To be sure, she was not so far away that she should not ever see her again,—they

were likely to meet often; but Addie was married, and they would never be the same to each other that they had been.

It was at that season when nature appears in all the loveliness of Summer, and yet gives signs of approaching Autumn. Addie had been married a few weeks, and Mr. Norton, now a frequent visitor at the cottage, entered Mrs. Lester's parlor. Mrs. Lester was seated alone at her window, in admiration of the scene before her. Not a leaf stirred, nor a sound disturbed the stillness. The feeble rays of the moon blended with the departing light of day, and tinged every object without with unusual beauty.

"You seem to enjoy this beautiful evening; perhaps I am unkind to interrupt you."

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Norton; you are very welcome. I do enjoy such a scene as this, but the air is rather chilly for me, and I should have turned away from the window before."

"Is your daughter indisposed this evening, that she is not here to keep you company?"

"No; she left a short time ago for a walk, and has not returned yet. It is quite time, too, for she does not usually stay out so late as this."

"With your permission I will go to meet her. It may be that she will be tempted to linger for some time."

"I thank you, Mr. Norton. Mary would enjoy her walk home much more for having company; but I do not know that you will be able to find her; she is at the brook, I think."

"I will go there first, then, and should we not return immediately, do not suppose that my search is in vain. Good evening till I see you again."

Not far from the cottage, a clear little stream wound its way through a beautiful grove of elms, and thither amid the fragrance of honeysuckle and woodbine, Mary wandered. Assured of no interruption, she seated herself upon a mossy bank, that rose a few feet above the murmuring water, and gave herself up to reflection. The heavenly beauty of the scene around her inspired her with holy thought, and she looked upon the Creator of all with greater reverence and love than she ever felt before. Why was human nature so sinful, she thought, when God was so gracious and good? How could man pursue such ways of wickedness, when everything in nature proved the existence of a great, and perfect, and mighty Being; one to whom our best thoughts are but shadows of goodness, but who will reward even the feeblest efforts to serve him. What love he had ever manifested for the world, and how ill, she thought she had repaid him, and she prayed that she might be enabled to serve him better. The chirp of a bird in the tree above her, the favorite songster of her childhood, disturbed this train of thought, and her mind wandered back to the past, and traced scene after scene to the present. She thought of her cousin, and the happy hours they had passed together, of Frank Phillips' apparent love for her, and his sad departure to England, and then her mind dwelt upon one who had of late been no stranger to her thoughts. Why should I so often think of him? Why is the name of Edward Norton so dear to me? It cannot be that I love him,—no, and I am happy, and only really happy, when he is near. But it must be love, and mother will wonder why I stay so. Oh, you witching moon, why did you emerge from that dark cloud that hid your splendor? I could have left with less regret this little murmuring stream, if you had not silvered it o'er again.

She started at the sound of approaching footsteps, and before she had time to arise from her lovely seat, Edward Norton was by her side. He paused for a moment without speaking, for never had beauty so charmed him.

The moon shone full upon Mary's face, and that face, illumined by thought and feeling, was never lovelier.

"I did not expect you to find your way to this lonely spot, Mr. Norton. I fancied myself to be his only visitor."

"A sufficient reason why I should seek it out, and it was because I expected to find you, that I came here to-night. Your mother gave me permission to look for you."

"My mother must have been expecting me; I will return with you immediately."

"Do not hurry me away from a scene that you have been enjoying so long. I asked your mother to feel no anxiety about your return. You have indeed chosen a lovely spot for your favorite, and where, I trust, I am not considered an intruder."

"Not at all, Mr. Norton; but it is growing late, and it would not be well, perhaps, to be exposed longer to the night air."

"Is it because of my coming, Miss Lester, that you would leave, or do you really fear the dampness of the night?"

"Oh, no, I am too well accustomed to it, but on your own account, Mr. Norton," said Mary with a smile.

"To suffer a transient loss of health, were it possible, by staying, would be no greater loss than to go and be deprived of your society on so beautiful an evening."

"This is indeed beautiful, it seems as if I had discovered the brightest spot on earth," said he, kneeling before her, "and found the brightest being its inhabitant. Tell me, Mary, that this may prove the happiest hour of my life."

Say that you love me. I have looked upon your face, and thought how vain were all earthly comforts without your love, and I have watched, oh, how earnestly watched, for a return of my ardent feelings; dearest Mary, speak to me."

Mary was overcome. She could not speak, and she threw her head upon his shoulder and burst into tears. Mary's prejudices were overpowered, and she loved.

Now should you visit the village of N—, and inquire for the minister of the parish, you would be directed to the cottage; and no where could you find three happier persons, than its inmates, Mrs. Lester, and Edward and Mary Norton.

Mr. and Mrs. Welton find it pleasant to visit the cottage often, and Frank Phillips and his pretty English bride are among Mary's friends. The question is frequently argued among them, as to which of the three marriages is happiest. Though none but Edward will agree with her, Mary contends that it is her's.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

MUSIC AND LOVE.

"There was a youth, who, as with toil and travel, Had grown quite weak and gray before his time; Nor any could the restless grief unravel. Which burned within him, withering up his prime And gilding him like fends from land to land." [SHILLER.]

Shade of Orpheus! Shade of Apollo! Oh, all ye musical shades, bend on your crotchets and lutes! Shake your fiddle-bows, ye living Paganinis, and draw one strain, 'affettuoso,' for the mournful fate of a humble votary.

On the borders of the Connecticut river, winding like a chain of silver, through hill and valley, there stood many years since closely embowered in a grove of maples, the long, low, wooden dwelling of Nehemiah Abimelech Smith. Nehemiah was the owner of a large well-cultivated farm, stocked with countless herds of sheep and oxen, cows, pigs and poultry,—of a thrifty, prudent, cheese and butter wife of two rosy-cheeked, industrious daughters, and of Nehemiah Abimelech Smith, Jr., his infant, he quavered more than any child of his age—his voice might be heard, 'prestissimo,' to the very boundary of the three hundred acres, de-capoing, also, the airs from Squall-lint. With hulkys and shakings, did his mother strive to hush his notes, and his sisters could toss him and bounce him, till he was blue as an indigo-bag, but to no purpose—the little hero could never be made to understand when to 'rest.' At school, he was distinguished for his peculiar vocal notes, and for the zeal with which he chanted, rather than said his catechism, and other rudiments, as Copagus has it. Not a day passed but he was summoned to pass the terrible frown of the schoolmaster Birchwright, to render an account for diverse whistlings and turning up of jews-harps, even during those hours when 'ideas' were taught 'to shoot'; and often was poor Abimelech made to compose his own notes, to the lines marked by a 'cat-o'-nine tails,' of all cats the most touchingly musical. As he grew older, matters became still worse; he went round the house a walking hand-organ, winding himself up continually—never satisfied himself to run down—if his mother placed him at the churn, the butter never came, for he always sang 'Old Hundred,' keeping time with the dasher—a process rather too slow for effect—and if father sent him into the field to plant corn or sow rye, it was all done to music. There were minims dots, crotchets and quavers; here a long rest, and there a whole line of demi-semi-quavers. When the toils of the day were ended, he would seat himself on the bank of the river, where, seating himself beneath the whispering-branches of a large sycamore, he would discourse most eloquent music upon the jews-harp, or throwing himself upon the soft grass, listen with delighted ear to the sweet warble of the robin, and the soothing ripple of the river, as it rolled gently upon one who had of late been no stranger to her thoughts. Why should I so often think of him? Why is the name of Edward Norton so dear to me? It cannot be that I love him,—no, and I am happy, and only really happy, when he is near. But it must be love, and mother will wonder why I stay so. Oh, you witching moon, why did you emerge from that dark cloud that hid your splendor? I could have left with less regret this little murmuring stream, if you had not silvered it o'er again.

That night Abimelech was convicted of having seen a ghost!

From this eventful evening a 'change came over the spirit of his dream.' Cupid ensconced himself in the virgin heart of Abimelech, and there the little rascal sat, perched upon a pile of ancient ballads, delighted with the mischief he was doing—feeding on music—and every now and then beating up such a rub-a-dub, as wellnigh drove poor Abimelech distracted. Music is said to be the food of love, and here were garnered up stores—not to be sure, the dainty fare of a modern amateur, but the good substantial dishes our forefathers loved—nor were they got up in the style of a Catalina or a Malibran—but who does not sometimes prefer a plain, country dish to Delmonico's best? The business of the farm was now almost entirely neglected—the sheep died from starvation, the cattle from over-feeding. No wonder the old folks thought Abimelech bewitched! Even his fiddle was suffered to lay moulder, except occasionally, when he would strive to catch a note of the strains which had so entranced him; but, as surely as he did so, the image of Floranthe appeared at his elbow, and Cubid would jump astride the fiddle-bow.

Now, Abimelech was one of the most bashful, shame-faced youths yet on record—he was never known to look at a pretty girl, much less speak to one; it is true he belonged to a village singing-school, but was he ever known to ask a maiden for her company home. In those days there was no organ in that primitive little village—for the good people all perfectly agreed with the worthy Deacon Longface, who observed, after a visit to the city of Hartford, that it was sinful even to enter a meeting-house, where the sacred services of the Sabbath were so profaned as to have a golden organ!

Floranthe Montagu was one morning busy in her little garden, among her roses and violets, when she was told some one in the house wished to see her—throwing off her little gingham sun-bonnet, and tossing back her ringlets, she entered the parlor. In the centre of the room stood Abimelech! He was clad in a suit of stuff-colored homespun, fresh from the loom, which had been lately carried off by a doctor; while, by dint of scrubbing to remove the farm-yard tan, he had brought his face to resemble in appearance, one of those shining red globes, seen in an apothecary's window. His hands were gloveless, not colourless, and tightly embraced the broad-brimmed, white-felt hat. Floranthe, to her knowledge, had never seen him before—she bowed, with difficulty restraining a smile at the grotesque appearance of the stranger, and requested him to be seated. But he moved not—three he opened his mouth and strove to speak; but the words remained fixed in his throat, and the only sounds he uttered were like those of a frog with the hooping-cough.

At length, however, after ten minutes of the greatest agony on the part of Abimelech from extreme fright, and of much self-commiseration on the part of Floranthe, to keep her little mouth in order, he succeeded in making known the object of his visit, which was to hear 'Miss Montagu play a tune on the piano.' With the sweetest grace and most obliging manner, Floranthe immediately seated herself, and selecting one of her favorite pieces, played it with much taste and skill. Again and again

ing in Abimelech's ear, that the squire's daughter had just returned from a fashionable city boarding-school, and not only could warble more sweetly than his favorite robin, but could also draw the most wonderful, thrilling, heavenly sounds, from something hitherto unknown in the quiet little village of S—, namely, a piano. How did the heart of Abimelech bound and caper at this intelligence! So great was his desire and impatience to hear this all-wonderful something, which was to surpass all the finest strains upon fife, flute, or fiddle, that scarcely could he wait for the shades of evening to darken the valley, ere seizing his hat, with long and rapid strides he drew near to the little village, which lay 'nestled' at the foot of Sugar-loaf Mountain, about a mile from the scene of his labors. Entering the village, he glided stealthily up the long avenue which led to the dwelling of Mr. or Squire Montagu, and placing himself in the dark shadow of an elm, whose luxuriant branches drooped gracefully over one end of the house, he there awaited motionless, almost breathless, for the 'evidence of things.' Hour after hour, did poor Abimelech stand gazing with wistful eyes, and expanded ears, upon the window from which he expected the sounds to issue. At length, the figure of a young girl approached the window—the rays of the moon fell upon a bright, happy face—leaning from the casement, she began singing a lively little air, and at the same time, plucking the leaves from the very elm which protected her. Oh! what a situation for Nehemiah Smith, Jr! Half an hour, (which to Abimelech seemed an eternity in purgatory), was spent by the maiden in gazing upon the moon, warbling snatches of songs, and twisting her dark ringlets around her little fingers—lest length she turned from the window, tripped across the room, and approached the piano—opening it, the long row of polished ivory gleamed upon his astonished vision—she sat down and ran her fingers lightly over the keys—Abimelech almost shouted with delight—and then commenced a beautiful overture. It would have been difficult even for a more practised ear to have listened unmoved—what, then, must have been the effect upon our uncultivated eaves-dropper! The unconscious girl next accompanied the instrument with the tones of her rich voice. This was too much for Abimelech—entirely forgetting the delicacy of his situation, he approached step by step, nearer to the window; as some poor bird is drawn, little by little, into the very mouth of its fascinating destroyer—even so, was poor Abimelech drawn, head and shoulders, into the window. The moonbeams danced about him, as if enjoying the mischief they were about to disclose, and gleamed coldly but steadily down upon his round-topped, broad-brimmed, white-felt hat. The song ended—the maiden turned to the window; there was a start of surprise, and then a scream so loud and shrill as might awake the dead—it did awake Abimelech—fretting a scream, or rather shout of terror, he fled down the avenue, across the fields, nor stopped till panting and exhausted he reached the farm.

"Swit on the left, swit on the right— Sweep ye everies an' under! Heaths, meadows, fields, how swift their flight! And how the bridges thunder!"

That night Abimelech was convicted of having seen a ghost!

From this eventful evening a 'change came over the spirit of his dream.' Cupid ensconced himself in the virgin heart of Abimelech, and there the little rascal sat, perched upon a pile of ancient ballads, delighted with the mischief he was doing—feeding on music—and every now and then beating up such a rub-a-dub, as wellnigh drove poor Abimelech distracted. Music is said to be the food of love, and here were garnered up stores—not to be sure, the dainty fare of a modern amateur, but the good substantial dishes our forefathers loved—nor were they got up in the style of a Catalina or a Malibran—but who does not sometimes prefer a plain, country dish to Delmonico's best? The business of the farm was now almost entirely neglected—the sheep died from starvation, the cattle from over-feeding. No wonder the old folks thought Abimelech bewitched! Even his fiddle was suffered to lay moulder, except occasionally, when he would strive to catch a note of the strains which had so entranced him; but, as surely as he did so, the image of Floranthe appeared at his elbow, and Cubid would jump astride the fiddle-bow.

Now, Abimelech was one of the most bashful, shame-faced youths yet on record—he was never known to look at a pretty girl, much less speak to one; it is true he belonged to a village singing-school, but was he ever known to ask a maiden for her company home. In those days there was no organ in that primitive little village—for the good people all perfectly agreed with the worthy Deacon Longface, who observed, after a visit to the city of Hartford, that it was sinful even to enter a meeting-house, where the sacred services of the Sabbath were so profaned as to have a golden organ!

Floranthe Montagu was one morning busy in her little garden, among her roses and violets, when she was told some one in the house wished to see her—throwing off her little gingham sun-bonnet, and tossing back her ringlets, she entered the parlor. In the centre of the room stood Abimelech! He was clad in a suit of stuff-colored homespun, fresh from the loom, which had been lately carried off by a doctor; while, by dint of scrubbing to remove the farm-yard tan, he had brought his face to resemble in appearance, one of those shining red globes, seen in an apothecary's window. His hands were gloveless, not colourless, and tightly embraced the broad-brimmed, white-felt hat. Floranthe, to her knowledge, had never seen him before—she bowed, with difficulty restraining a smile at the grotesque appearance of the stranger, and requested him to be seated. But he moved not—three he opened his mouth and strove to speak; but the words remained fixed in his throat, and the only sounds he uttered were like those of a frog with the hooping-cough.

At length, however, after ten minutes of the greatest agony on the part of Abimelech from extreme fright, and of much self-commiseration on the part of Floranthe, to keep her little mouth in order, he succeeded in making known the object of his visit, which was to hear 'Miss Montagu play a tune on the piano.' With the sweetest grace and most obliging manner, Floranthe immediately seated herself, and selecting one of her favorite pieces, played it with much taste and skill. Again and again

she touched the keys—march, waltz, and song followed each other in rapid succession. Alas! little was she aware of the cruel snarl she was adding to the 'tangled web' of Abimelech's life! As she looked down from her sunny brow, and turning her large black eyes upon him, she would ask at the conclusion of every piece, if he liked it! To describe the feelings of our hero, (for hero he has now certainly proved himself) is impossible—the attempt would be vain. Let the imagination mount her wildest Pegasus, and paint all that is terrible, all that is beautiful, all that is most distressing, all that is most pleasing, all that is tragic, all that is comical, and some faint idea may be conceived of what was passing in the breast of Abimelech.

All scenes, whether of grief or joy, must have an end, and so had this. Abimelech returned to the farm; but, if heretofore he had taken no pleasure therein, how was it now! From morn till night did he wander hither and forth on the banks of the river, avoiding himself in some thick grove, tell to the rocks and woods his complaints. But a woful change, by degrees, took place in the appearance of Abimelech—his frame shrank to a mere Edoonian anatomy; his cheeks which once with piony did vie, were now pale as any turnip; and his eyes grew dim as farthing rush-lights, seen through the mists of a foggy evening. One day he strolled from his accustomed haunt, and took the path leading to the village—it was late in autumn, the withered leaves whirled around his path, the wind blew in mournful gusts through the naked branches of the trees; now and then the note of a solitary bird was heard, and the squirrel ran hurriedly across the path, busily closing his winter's hoard. In the most suicidal frame of mind Abimelech reached the village, and turned mechanically up the avenue, he could not see the dwelling which contained the idol of his thoughts. The street-door was open; unconsciously he entered. The parlor-door was also open, and fronting the entrance stood the piano, displaying those keys, those magical keys, with which Floranthe had doubly-locked the chains which bound him. Long and wistfully did Abimelech gaze—again, as if by fascination he was led, step by step, nearer and nearer to the instrument—he is close to it, incontinently one great hand is laid upon the keys, the touch thrills his very soul—upon the other follows, and finally dropping upon the crimson velvet seat, did Abimelech rattle and thrum the delicate ivory. The family were out, with the exception of the servants, who hearing the piano touched with more than usual violence, entered the room; but Abimelech saw them not, and to all their laughing and tittering he was perfectly unconscious. At length, a small white hand is laid upon his shoulder, a pair of laughing eyes peep up in his face, and the sweet voice of Floranthe exclaims, 'Well done, Mr. Abimelech.' Heavens what a start was there! With a look of agony, a groan of despair, did he spring from the seat, upsetting it in the violence of his emotion, rushed wildly to the door, prostrating one or two laughing hand-maidens, and fled the house. Alas, no more was seen of Nehemiah Abimelech Smith, Jr.

It was some years after this, and Floranthe Montagu became a bride. Travelling not long after through the western part of the state of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Grey stopped at the little village of Avon. They soon perceived preparations were making for some rural festivity. Cart-loads of evergreens, and wagon-loads of lads and lasses, were ever and anon driving to the inn, while the heavy tramping overboard, and mingled shouts of laughter, all betokened a scene of coming pleasure. By and by the landlord entered the nicely-sanded parlor, and after some awkward apologies, stated a ball was to be held that evening, which he hoped his guests would honor by their attendance. Simply arranging a few wild flowers in her hair, Floranthe entered the ball-room leaning on the arm of her husband, her hand was soon requested by a village beau, while Mr. Grey requested to lead off a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed lassie. The hall was prettily decorated with evergreens and flowers, while at awful intervals were arranged tallow-candles, flickering and flaring gambols upon the walls. At the top of the room was a small bower formed of evergreens, bearing in the centre a raised platform, on which with uplifted bow, waiting the summons to strike up, stood the most useful ally of Terpsichore—namely, the fiddler. Suddenly his eye became fixed upon the figure of Floranthe, as she approached to head the long country dance. She turned her face towards him—her eyes met—the hapless musician gave one groan—dropped the fiddle, and fell in a swoon from the platform buried beneath the pines and laurels, which a moment since had clustered so proudly above his head. It was Abimelech!

TO GOOD TO BE LOST.—Some wag, and he must have been a genuine one—during the recent Fair, visited several places and enquired if they would keep his horse—and such a horse! no wonder they all refused to take him—which they did; but like a kind and humane man, he was determined not to see his poor dumb brute suffer, though he missed an occasional meal himself; therefore he goes to the chairman of the Committee on horses, and asks permission to enter his nag for competition, which was granted; and thereupon paid his dollar—the fee—and his horse was comfortably in-stalled with the other celebrated horses on exhibition, and kept some four days for the dollar he had paid as entrance fee. Whether he obtained a premium or not, we have not learned; but if he did not, he certainly should, for the shrewdness he displayed in getting a place for his noble animal.

P. S.—The perpetrator of the above, of course, had a five pass to the grounds.—Capital City Fact.

["I say, Bob, what yer doing for a living now?"

"I'm in the scurbitic line—supporting myself with a crooked leg and a pair of blues."

"Well, how 've you made 'em go?"

"Only tolerable. My friends think I'd do better with a wooden arm, and I'm most tempted to try it—bless, you see, don't draw as they used to do, while the war with Mexico has given sore legs such a run, that I'm blowed if a man can pick up over one meal a day with the best one in town. Please sir, give us a cent; I'm deaf, dumb, and blind."

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 6, 1851.

AGENTS.

Boston.—Messrs. S. M. PETERSON & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

Worcester.—Dr. David YOUNG, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

Stoneham.—Mr. G. W. DIXE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

AGRICULTURE.

Our friend "J," of Winchester, gave us, a short time since, some valuable suggestions on the topic of "Agricultural Education." We hope our farming friends gave the subject some consideration, for it is one that well deserves their best attention.

It is gratifying to know that an educated farmer is rising yearly in the estimation of all the friends of Agriculture. Men of good sense and sound reasoning are beginning to perceive that the business of farming requires knowledge of the various sciences, as well as other callings; and many even go so far as to assert that no calling in life demands more general information than that of a farmer.

As we contemplate the numerous positions in which a farmer is necessarily placed, we can the more readily perceive the reasonableness of their truth by contrast. Take for instance a practical and well educated farmer,—one who understands the science of farming,—one who is well informed on the subjects of chemistry, natural philosophy, political and domestic economy, and all the many points or subjects so intimately connected with, or so often called into requisition, where farming is well conducted. Then on the other hand, take a farmer who has no interest in any of these important subjects, one who has no taste for study, for research or thought,—he who does not believe in too much education. Now contrast the results of their farming operations, and see if a powerful and practical argument cannot be drawn therefrom in favor of "Farming Education."

We should be willing to leave the argument here, and feel that enough had been said to convince all our farming friends of the importance of their taking more interest in the calling by which they gain a subsistence; but when we look farther and see what an important part of society a well educated farmer fills,—what an influential man he is,—we are constrained to urge, again and again, the attention of this subject upon the community.

Let the farmers of Middlesex form their associations, and freely discuss, from time to time, all the subjects of interest to them. Let each give his experience, as to the best method of making "old mother earth" productive,—let each profit by a brother's experience. Then soon should we see the effects of this in the increased crops, intelligence and wealth of the Farmer.

OUR APOLOGY.

Quite an excitement was created amongst the literati of our town and vicinity, last week, by the non-appearance of the "Journal" on Saturday, as usual. Owing to our inability to announce the fact in our issue the week before, we gave notice of the intentions of "all hands" in a printed document, and so the matter went.

Perhaps some will expect a long, prosy "apology" for the omission. We haven't any such to make. The fact is, it was Thanksgiving week, and the many attaches to the "Journal" were obliged, either to toil—"to labor without ceasing"—through the day and the week, or to "feast their greedy eyes" and stomachs on turkeys, plum-puddings, and all kinds of pies. Very naturally, we chose the latter alternative; and could the reader have seen the "goodies" that appeared and disappeared before us, he would require no further apology, but be satisfied, as we were "most abundantly" satisfied. And, then, the editor was out at home, and the printer was on a "biz," and the devil jumped the chair and wouldn't work. So we "didn't get the paper out."

SAD ACCIDENT AT WILMINGTON.—Last week Thursday, the 9-3-4 train from Salem, on the Salem and Lowell Railroad, ran over a horse and sleigh near the Wilmington Junction, instantly killing Mr. Wooden, of Wilmington, and his youngest child. It seems that he was taking his four children to ride on Thanksgiving day, and had got exactly on the track as the cars came along. The railroad passes through a narrow cut just before it reaches the junction, and as it crosses the county road very abruptly at this place, it is probable he did not see the cars at all. The next older child was dangerously, and the other two slightly injured.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.—Strong indications of improvement in Woburn are to be seen, in the erection of some first class houses. There is no town in the vicinity of Boston which offers so desirable lots for residences, as Woburn; and our Boston friends would do well to take a look at Academy Hill; there is no spot to compare with it for health and prospect, and if they wish to secure a family mansion in one of the most beautiful towns in New England, they must improve the time, or they will be disappointed.

"FREE PRESS."—is the title of a neat little weekly just published in Boston, devoted to the interests of the mechanics of Boston and vicinity. Published by S. T. Damon, a practical printer. It should be sustained.

For the Journal.

AN ACROSTIC.

BY MRS. MARY W. WELLMAN.

When we from labor rest,
Our hearts are cheered by thee;
Be thou our weekly guest,
Until more thy worth shall see.
Range then throughout our pleasant land,
Nor scorn the hardy yeoman's hand.
Join us, and by our fireside free,
Our leisure hours we'll spend with thee;
Unto our minds new light impart,
Remove dull care and cheer the heart.
Now unto thee much praise is due,
And much we owe the printer, too;
Let every patron, then, prove true.

NORTH WOBURN, Dec. 1851.

THE LYCEUM.

The severe snow storm on Tuesday week, caused a comparatively thin attendance upon the lecture of that evening. But those who braved the tempest were amply repaid for their pains, by the rich, intellectual and moral treat that was spread before them by Rev. Mr. Huntington. The theme of the Speaker was "Sincerity," and most truthfully and happily did he illustrate and enforce this cardinal virtue. There are but few of our public speakers that combine in a more vigorous and healthy manner, intellectual and moral traits of character. The tone and sentiment of his addresses are always sound and practical—his language is strong—his sentences compact—his illustrations felicitous, and his ideas clear and massive. Such lectures cannot but improve and elevate all who hear them.

Last Tuesday evening the lecture was by Rev. Mr. Train, of Haverhill. He chose for his subject the interesting, though but little known, discoveries of the Northmen, in the tenth and eleventh centuries.

There were many fine thoughts and happy illustrations, interwoven with the detail of historical events, which relieved the lecture of the odium frequently cast upon such subjects. We think the audience will agree with us in placing it among our most interesting and instructive lectures, and it has opened a field for reading and investigation which may be pursued with pleasure and profit.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—We have received two numbers of this standard and valuable publication,—we hope to welcome many more to our table. The Age abounds with the choicest selections, culled not only from the best periodicals and newspapers throughout America, but of Europe and the world. The reader of the Age gets the cream of everything that is good, without a laborious search, and at a price too cheap to mention with its valuable reading—12 1-2 cents per number. Published by E. Little, corner Tremont and Broomfield streets, Boston.

"RICHARDSON LIGHT GUARD," of South Reading, paraded on Saturday, 22d ult., with fifty-seven muskets, accompanied by the Reading Brass Band, under command of Captain John Wiley, for a target shoot. The prizes were two gold medals, and they were awarded, with appropriate remarks, to Mr. John Rayner for the best, and Mr. Curtis Clifford for the second best shots. At the close of the parade, Dr. S. O. Richardson gave the company and guests an elegant and bountiful entertainment at his residence.

OUR ORIGINAL STORY.—We would refer our readers to the excellent original story on the first page, written by a lady of New York, on purpose for the "Journal." Although it will not favorably compare with the common stories of the day, as regards its length, still it will be found in itself to be a perfectly literary gem, containing not only an excellent moral, but many facts and ideas worthy of serious consideration. It is very prettily written, and will well repay an attentive perusal.

WE learn that Rev. Mr. Swallow, of Wilmington, while returning home from the Temperance Convention in this town, on the evening of the 20th ult., in company with his wife, was overturned in his carriage opposite Mr. Jacob Brackett's house, in consequence of a bad place in the road. Mr. Swallow immediately addressed a letter to our Selectmen, for damages, and we believe the affair is now settled.

RAILROAD OPENING.—The opening of the Wilton Railroad to East Wilton, was celebrated in a spirited and becoming manner at East Wilton, on Monday last. A number of our most esteemed citizens were present, and speak in high terms of praise of the liberality manifested in providing for the comforts of those assembled. The ceremonies concluded with a ball in the evening.

THE "PICTORIAL CARPET BAG"—for the holidays, has just been issued, and it is the richest thing extant. It contains all the cuts which have appeared in the "Bag," a sight at any one of which will make a body's sides shake with laughter. Buy the "Pictorial Bag,"—you will find it crammed with mirthful illustrations. Fowle has it.

FIRE.—On Tuesday last, about 1 o'clock, fire was discovered in a building owned by Dea. John Cummings, near the factory, filled with tan, which, becoming heated, set fire to the sills of the building underneath. No other damage was done. The second alarm was from the same cause. "Fountain" and "Washington" engines were promptly on hand, and rendered efficient service.

MAGAZINES.—All the magazines may be obtained at Fowle's counter as soon as published, and at the lowest prices.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER TWO.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 15th, 1851.

DEAR JOURNAL:—"This *am* a great country," said a Down Easter to me to-day, when we had got to about the centre of the great State of Ohio. This was a conclusion I had arrived at long before the philosopher laid down his proposition, but he had not been in these "diggings" afore, and had never had a faint idea of what the West is.

We may study geography, and pore over an atlas till we have all its localities fixed correctly in our mind's eye, but such study cannot give us an idea of the magnitude of a country; and so it is more particularly in respect to the "Far West." If we would realize the extent of its resources, and the power now budding forth from its infancy, we must spend a few days in passing over some hundreds of miles of its prairies and rivers, and then we can, in our imagination, better picture its future destiny, and much more adequately realize its vast importance.

We are often told by politicians and religious men who take an interest in these matters, that the "West," ere long, will rule the United States, both politically and religiously speaking; and when one calmly considers, first the capacity and extent of the country, and then the almost magic-like power with which this part of our land increases, it does not, after all, take so much of a prophet to foresee all this, as one might suppose at first thought.

I date this letter from a city which is now about equal to Boston in extent and population, and increasing with almost wonderful rapidity. A few years since nearly a waste, now its buildings for stores and dwellings extend along the river, and most every part of it seems alive with the sound of the mason's trowel, and the carpenter's saw, all busily at work on new structures.

Ohio seems destined in a few years to take her position next to New York, in population and influence. Possessing as she does so many attractions in her soil and streams, they are all proving to her advantage, by attracting not only foreign emigrants, but great numbers from the New England States. Her railroads are helping Ohio greatly; and in passing through the entire State, I was much impressed with the immense amount of travel on the roads.

The soil seems peculiarly adapted for agriculture. The traveller does not notice in Ohio any of that sterility of soil so common in New England. Free from hills and mountains, and of course free from rock and stones, the land is perfectly level, and contains moisture continually, which acts immediately upon all dead vegetable matter, soon decomposing it, and in this way Ohio has got a rich and most productive soil, fitted to return to the laborer a "hundred fold," as the result of his toil.

It is delightful to see how strong a hold New England influence has upon those who have gone from the East to the West; but yet an observer cannot but notice the different customs of the children of the pilgrims, and the children of the West. Persons may laugh at the Puritanical rigidity of our fathers, but experience does show that "Puritan" institutions are the best to be brought up under, both on account of learning and religion, and more especially are they adapted to impart that energy of character which is so important an element in a "good settler." To an Eastern man,—a son of the Puritan,—it is unpleasant to witness the freedom with which profanity, low and coarse language is made use of, and the openness with which intemperance, card playing, &c., is conducted.

But the East has yet a great work to perform; she is the "Mother of the West," and can yet exercise a powerful and wide extended influence over the destiny of this part of the Union. The moralist, the religious man, and the politician, should all realize their importance in this particular, and remember that the child still looks to its old home for examples and precepts, for money and aid, for teachers and laborers. We should all remember that each, individually, must necessarily exercise some influence, and let each one see to it that his or her influence is correct in all respects. From the Slave States, and probably the Mammoth Cave, you will hear from me again.

J. A. F.

MESSES. FOWLER & WELLS, the well known phrenologists, and publishers of phrenological works, have opened a room in Boston for the sale of their publications, and for professional examinations. Mr. G. W. Fowle is agent for the "Phrenological" and "Water Cure" Journals, and other phrenological works published by them.

"THE PLOW"—is the title of a new agricultural monthly just started in New York. C. M. Sexton, publisher, Solon Robinson, editor. Price fifty cents a year, worth twice that amount to any farmer.

MUSICAL.—A Society has been established in Newton, called the "Newton Musical Association," on the plan of the Musical Education Society of Boston.

ENTERPRISE OF MECHANICS.—We learn that measures are in progress to organize in South Boston a joint stock company of mechanics, for the manufacture of machinery.

Rev. Mr. Simmons, late of Springfield, will preach at the Unitarian Church next Sabbath.

BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN.

FROM THE YEAR 1651 TO 1843.

(Continued.)

1670.

Wilson, Benjamin, son of John, 15th day of 8th month.
Russell, Sarah, d. of John, 10th of 12th.
Winn, Mary, d. of Increase, 1st of 3d.
Cleveland, Joanna, d. of Moses, 5th of 2d.
Winn, Abigail, d. of Joseph, 18th of 4th.
Richardson, Elizabeth, d. of Joseph, 28th of 4th.
Peirce, John, s. of John, 26th of 11th.
Baldwin, Ruth, d. of Henry, 31st of July.
Thompson, Sarah, d. of Jonathan, 1st of 4th.
Baker, James, s. of John, 10th of 4th.
Brush, James, s. of George, 18th of 4th.
Richardson, Hester, d. of Theophilus, 25th of June.
Richardson, Samuel, and Thomas, twin sons of Samuel, 5th of 9th.
Walker, Sarah, d. of Samuel, 6th of March.
Flagg, Elizabeth, d. of Gershom, 1st of 6th.
Peirce, Thomas, s. of Thomas, 27th of 11th.
Read, Mary, d. of Israel, 15th of 8th.
Johnson, Samuel, s. of John, 29th of 8th.
Convers, James, s. of James, 5th of 7th.
Convers, Zachariah, s. of Zachariah, 4th of 9th.

1671.

Wyman, Thomas, s. of Frances, 1st of 2d.
Carter, Bethiah, d. of Joseph, 8th of 4th.
Farmer, Isaac, s. of John, 1st of 8th.
Brooks, Henry, s. of Isaac, 4th of 8th.
Johnson, Susannah, d. of William, 20th of June.
Kendall, Mary, d. of John, 1st of 7th.
Snow, James, s. of James, 10th of 8th.
Fowl, John, s. of James, 12th of March.
Cleveland, Enoch, s. of Moses, 1st of 6th.
Richardson, Deborah, d. of Isaac, 22d of 11th.
Winn, Joseph, s. of Joseph, 15th of 3d.
Glazier, Ruth, d. of John, 30th of 3d.
Daine, Martha, d. of William, 17th of 6th.

1672.

Wright, John, s. of Joseph, 2d of October.
Snow, Zerobabell, s. of John, 11th of May.
Richardson, s. of Joseph, 19th of May.
Russell, Elizabeth, d. of John, 19th of 12th.
Walker, Israel, s. of Israel, 20th of 7th.
Walker, Timothy, s. of Samuel, 16th of June.
Carter, Susannah, d. of Joseph, 24th of 12th.
Peirce, Thomas, s. of John, 23d of 10th.
Baldwin, Benjamin, s. of Henry, 26th of 12th.
Peirce, Joseph, s. of Robert, 1st of 3d.
Wyman, John, s. of John, Jun'r., 23d of 2d.
Read, John, s. of George, 18th of March.
Brush, Elizabeth, d. of George, 24th of 6th.
Wilson, Hanna, d. of John, Sen'r., 31st of May.
Jaguth, Abraham, s. of Abraham, 17th of 12th.
Green, Sarah, d. of John, 6th of June.
Convers, Elizabeth, d. of Zachariah, 29th of 8th.
Wilson, John, s. of John, 3d of 11th.
Snow, Sarah, d. of Samuel, 28th of May.
Foster, Thomas, s. of Hopedist, 17th of April.
Johnson, Samuel, s. of Matthew, 28th of April.

THE LATE ACCIDENT.

Many interesting incidents connected with the late catastrophe at the school-house in New York are related in the journals; and from them we select the following:—

It is said that one poor girl, who was on the staircase after the balustrade had gone, feeling herself pressed toward the edge of the stairs, threw her arms around a younger girl next to her, who having more support, stood in no immediate danger. The little one, feeling the grasp of her friend, said, "Anne, let go, please, or you will drag me down with you." And Anne did let go; she kept her footing for a few seconds, and then reeled and fell upon the mass of sufferers below. She was among the dead!

An instance of fraternal devotion is told of one Alfred Gage, who, after reaching the ground floor in safety, saw his brother on the fatal staircase, vainly seeking to retain his footing. Alfred attempted to make his way through the crowd to assist his brother, but his efforts were fruitless, and placing himself before the little fellow, he told him to spring down, a height of twenty feet. Thus called upon, the boy made the frightful leap, and both fell among the dying and wounded, without being in the least injured.

TRAVELERS JUDGES.—At a meeting of the Selectmen, holden Nov. 24th, 1851, Franklin Smith and Oliver Fisher were drawn to serve as Travelers Jurors, at the Court of Common Pleas, to be holden at Cambridge on the second Monday of December.

The winter term of the Warren Academy commenced on Thursday, Dec. 4th. The Grammar School, and the several Primary Schools in District No. 1, will commence on Monday next.

That fence—that new fence—recently erected around the hay scales, we understand is to be painted. It will improve its appearance ten per cent.

The reader will please notice a change in the trains on the Boston and Lowell road.

LEAD MINES IN MISSOURI.—A writer in Jasper county states that the deposits of lead that have recently been discovered in the southwestern part of that state are daily increasing in value. They will eventually prove a source of wealth to the people as unexpected as acceptable. The daily production of a single hand will frequently be from 500 to 2000 pounds (some persons put it at much more) of very pure mineral, that will yield from 75 to 80 per cent. of lead.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 2d.—A few days since the steamer Anchor ascending, and the Die Vernon descending, came in collision, five miles below the mouth of the Illinois river. The Anchor was cut in two and sunk in fifteen feet of water. The total number drowned, as far as known, is thirty, including nine or ten deck hands.

NARROW ESCAPE.—On Monday evening a driver of one of the Charlestown omnibuses, in coming over Warren bridge, discovered but a few feet ahead of his horse an intoxicated expressman, belonging to Medford. It appears that he fell from his wagon and cut his face badly. He came very near being killed by the omnibus.

ITALY.—The Austrian military commander of Milan, has prohibited the religious meetings of the Protestants residing in that city.

For the Journal.

YOUTHFUL IMPRESSIONS.

MR. EDITOR.—How very strong are youthful impressions, and how often are incidents of minor importance remembered, when those of later date are forgotten. The human mind is a mystery, known only to Him who gave it, and yet some pretend to solve it. I have met with many a curious theory, and heard many strange arguments, but I have never been fully satisfied. The more I think, and try to reason with myself, I am lost in a maze of wonder at the formation of a human mind. Is it like a blank sheet of paper, upon which is written every impression, never to be erased. Are they the impressions from realities only, or do our dreams mingle with them? We may flatter ourselves, that we can, in our philosophy, reach the solving of this mystery, but how futile is the attempt. I am no philosopher. I only speak of those things, as I have thought of them, and to me, sir, there is nothing so majestic and truly wonderful, as the clear intellect of man, and nothing more melancholy and heart-rending to behold than the ruins of a noble mind.

One of my early impressions taught me a lesson, which I have often recurred to, and which has set me strongly against capital punishment, more especially on circumstantial evidence. In the year 1817, I was in Charleston, S. C., and while there, a packet arrived from New York with passengers. Several had died on the passage, from eating hashed meat, which was said to have been poisoned. When the discovery was made, the Captain called the cook—a black man—and asked him what he had done to the meat. He answered nothing. The Captain charged him with putting poison in it, and told him to eat some of it. The cook refused; he was arrested, and tried. I attended the trial. The mate was called as a witness, but he could not be found; and upon the mere fact that the poor cook refused to eat the meat, after he had been told it was poisoned, he was convicted and sentenced to be hung. I visited him in his prison, and heard him in the strongest language attest his innocence, and I believed him, and so did the minister who came to see him; but the poor black man had no friends to save him. I saw him hung, and his last words were, that he died an innocent man. I was young, but I shall never forget that scene. Well, sir, time passed on, and after some years, we heard of pirates in the West Indies. At a noted place called the "Isle of Pines," some six pirates were taken, and carried to Boston, tried, found guilty and hung. I witnessed this scene, also. There was one hardened wretch, whose name was Tully. He made a confession, and related that he was mate of that vessel,—that he put arsenic in that meat, while the cook was in the cabin,—he meant to poison *all*, as he supposed there was money on board, and that when the vessel arrived at Charleston, he ran off, and that the poor cook that was hung was an innocent man.

This is not a solitary instance, but is one which makes me pause before I would hastily condemn a man, and satisfy me that "better ninety-nine guilty men should go clear, than one innocent man suffer." I do not mean to raise an argument on capital punishment. I only relate this case as an item of experience, and leave the reader to form his own opinion—mine was formed years ago.

HERMIT.

PORT OF BOSTON.—During the month of November there were 783 arrivals of vessels at this port, and 521 clearances, classified as follows: Foreign arrivals, 2 steamships, 13 ships, 24 barques, 55 brigs, 155 schooners—total, 249. Clearances, 4 steamships, 7 ships, 41 barques, 82 brigs, 401 schooners, 2 sloops—total, 537. Clearances—foreign, 2 steamships, 4 ships, 21 barques, 77 brigs, 157 schooners—total, 261. Coastwise, 5 steamships, 17 ships, 39 barques, 48 brigs, 155 schooners, 1 sloop—total 260.

FIRE.—In Chelsea, on Monday night, the dwelling house of Dr. Brown, on Walnut St., was extensively damaged by fire. The family were absent at the time of the discovery. The Unitarian Church in Bangor, Rev. J. H. Allen, Pastor, was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning last.

On Saturday evening last, the large barn of Mr. Bush, of Braintree, was destroyed by fire.

A search for Sir John Franklin is about to be undertaken by Lieut. Perry, R. N., who will go through Russia and Siberia to the alleged Polar Sea. He has the support of the Admiralty and of the Royal Geographical Society, and calculates upon the aid of the Emperor of Russia. Lady Franklin has devoted £500 toward carrying out his plan.

FIRE IN LYNNFIELD.—The Lynnfield Hotel came near being destroyed by fire on Monday evening. The fire caught in the kitchen from a stove pipe, and reached as high as the ceiling of the bar-room before it was extinguished. This is the second time this building has been on fire from the same cause.

A NUISANCE ABATED.—The Mayor and Aldermen of Portland, Me., have issued an ordinance prohibiting cab-riders from annoying travellers by their solicitations at the railroad stations and steamboat landings in that city.

Mrs. Bloomer, the author of the new style of dress, has an article in the last number of her paper, the *Lily*, in which she says that, could she have foreseen the notoriety and ridicule which she has incurred, she would never have commenced the movement.

Mr. S. B. Goss, of Newark, Rock county, Wisconsin, has invented a machine for pulling flax, by which it is asserted that with the motive power of two horses, no less than 20 acres can be pulled in one day.

Alonahy Amos, formerly of Rhode Island, fell from the yard arm of the brig Sutton, at Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 26., and was drowned.

For the Journal.

MR. EMERSON'S LECTURES.

MR. EDITOR:—It will be a matter of regret to many, to learn that Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson has declined to read his lectures in this place, as has been announced; and will be regretted the more by his friends when they learn the cause of this decision.

I have been informed by those who had the charge of procuring his services, that he peremptorily declined to come to Woburn and lecture, after he was informed that his lectures were advertised in some of the Boston papers. I cannot say that this was policy in any point of view on the part of the committee, but because an error was committed with the design of benefiting all concerned, I see in it no occasion for Mr. Emerson to be so grossly inconsistent, in refusing in the way I understand he did, to lecture here. Two gentlemen took the responsibility of paying one hundred dollars for six lectures, and all prudent means were used to secure this amount. One of them informed me that he expected, and was willing to lose ten dollars, for the sake of hearing Mr. Emerson lecture in Woburn. These gentlemen, to secure themselves against further loss, committed the error of advertising his lectures in Boston. In reply to the question, by the committee, "What shall we say to the people, who now hold tickets, with the full expectation of hearing your lectures?"—"Tell them," says he, "that I am obstinate, and won't come."

Mr. Emerson should know that his friends have felt more grieved and mortified, than provoked, at such conduct. I suppose from what I know, that Mr. Emerson is perfectly independent as to money matters, and has no occasion to lecture on that account, but he has no right to insult the public.

C.

MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

The following letter, from the Mayor of Portland, was read in the late Temperance Convention in Newburyport. It will be regarded with interest, as it gives, in a very explicit form, the practical operation of the new Liquor Law. The queries submitted to the Mayor, and his replies, are as follows:—

1. Does the execution of the Maine law obtain the unanimous support of Temperance men, and does it enlist others who have hitherto been inactive?

Ans.—The law does call out new and increased interests (even enthusiasm) from all Temperance men, has brought over the timid and wavering, and has induced influential men to say boldly, "that's right, now sustain it."

2. Does it create any opposition in the minds of indifferent persons, as a daring invasion of private property?

Ans.—There is no feeling of opposition to the law, except a minority of low men; the law operates admirably, and carries all opposition before it.

3. Is there or can there be any guarantee of its execution where the majority of the citizens or public officers are opposed or indifferent to it?

Ans.—The law is easily enforced in any town, if you have three Temperance men who are not afraid, one good Justice of the Peace, and one good constable; and penalties against officers may be provided.

4. Are there any indications of reaction?

Ans.—No indications of reaction; there will be nothing to react, for we will annihilate the traffic.

5. Do dealers abandon the traffic, or do they only appear to be suspending it, as if expecting repeal or modification?

Ans.—Dealers have given up; there are no grog-shops, except a few low holes, where rum is sold very secretly; but we undermine these from time to time.

6. Has the law been in any way mingled with political movements, or is it likely to occur?

Ans.—No political party dare say a word against the law; death to such party would follow.

7. Does not the chief power of the law lie in the seizure and confiscation of intoxicating liquors?

Ans.—Confiscation and seizure are the great thing; with the speed and certainty with which the penalties follow, no evasion will succeed.

8. Would it be desirable to make such a law applicable to the counties separately, or should it be established for the whole State?

Ans.—It would by no means be desirable; the law should be uniform throughout the State.

I am crowded with business, or I would more fully answer your inquiries.

Very respectfully yours,

NEAL DOW.

A late traveller, speaking of Egypt, says her products consist of wheat, flax, and sordid children. So much for her crops. In remarking on commerce, he observes that her imports are made up of underdone Englishmen in pursuit of pyramids—while her exports consist of the same English "done brown" and fleeing from beggars and bedbugs. Nice country, that.

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes, makes the senses of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes which are seen in our churches every Sunday.

A THANKSGIVING TRAIN.—The 3 o'clock train from New York, over the N. Y. and New Haven Railroad, on Wednesday, P. M., was made up of fifty-two cars.

Mr. Oslan E. Dodge offers a prize of \$300 for the best humorous song—covering about eight pages of manuscript—introducing from four to eight personages.

The Havana Consulate is said to be one of the most profitable foreign appointments in the gift of the government. It is estimated to be worth from \$15,000 to \$20,000.

Franklin and Blackstone Squares, in Boston, are being ornamented by the planting therein of three hundred trees.

The Orientals have a great reverence for burial grounds, which they poetically call "Cities of the Silent."

WOBURN JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE OFFICE,
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE, AT
FOWLE & BROTHER.
JOHN A. FOWLE, EDITOR.
TERMS.—\$1.50 per year, payable always
in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS neatly and conspicuously inserted
at reasonable rates.
Communications should be prepaid.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor-
ing towns, solicited.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter No. Three.
LOUISVILLE, KY., Nov., 1851.

DEAR JOURNAL:—After a long and tedious journey over Western prairies, lakes and rivers, since last I wrote the Journal, we are at last landed here in safety; and at the best hotel in the Western country. I have set me down to pen a few lines homeward. Two weeks since I wrote from Cincinnati, after which we were soon on our way for the northern sections of this great state, passed along its borders, and then through its interior, caught a glimpse of the great Western statesman, Mr. Clay, as he was leaving for Washington. I am told that Mr. Clay's health is quite feeble, and that he only goes to Congress from a strict sense of duty, and that he has determined that this shall be his last year in his country's service, he having already sent in his resignation, to take effect in March next. However we may regard Mr. Clay's opinions, one cannot but regard him with respect and admiration for his great talents and his entire devotion to his country's service, and I find in Kentucky, that he possesses with all parties more influence and strength than any one living man.

This great State has immense resources in agricultural and commercial privileges, but much of her power lies dormant and uncultivated. She has an inland navigation of over fifteen hundred miles, and yet in none other cities or towns, excepting, perhaps, Louisville, does she put forth one half the energy that some of our smaller New England cities show. Some of the finest lands in America are within her borders, well watered and delightfully situated; but compared with a Yankee farm, they fall entirely in the shade, although possessing every natural advantage over them. Another striking feature of the country is noticeable by a New Englander; the country houses, barns, &c., show none of that taste displayed with us; the farmers are content with log houses, unpainted, and often dingy in their appearance; their slaves often having houses equal, in every respect, to their masters.

In crossing the immense tracts of prairie lands of Illinois, a person from the East gets a very correct idea of the vast extent of our land; and when he looks forward to the time when these millions of acres shall be covered with a busy multitude, perhaps as numerous to the square mile as the population of Massachusetts, he can get some faint idea of what the country's future destiny is. A few days ago we passed near a burning prairie; the fire was sweeping furiously on; it had already destroyed much property, and people with their cattle, and all the effects they could carry, were fleeing from its fury. These prairies, covered with tall, dry grass and stubble, burn with irresistible fury and power, and nothing that comes in the path of the fire can pass through unscathed.

We have also seen many of the ancient mounds, which abound at the West. One was opened near us the other day; it was some ten to twelve feet in height, and as usual, was about sixty feet in diameter. It contained about a dozen Indian skeletons, an altar, and other relics similar to those usually found in these mounds. These spots are often seen in Ohio, and were undoubtedly used by Indians as burying places for their distinguished dead. By some they are considered as strong proof of the Asiatic origin of this strange and mysterious race of beings.

I will not attempt to give you an account of the many places visited, as I fear it would prove of little interest to the general reader, but in my next may have something more to say about this city. After that shall take a trip to see the "wonder of all wonders," the Mammoth Cave; and if I come out from this subterranean world alive, I shall, in all probability, give a brief account of what was seen in the "lower regions."

Speaking of this great hole reminds me of the many dilapidated huts which one sees throughout this State, many of them full of holes. I had one pointed out to me the other day, as the place where David Crockett once philosophized with a dorkie as to why he didn't fix his house. The story goes in this way:—David says to him one day, while it was raining hard, "Samb! why don't you come out from that corner and get some boards, and mend the roof, so that the rain will not beat into it?" "Well Massa," says Samb! "the reason I don't do 'kase it rains, and I'll get wet!" Says David, "do it when it don't rain, Samb!" "Yah! Yah! Massa," says Samb! "don't you know I don't need it den?"

This philosophy, it is said, was too much for Crockett, and he "gub un up." It aptly illustrates much of the Western character.

J. A. F.

Letter No. Four.
MILWAUKEE, Nov., 1851.

DEAR JOURNAL:—There is not a great deal of matter that would be interesting, which I

can write about from here, so I will give for the benefit of the reader a report of a "Debatin' Club," held out here in "these diggins," and which I hope will give some idea of the "progress of this 'ere country":—
A horseman once alighted from his jaded steed, at the close of a pleasant day in the fall of the year, in front of a substantial looking tavern in the village of J—, and State of Wisconsin. A few moments later he might have been seen carefully directing the hostler to give proper attention to his panting horse; and a few minutes later still he might have been seen devouring with avidity the substantial meal spread before him in the supper-room of his host. All this might have been seen, and more too, if you, gentle reader, had been there to see. "Landlord," said the dismounted horseman, as he pulled away at a Cuba short six, "landlord any amusement in the village to-night?" "meeting, singing-school, or anything?" "Well, no, stranger," replied the host, not exactly any amusements, if you'd only come a little sooner, now, for we had Howe and Mabius's Circus here a week ago, and they had a first rate clown. But that's a Debatin' Club over to the school-house to-night; spose you go over?"

Rejoiced to find anything worth while to while away the tedious hours of night, our traveller assented, and to the "Debatin' Club" he went. The house was a country school-house, and I presume that you, kind reader, know how it must have looked, for who is there in this "gerret and glorious country" that has not seen one? There mounted on his throne in that temple of knowledge, was the village school-master, ex-officio the President of the Society—the counterpart presentment of Dominie Sampson, of "prodigious" notoriety. In front of the old dominie sat the Secretary, as usual, while near at hand the debaters for the evening occupied the desks of the scholars; back from their line of desks the room was crowded—all J— had gathered here her beauty and her chivalry. The house was called to order, the "minutes of the preceding meeting were read and adopted," the Report of the Committee on "Hesekiah Pilcher, charged with non-payment of dues," was offered and laid on the table, when the Chair arose and said—

"Is the house ready for the question?" "A-y-ay!" cried a dozen voices.

And the Chair proceeded:—
"Gentlemen—the question for this evening is—Which conferred the greatest benefit on mankind, Mr. Christopher Columbus, or Gen. George Washington? On the affirmative, Messrs. Van Dreezer, Duzenberg, and Penix, on the negative, Messrs. Foster, Milligan, and Sampson. Mr. Van Dreezer has the floor."

Mr. V., the village lawyer, a smart, dapper-looking man, arose, and taking a sup of water from the tin cup which was before him, did deprecate the day.

Mr. President and Gentlemen, and Ladies I arise to advocate the affirmative of this question; that is to say that I affirm that Mr. Columbus did a greater benefit to mankind than Gen. Washington. In order more fully to digest the interrogatory just propounded, to enter fully into the merits of the case, I will give a brief, succinct, and condensed account of Mr. Columbus's life and exploits. Sir, who was Christopher Columbus? Sir, echo answers, the greatest man of his times. Sir, Columbus was the offspring of a man of the same name, who was an indignant basket-maker in a small town called Rome, situated on the river Tigris, a stream which takes its rise in the Pyrenean Mountains, and flows in a south easterly course into the Gulf of Mexico.

At an early age Columbus displayed a decided talent for the sea, and occupied the leisure hours of his infancy in perusing books of travel and works of navigation; it was while engaged in these pursuits that he inadvertently met with the works of Robinson and Crusoe, and Captain Cook, and the definition he made from them was far away over the trackless main, thither untrodden by the foot of man, was an undiscovered country. As he approached manhood, he was filled with a desire to discover that country which he so often saw in his youthful dreams; actuated by this desire, he petitioned the great Pontifical Pope of Rome to give him three yalls and a jolly boat to carry out his design. That distinguished man at first refused, but his wife Cleopatra, being pleased with the promising looks of Mr. Columbus, actuated with a magnanimity which is a caricature of her sex, prevailed upon him to grant Columbus's request, whenupon, provided with vessels with stores and men out of his own pocket, Columbus got ready on a certain day of a certain month, and in a certain year he set sail from the Holy Sea of Rome, and after a long and tempestuous trip, he set foot, at last, upon the Plymouth Rock, in the island of Juan Fernandez; it was on that occasion that he exclaimed—Breathes there any man with soul so perfectly dead as never to himself has said, this is my own, my native land!

"Sir, Mr. Columbus did not long survive the hardships of that voyage, and was finally taken prisoner by the King of the Canon-ball Islands, and with all his crew cast into chains and slavery, where he died at an advanced age, an ignominious natural death, with his whole crew, leaving no one to tell the tale. Peace to his ashes and their'n."

"Sir, the discovery of this continent was the greatest invention of the year 1492. Fernandez's island was the stepping stone to the settlement of this country, Sir. Look around you and behold the populated world, the United States, North and South America, Oregon and Asia, Hindoostan and Belochistan, England and Turkey, France and China, and many others, too numerous to mention—behold these countries traversed by steamboats, railroads, and telegraphs, and ask yourself, would those things have been if it hadn't been for Columbus; and your reply would certainly be, 'Certainly not, sir.' If it hadn't been for Mr. Columbus, Gen. Washington wouldn't have been born—but suppose he had, what then? What did ever Gen. Washington do that was a great benefit to this country? There is much said about his talent for war. To be sure he performed several masterly retreats, but what? That an evidence of? Sir, it is that he was a coward!"

"General Washington a coward!" screamed Foster, the village doctor, in a voice of thunder. "Gen. Washington a coward!" who so base as dare say it? Look at him at the battle of the Nile, look at him at Waterloo,

the Cowpens, on the Plains of Marathon, at the Pyramids, at Stillman's Defeat, at Bad Axe; and Sir, look at him at the battle of New Orleans!"

"General Washington at the battle of New Orleans!" exclaimed a huge backwoodsman, gesticulating violently. "Mr. Speaker, is there such a ignoramus in the house? Sir, any school-boy knows that the battle of New Orleans was fought before General Washington was born. Let the gentleman read Plutarch's lives, the lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, or let him read Arkwright's History of the Black Hawk War, and he'll find that General Henry Dodge fit the battle of New Orleans!"

Here the noise and confusion became so great that our traveller might have been seen wandering his way to the inn, a wiser man than when he arrived at J—.

The reader may think this is rather an exaggeration, and perhaps it is giving quite a strong shade to the picture; but since I have been travelling in this section of the country, I have listened to a good deal of eloquence after the same order, and mixed with the peculiarity of language and wording known only to the "Far West."

In fact, "Wisconsin is a great State," and this "am a great country sure," and it can't be "washed out nohow." I think the foregoing will obviate the correspondence from this quarter.

J. A. F.

Letter No. Five.
LOUISVILLE, KY., Nov. 27, 1851.

DEAR JOURNAL:—This is Thanksgiving day for this State, as well as for good old Massachusetts, and I might almost say for the whole United States, as nearly every State in the Union observes it with us. The day of turkeys and plum-pudding in the South is to me an entirely different matter from what it is in New England. Here, it is comparatively a new thing, the custom having been observed only for the past few years,—at home it is "a time honored custom," coming down to us from our good old puritan fathers; here, it is a day for drinking and western carousing,—in New England, it is a grand family gathering day.

I have often heard it said that Thanksgiving day is one in which every New Englander wants to be on the spot, but never before realized the truth of this feeling so much, as to-day. It is indeed anything but being at home, to be "far away" on such a day as this, for it awakens so many happy and delightful associations, and among them—not the least either—looks up the brown turkey and the bright array of pudding, pies, &c., which a Yankee can never forget. No I never.

What a delightful day it is, once in a year to stop and consider; to realize what a happy country this is, and how many blessed privileges we enjoy, for all of which we should indeed, send up a song of thanksgiving and praise; and then, how pleasant in the family circle to greet many faces that come but once a year. No other nation upon earth presents so glorious a spectacle as this, or has a custom which tends more to strengthen the bonds of union than this. Let the day be ever kept and celebrated, say we.

Yesterday I came up the river, after a journey down the Ohio on one of the splendid steamers which ply on these western rivers. They are now building, for the accommodation of the travelling public, a very fine class of boats, to run on these waters, and one that I have just left deserves a passing notice. She is new, and about 275 feet long by 32 broad; the berths are all in state rooms on the second deck; the first deck is used for the engines five in number, and for freight, as is also her hold. These western boats have no cabin below, as they must be built almost flat-bottomed, on account of the shoals in the river. A new feature has been introduced in her, and it is most really a capital plan, and deserves the commendation of all travellers. She has a fine and well-selected library of five hundred volumes placed in her cabin, free to the use of all on board. This will have an important influence in rooting out the yellow-covered literature with which our western boats abound at this time.

Intemperance is seen at the West in all its fearful realities. I will relate a case that came under my own observation in Illinois, attesting a dark picture in human society. At a place in the town called "Irish hollow," a family was found a few days since, in a shanty, of which the inside was but a pile of rags. In one part of the room—they have but one—lay a little girl asleep, her head pillowed on a dead infant, and the sharp features of the little babe proved that it died of starvation. Within a few feet lay a twin sister to the infant, nearly exhausted, and near by lay the remains of what was once a woman—now a creature in a state of beastly intoxication, with scarcely rage enough to cover her nakedness; and she the mother of these children. Thank God this State, and many of the people of the West are waking up to a sense of their duty, and the discussion is now going on here, "how can we be saved from this curse?" You will next hear from me at the "Mammoth Cave" the "wonder of wonders."

J. A. F.

OF COURSE—I have a great aversion to Auburn locks, as the criminal said when he took a cell in the Auburn prison.

A man too busy to take care of his health, is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

WHEN I WAS IN MY PRIME.

I mind me of a pleasant time,
A season long ago,
The pleasantest I've ever known,
Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills
So merrily did chime,
The year was in its sweet spring-tide,
And I—was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since,
From every bending spray,
I've never pulled such primroses,
Set thick on bank and brake;
I've never smelt such violets,
As, all that pleasant time,
I found by every hawthorn root,
When I was in my prime.

You moory down, so black and bare,
Was gorgeous then, and gay
With gorse and gowan blossoming
As none blooms now-a-day;
The blackbird sings but seldom now,
Up there in the old lime,
Where, hours and hours he used to sing,
When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then,
To pierce one through and through;
More softly fell the silent shower,
More balmily the dew;
The morning mist and evening haze,
Unlike this cold gray rime,
Seem'd woven waves of golden air,
When I was in my prime.

And blackberries—so mawkish now—
Were finely-flavored then;
And hazel nuts! such clusters thick
I ne'er shall pull again;
Nor strawberries, blushing wild, as rich
As fruits of sunniest clime;
How all is altered for the worse,
Since I was in my prime!

TALES AND SKETCHES.

LINDSEY BUSH.

To a lone settler, in a new land, especially where a dense forest enshrouds all, with no clearing of as much as a river's bosom, a blank, or bluff, the mere act of locating, the choice of a definite spot in preference to all others, must be a matter of not a little perplexity; and also attended with much uncertainty as to the ultimate vindication by time of its judiciousness. The present always deals ruthlessly with the wide-spread of its decisions only where they are coincident with its own. And it may perhaps be much owing to such a hap-coincidence, that the sweet hill-home, indicated by the name at the head of these lines, yet remains one of the most attractive residences, not merely of the town which it ornaments, (Cherry Valley,) but also of the whole highly romantic and picturesque country of New York. Or, it may be a sagacity which no subject development has impeached.

John Lindsay was a Scotch gentleman of fortune and distinction, a co-proprietor with Gov. Clark to eight thousand acres of land, ten miles south of the Mohawk, and fifty west of Albany; and was disposed to test the realities, both favorable and unfavorable, of an actual residence on his domain. Thus minded, he accompanied by his wife, wife's father, and a few domestics, he in 1740, plunged boldly into the deep forest of central New York, and fixed upon the hill above-mentioned. It is one among a thousand other beautiful hills, in a narrow but pleasant valley, which entertains one of the main branches of the Susquehanna, backed by a high-wooded range on the west, and fronted by a similar range though somewhat more remote on the east. The wide-spread of the forest was then vocal with summer song, and well stocked with game, of all grades of value and ferocity, from the deer and the panther down to the quick-winged pigeon, and playful squirrel. The Indian, too, was there. And a happy circumstance, by the way was this for the dwellers at Lindsay Bush; for, during their winter's abode in their new home, cut off by a deep fall of snow from the settlements on the Mohawk, they would all have perished with hunger, but for a friendly son of the forest, who, borne upon the pearly crust by snow-shoes, interposed for their rescue; coming and going again constantly, like the ravens that waited on Elijah. How priceless the development of so kindly a trait of humanity in the breast of the red man.

But John Lindsay did not remain an occupant of this charming spot. Having called around him the preacher, the schoolmaster, and a circle of hardy and virtuous yeomen, mainly from the north of Ireland, and his own native Scotland, and so planted the germ of a vigorous colony, he himself accepted a Lieutenantcy in the British Army, lived awhile at Oswego, and finally died, much respected and honored in the city of New York. He little knew the all that he left behind him, as he exchanged the sweet "Bush," the humble log church the school-house, and the fellowship of the pioneer band, for the Royal Barracks at Oswego, and the itinerant life of a soldier. And those that tarried there, as little knew what awaited them.

The next owner and occupant of Lindsay Bush, was John Wells; an Irishman by birth, of sterling moral character, and a chief man in the hamlet, an associate Judge with Sir William Johnson, in the County Courts, and who died a year before the outbreaking of the Revolution, leaving his possessions to his son Robert. This Robert, with a wife, mother, and four children, a brother, a sister, and domestics, were destined to be the passive agents of investing this locality with a melancholy interest, such as all after time shall not suffice to destroy. The eleventh of November 1778, was to them a fatal day. The war of the Revolution was at its height. A band of Indians and Tories, the latter more fierce, were stealing, all unheeded, upon these peaceful ones. Exposed by the impudence of their military leader, whom the Government had stationed in the colony for his defence, but whose defective judgment made his presence really a greater injury than benefit, their mercies were upon them without a moment's warning. Resistance was vain; party was ineffectual; flight was impossible; and even prayer afforded no sanctuary, as an Indian afterwards boasted that he killed Mr. Wells while on his knees! No one but the ruthless invaders, it is true, were left to tell in detail what then occurred. But even their recital is

so sufficiently horrible. The amiable sister, whose name was Jane, using the Indian language, with which she had been familiar from childhood, and referring to her honored sire, whom the Indians revered, and to the ever free hospitality of their house and impartiality of their family, begged in vain for life. A swarthy friend who pursued her to the wood-pile, which she fondly hoped might afford her shelter, deliberately wiped a bloody blade upon his sleeve before her eyes, caught her by the arm, grasped his tomahawk, and silenced the piteous supplicant with a stroke.

Such is a sample of the work in general which that sad morning beheld. But how needs the tongue of an eye witness to portray the scene to him? Does not every ear hear the furious yell of the savage, mingling with the despairing shriek of his victim, as doors and windows are burst open with a crash, and the assailants hasten to their terrible work? Does not every eye see, as with a clear retrospect, the malignant hate that flushed the countenances of the aggressors, and the mingled surprise, error, despair, and submission to their fate, that was expressed in the looks of the sufferers? Is not every reader at once sufficiently an eye-witness and an ear-witness of the dreadful scene. Poor Lindsay Bush! How dark a day was this in its history! What a baptism of blood, and of fire, was it now baptizing! The corpses and bones of its late happy owners lay scattered about it, while a blackened and smoking heap of ashes, brands, beams and stone, was all that remained of their recent dwelling. Six long years this fine homestead lay in waste, overrun with an unchecked growth of grass, weeds and bushes, ere it began to be itself again. The surges of the war at length ceased, and under the unarm'd protection of peace, surviving the scars and heirs of deceased ones, ventured to these border-houses again, and entered upon their rightful possessions. Lindsay Bush was not without an heir. A solitary son of Robert Wells, providentially absent from the massacre, survived the wreck of the family. But what charms had his native spot for him now? Could he approach it and not behold the wreathing smoke of the burning dwelling, and the streaming blood of all his kindred, discolored the ground and making it follow him? Could he stand there and not hear the dying shrieks in his ears? Or could he sleep there without disturbing dreams of what transpired on that fell morning, when alike, father, mother, brother, sister, uncle and aunt, in one brief half hour, by well-aimed shot, by tomahawk, by bayonet, or by brutal blow, were cut off from among the living? No. A spot like that, notwithstanding its unrivalled natural beauty, and all its fertile acres around, could be a home to him no longer. Like the first proprietor of it, disposing of its possessions to others, he became a resident of New York city, where, after a life of marked eminence in his profession, he finally deceased. Who had not heard of the late Hon. John Wells, of New York? How remarkable the Providence that sent him, a boy, to the grammar school of Schenectady, that he might escape the edge of the sword that devoured at home? "It is not him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy."

A commodious mansion, embowered in shrubbery, and with a portico entwined with ivy, now crowns that fine hill, owned and occupied by an hospitable family from the valley the Connecticut. They have no relics to show of those bloody times, save a part of the cellar of the house, which is the same now as was then. But to travellers and strangers they often have an opportunity of showing a commendable species of politeness, by reciting to them portions of the thrilling tale. And rare is the visitor who turns away his steps from Lindsay Bush, without thankful emotions that those pioneer perils of our land, and those long, dark, and trying years of the revolutionary contest, exist only in the past.

THE BOATMAN OF THE LOIRE.

The greatest interest has been excited amongst a certain class of persons by the investigation of the papers of a rich capitalist who died lately in Paris, leaving behind not only an immense fortune, the greatest part of which is to be distributed in deeds of charity, but also a reputation unstained, a name honored and blessed by the poor and needy, to whom he was indeed a friend and benefactor. It appears (at least thus goes the Paris gossip) that the said individual has kept very curious memoirs of his life, wherein are preserved the chronicles of all his transactions with the high noblesse of the country. The numberless occasions wherein the bearers of the greatest names amongst the aristocracy were fain to have recourse to his assistance to extricate them from pecuniary embarrassment; the correspondence which from time to time has been going on with every member of the exiled family of the Bourbons, all tending to the one sole absorbing subject of our epoch, the raising of money, are all set forth in these memoirs, which will be of the most extraordinary interest should the family persist in causing them to be published.

This man, with the soul of a philosopher, the heart of a prince, was the son of a poor boatman who worked the ferry at Anconis, on the Loire—a true Vendean, a Chouan to the very soul—and yet by dint of prudence and circumspection, managed to earn a living without suspicion on the part of the sans-culottes all through the Vendean war. With the steady courage of his race, he would pluck out the whole day long upon his usual beat, conveying horses, men and baggage for the service of the republic, belying his principles, not for the sake of gain, but for the opportunity which the occupation bestowed for serving his friends, the royalist chiefs; and at night would start from under cover of the darkness to convey arms and provisions from one bank to the other, in order to assist the Vendean in carrying on the war.

One night the boatman was lying as usual waiting amongst the reeds which line the shore just above the passage at Anconis; his ears were muffled, and himself closely enveloped from head to foot, for he had received information during the day, that a family of Royalists of great importance would cross the river at midnight, in order to join their party then shut out from the Loire, where they were bent on making their last stand. It was a dark and dreary night, just fitted to favor the escape of the fugitives, and the honest boatman was forced to trust to his ear alone for the announcement of their approach. The night was

JOB PRINTING.

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS, COMBINING IN PART

Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blankets, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills, Shoe Bills, Notices, &c., &c.

PROMPTLY AND TASTEFULLY EXECUTED AT THE
JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE,
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type through out, and we are prepared to execute all orders for Printing in the best manner and at short notice.

Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superior style, at reasonable rates.

far advanced ere the well-known hissing sound, imitative of the screech-owl, the rallying cry of the Chouans, broke upon the stillness of the night; in a moment, the little black craft had cut through the water with the swiftness of an arrow towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, and without saying a word—for speed and silence were necessary in those days—Jean Landron proceeded to assist the fugitives on board. The party consisted of a gentleman and lady with two infant children. The gentleman was standing holding one of the children in his arms, while the lady was seated on a small chest with the other infant on her knee. The rumbling sound of the paddle, which had brought them to the spot was distinctly heard in the distance.

The passengers soon were seated in the boat, and proceeded to lift the chest but all efforts were in vain. The weight of its contents, and the imprudence of the lady who had seated herself with her child upon it while waiting for the boat, had caused it to sink so deep in the mud as almost to disappear amongst the reeds, and it became evident at once that it would be impossible to recover it without assistance. In the midst of this dilemma, the heavy gallop of horses and the clanking of the wheels of the horse patrol, who in those troublous times were ordered to pace the shore the whole night long, were heard approaching. In a hurried whisper, the gentleman bade Jean Landron push off. "The chest contains my fortune," said he, "the hopes and security of our most righteous cause, but the safety of my little ones is of more import: let us row them across, and we will return and fetch the chest when we have safely landed on the opposite shore." Jean Landron did as he was bid; he rowed the party across the river, and landed them all in safety.

By this time the patrol had approached close to the spot they had just quitted and the sound of their voices could be distinctly heard. They passed on, however, without observing any trace of the strangers; but the incident had excited the lady to feel such nervous terror for her husband's sake, that she would not suffer him to leave the place of safety he had reached, in order to rush upon danger, as it were, by crossing again to the opposite bank. Jean Landron, therefore, departed alone in search of the chest, taking with him ropes and tools to disengage it from the mud. He succeeded in a short space of time, and returned in high glee, bearing it in triumph before him. His terror may be conceived when upon reaching the spot he had quitted in a short time before, he found it deserted—not a trace of the travellers he had ferried across, to be seen—not a sound indicative of their presence to be heard. He wandered, distracted, up and down, until the dawn; and the first light of day showed him traces of strife and murder, which must have taken place during the time he had been occupied on the other side of the river. The grass and reeds were all trampled and broken, and evident tokens of scuffle and resistance to be observed as far as the entrance to the small wood which clothes the rising ground which encloses the Loire at this spot.

Jean Landron followed, through bramble and through briar, the path which had evidently been forced by the resisting fugitives, until beneath a tree he found the lifeless corpse of one of the children, lying bawled in blood, its brains having been dashed out against a stone. By its side lay the hat and cloak of the lady, all drenched in gore, but no other token of the passage of the fugitives—no other indication of the path by which the survivors had been hurried, was anywhere to be observed, and Jean Landron returned to his boat, disconsolate and broken-hearted, to begin his daily task with bitter remembrance of the past night. The chest lay concealed beneath the floor of his hut until the end of the war. Every inquiry concerning its owner was set on foot by Jean Landron: it contained gold to an enormous amount. As much publicity as could be given to the event, was promoted by the honest boatman, but in vain. The thing remained a mystery to this hour. Jean Landron died a wealthy man, but even on his death-bed, he bade his son, whom he left rich, happy, and respectable, to use every endeavor to discover the owner of the gold; and for many years, his son also made every research, sparing neither time nor expense to fulfill his father's dying command.

A rude cross in the wood on the spot where it is supposed the mortal struggle took place between the flying royalists and some republican soldiers—a small tombstone of white marble in the grave-yard of Ancenis, raised by Jean Landron over the corpse of the unhappy babe, are all that is left to tell the story of the ill-starred royalist gentleman and his unhappy wife! The chronicles of La Vendee could furnish many such an episode as this, but there are few, who, like Jean Landron, would seek to make the story known. He reverts to it even in his will, and leaves an annuity to be bestowed for ever on the oldest boatman on the Loire in order to commemorate the unhappy event which against his own desire, had been the foundation of his fortune.

HOME.

"Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger heart can tell."

What a charm rests on the endearing name,—my home! Consecrated by domestic love, that golden love of human happiness. Without this, home would be like a temple stripped of its garlands; there a father welcomes with fond affection; a brother's kind sympathies comfort in the hour of distress, and assist in every trial; there a pious mother first taught the infant lips to lip the name of Jesus; and there a loved sister dwells, the companion of earlier days.

Truly, if there is aught that is lovely here below, it is home—sweet home! It is like the oasis of the desert.—Selected.

"We find, on a scrap in our 'drawer,' this passage from a learned history by a German adventurer in London, on 'Baron Vandalbraun.' He is illustrating the great glory of mechanics, as a science: 'De ting dat is made is more superior dan de maker. I shall show you how in some things. Suppose I make be round wheel of de coach? Ver' well; dat wheel roll five hundred mile!—and I cannot roll one myself! Suppose I make de cooper, what you call, and I make de big tub to hold de wine? He hold tuns and gallons; and I can hold more as de bottle! So you see dat de ting dat is made is more superior dan de maker!"

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 13, 1851.

AGENTS.

Boston.—Messrs. S. M. PETERSON & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

Worcester.—Dr. David Youngman, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

Roxbury.—Mr. G. W. Dixie will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

PROGRESS.

The above word expresses briefly, but fully, "the order of the day," for wherever we turn our eyes we shall find, that man is not satisfied with his present attainments in any department of life,—he still progresses to something beyond, not yet reached.

It was thought, sometime since, that when we arrived at the point in the history of navigation, so that we could hear from Europe in ten to twelve days, it was the last triumph that could be made in that quarter. It would seem as though this was sufficient to satisfy most any one who desired great speed in the transmission of intelligence; and when a contrast was made between the present conveniences for intercourse and those of ten or fifteen years since, the improvement appeared truly wonderful.

But Progress says, we must not rest here, for there are the Telegraphs used on Terra-firma; and cannot these be used between the continents? Cannot we have a submerged line, so that we shall have daily and hourly communications from England, or from any part of the continent of Europe, and thus the thoughts of one nation be instantly transmitted to sister nations, no matter in what part of the Hemispheres they may be located.

Start not, gentle reader, and say the plan is chimerical, for it is not so much so as you might at first imagine or suppose; it is now a matter of fact that a submarine telegraph is in successful operation between England and France, and at any moment London and Paris can talk to each other with as much ease as though they were next door neighbors. We hesitate not to say, that a line can be easily extended from our coast to Ireland, thus requiring but about two thousand miles of wire, and when once sunk in the profound depths of the Atlantic, would remain undisturbed from the shifting currents, or the chafing rocks, and could readily be arranged so as not to be subject to those accidents to which the English and French line was necessarily exposed in the narrow channel between the two countries.

This would indeed be a triumph in the annals of our history, never before approached, and would make some of the "older inhabitant's" eyes open pretty wide, especially when in the "Journal" of Saturday we should publish European, Asiatic, or Chinese news, of the day previous. Nevertheless, we believe the day will come when it will be accomplished, and perchance we may find in the paths of "Progress" some improvement or a submarine telegraph, altho' for the life of us we cannot now see any, except perhaps that passengers should be carried over in a day or two, which seems now about as impossible, as twenty-five or thirty years ago, if it would have been to have gone from Boston to New York or Philadelphia in a day—a journey now accomplished with ease in eight to twelve hours.

"Progress," then, is our watchword, and will be so long as the nations, and especially our own land, make such rapid strides in civilization, and in adapting the arts and sciences to the use of every-day life; and we must be prepared for most anything now-a-days in the shape of invention, even from "Paine's Gas" to "Barnum's Annihilator" and must not be astonished if all such articles come out bright in the end.

BOLD AND SUCCESSFUL ROBBERY.—Last Saturday night the dwelling-house of Mr. William D. Warren, in this town, was entered, and \$1000 in bank bills stolen from a trunk, principally on the Faneuil Hall Bank, Eagle, and Bank of Commerce, Boston. The rogue first effected an entrance to the lively stable adjoining, and let loose the horses, and the noise made by them awakening the Irish girl, she called Mr. Warren; and while he went to the stable for a few moments, the scoundrel entered the room where Mrs. W. was sleeping, and took the trunk containing the money from under the bed, and made his escape. The trunk was found broken open, near by, the next morning. Mr. Warren, it may be said, had but just got fairly started in business, and the money taken was a heavy one, and we hope his many friends, if they do nothing more substantial, will at least give to Mr. Warren the liberal patronage in business which he deserves.

RIGHT, AT LAST.—We are happy to inform our readers that "the new fence" around the hay-scales will certainly be painted as soon as the scales are properly sealed. Will the official functionary please step up and affix his big seal?

THAT TOWN CLOCK.—We hope is not yet wound up. They have a good one in Winchester, and it keeps good time and looks well. So would one in Woburn.

TEACHER WANTED.—A teacher is wanted, to take charge of the South Grammar School in Marblehead. Salary, \$550. Cannot we send them one from Woburn?

CITY ELECTIONS FOR MAYOR.

Boston.—Four candidates in the field, and no choice, all good men, we suppose, but can't all be Mayors. A new election will be ordered.

CHARLESTON.—Richard Frothingham, Jun., elected.

ROXBURY.—Samuel Walker was re-elected.

LOWELL.—Dr. Elisha Huntington elected.

NEWBURYPORT.—Gen. Caleb Cushing was re-elected.

WORCESTER.—Peter C. Bacon elected.

ATTEMPT TO SHOOT A POLICE OFFICER.—Last Monday forenoon a man was arrested in Boston, for threatening to shoot a man named Harris. He went along very quietly until he got into Sudbury street, when he suddenly drew a pistol from his pocket and fired it at the officers. Officer Butman was so near him at the moment that the powder of the explosion burnt his hand, and the ball whistled past his face. In the Police Court, on Tuesday, he was brought up on a charge of assault upon officer Butman, with intent to kill. He waived an examination and was ordered to give bail in \$2000, for trial in the Municipal Court, and also to give bonds in \$2000 to keep the peace.

GOLD FEVER.—We understand that the California gold fever rages to a great extent in this vicinity. The arrival of a number of persons richly laden with gold, has again excited the desire of many for riches, and a large number are preparing soon to leave for California. In South Boston, particularly, there are quite a large number who are soon to leave for the Pacific coast. Many of those who are preparing are among the best citizens. Quite a number of machinists and mechanics are soon to try their luck, and in one foundry some twelve or fifteen have given notice of their intention to resign their situations on this account.—*Traveler.*

The gold fever is also raging to a considerable extent in Woburn, and it carries off, almost weekly, quite a number of our young men. The gold fever seems to have broken out afresh in all directions.

THE NEW YORK EXHIBITION.—A petition has been presented to the Board of Aldermen of New York, signed by hotel-keepers and others, asking that 'Madison Square' be granted to Edward Riddle and his associates, who propose to erect upon said square a building commensurate with the size of the ground, constructed of iron and glass, for the purpose of an Industrial Exhibition of all nations, and to cause the same to be opened to the public on the 15th day of April next.

SNOW IN MAINE.—A letter from Manson, Me., says:—"It is now most beautiful sleighing, and has been ever since the 12th of Nov. Snow is about 10 or 12 inches, and in some places it drifted, occasioned by the violent blow last Monday and Tuesday. Teams, embracing a hundred or more horses, are passing through here to the Moosehead Lake every day."

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Last Monday forenoon, a man named Hunt, belonging to West Cambridge, the contractor for building General Thompson's new dwelling house on Academy Hill, while at work upon a staging, fell to the ground, a distance of about twenty feet, striking upon his head, cutting and bruising it very severely, and it is feared, injuring him internally.

DROWNED IN WINCHESTER.—Mr. Thomas Tidwell, of Winchester, was drowned, last Sunday, while attempting to cross Wade's Pond, on his way to dine with a friend. His hat was discovered on the ice on Monday morning, which led to a search for the body, and its subsequent recovery during the day. He leaves a wife and several children.

WOBURN HOTEL.—It is suggested that a first class hotel must be built the coming season, one that will accommodate families, the location to be near the railroad depot, with ample grounds. Builders are ready to contract, and only wait for the movement to subscribe for stock.

STRIKE'S RIOT.—A riot occurred in Cincinnati recently, in connection with a Cabinet maker's strike, on a reduction of wages; many collected, and fire arms were freely used. The mayor and police succeeded in arresting the ringleaders, and after a hard fight secured them in prison.

PHALANX ASSEMBLIES.—These popular assemblies commence for the season on Wednesday evening next, and are to be six in number. We can assure a pleasant and agreeable time to all who attend. Flanders "has the floor," and Smith's Salem Band "does" the music.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.—This is decidedly one of the best magazines of the day. The present number will repay perusal. The throwing over of the tea in Boston harbor is worth a year's subscription. To be had at Fowle's.

THE STONEHAM LIGHT INFANTRY.—We understand, are giving a series of dances in that town, which are well attended, and enjoyed by all who participate in them.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.—An endless variety at Fowle's bookstore. We cannot count them—all new and beautiful, for Christmas presents.

CORRESPONDENTS.—We have several communications on hand which will receive attention in due time.

BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN.

FROM THE YEAR 1841 to 1843.

(Continued.)

1843.

Craggen, Anna, d. of John, 6th of 6th.

Brooks, Meriam, d. of Isaac, 16th of 10th.

Flagg, John, s. of Gershom, 25th of May.

Richardson, Nathaniel, s. of Nathaniel, 27th of August.

Tompson, Simon, s. of Jonathan, 15th of June.

Knight, Joseph, s. of Joseph, 12th of 10th.

Johnson, Nathaniel, s. of John, 15th of May.

Richardson, Stephen, s. of Joseph, 7th of 12th.

Foster, Abigail, d. of Joseph, 12th of March.

Richardson, Martha, d. of Samuel, 20th of 10th.

Dain, William, s. of William, 5th of July.

Richardson, Peirson, s. of John, 22d of 7th.

Walker, Benjamin, s. of John, 25th of 11th.

Brooks, John, s. of John, 17th of 5th.

Peirce, Timothy, s. of Thomas, 25th of Jan.

Richardson, Ruth, d. of Theophilus, 31st of 6th.

Carter, Mary, d. of Samuel, 24th of July.

Green, Samuel, s. of John, 29th of January.

Glogatz, Martha and Mary, twin daughters of Samuel, 15th of 7th.

Read, Sarah, d. of Israel, 29th of August.

Converse, John, s. of James, 22d of August.

Buck, Sarah, d. of Ephraim, 11th of 11th.

Brush, George, s. of George, 18th of 11th.

Lock, Ebenezer, s. of William, 8th of 11th.

1841.

Walker, Susannah, d. of Israel, 1st of March.

Farhou, Ebenezer, s. of Caleb, 3d of April.

Baker, Jonathan, s. of John, 2d of 2d.

Kendall, Lydia, d. of John, 23d of 2d.

Snow, Abigail, d. of John, Jr., 25th of June.

Read, Mary, d. of George, 15th of June.

Snow, Daniel, s. of Samuel, 9th of 5th.

Richardson, Joseph and Benjamin, twin sons of Isaac, 25th of 4th.

Fowl, Samuel, s. of James, 17th of 7th.

Wyman, Benjamin, s. of Francis, 25th of August.

Johnson, Abigail, d. of William, 4th of 8th.

Carter, Joseph, s. of Joseph, 28th of 9th.

Wyman, Mary, d. of John, Jr., 25th of June.

Winn, Josiah, s. of Joseph, 15th of March.

Peirce, James, s. of John, 6th of 6th.

Wilson, Hannah, d. of John, Jr., 28th of 10th.

Snow, Timothy, s. of John, 16th of 12th.

Hall, Elizabeth, d. of Thomas, 14th of 10th.

Convers, Ruth, d. of Zachariah, 3d of 8th.

Brush, Joseph, s. of George, 11th of 11th.

Knight, Lydia, d. of Michael, 29th of 7th.

Kendall, Ruth, d. of Thomas, 17th of February.

Johnson, Ruth, d. of Matthew, 1st of 11th.

1845.

Flagg, Hannah, d. of Gershom, 12th of March.

Convers, Elizabeth, d. of James, 23d of 3d.

Wright, Joanna, d. of Joseph, 18th of 2d.

Tompson, Hannah, d. of James, 31st of December.

Russell, Jonathan, s. of John, 6th of 6th.

Dain, Samuel, s. of William, 26th of July.

Richardson, Stephen, s. of Stephen, 20th of 12th.

Richardson, Jacob, s. of John, 15th of 12th.

Houghton, Henry, s. of John, 23d of 12th.

Carter, Samuel, s. of Samuel, 27th of Aug.

Green, William, s. of William, 9th of 6th.

Walker, Mary, d. of John, 27th of 10th.

Japheth, Elizabeth, d. of Abraham, 19th of 3d.

Richardson, James, s. of Nathaniel, 25th of Feb.

Waters, Mary, d. of Samuel and Mary, 19th of October.

Kossuth.—Notwithstanding all the great demonstrations in favor of this distinguished man, a violent opposition has arisen against any action of Congress in his favor, as a national act. We, though small, amongst so many great luminaries, predicted this, and the end is not yet.

FIRE IN RANDOLPH.—A little boy named Belcher, aged four years, while engaged in playing in his father's barn at Randolph, Wednesday, set fire to the barn, and before the fire was extinguished, the dwelling-house and carpenter's shop adjoining were consumed.

FIRE IN BILLERICA.—A dwelling house, barn and out-buildings, belonging to Mr. Enos Woodbury, in Billerica, were destroyed by fire on Tuesday evening about 8 o'clock. Loss about \$4000; insured for \$1900 at the Cambridge Mutual.

SENTENCE OF A HIGHWAY ROBBER.—We learn from the Portland Advertiser, that the trial of Wm. H. Hall, accused of an aggravated assault and highway robbery, was finished on Tuesday, before the Supreme Court in that city, and resulted in his being sentenced to the State's Prison for life.

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of this railroad, Wednesday, the three conductors in charge of the three trains which were so unfortunately brought into collision on Thursday evening week, were all displaced by an unanimous vote of a full Board.

ELOPEMENT.—The Manchester (N. H.) Mirror gives an account of the elopement of an American in the Stark Mills, named Edward Wilson, with a girl named H. J. Titus, last week. Wilson leaves a wife and three children in destitute circumstances.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—The New York passenger train from Fall river to Boston, was partially thrown off the track near Fall river, on Wednesday morning, by a misplaced switch. No one was injured.

PACIFIC FIRE INSURANCE CO.—Are you insured? If not, read the advertisement of the Pacific Insurance Co., and call on Mr. Hinckley. Your insurance will be safe.

DEAD LETTERS.—In the Report of the Post Master General, it is stated that more than 4000 pounds of dead letters were received from California during the last summer.

VIRGINIA ELECTIONS.—Johnson, the Democratic candidate for Governor is elected. Both branches of the Legislature are probably Democratic.

LIQUOR IN LOWELL.—There are 198 grog shops in Lowell; 123 kept by foreigners, and 65 by Americans.

REPORT ON THE NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.

For the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—The committee having in charge the building of the Primary School House for the Western Ward, in District No. 1, (though not fully completed,) ask leave, through your columns, to submit the following suggestions and explanations in reference to the house and fixtures, not, however, as a final report. It was our intention, had the building and fixtures been fully completed in season, to have invited public notice and inspection to the building, its internal arrangements, with the improvements introduced, and to the dedication of the house.

It has been the desire, and earnest endeavor of the committee, to erect a plain, but neat and substantial edifice, sufficiently attractive to the pupil to make it a pleasurable resort, as well as one of duty and improvement. They have avoided all unnecessary expense in embellishments, being more anxious to combine in the arrangements all the modern improvements of late introduced into many school-rooms,—so well adapted to the true interest and happiness of our children, who are "the glory of the present and the hope of coming ages,"—such as every friend and lover of his own nature and humanity will approve, having due regard not only to their physical, but also their intellectual education, believing that too little importance is attached to the former, in connection with the latter, and well knowing that to promote a healthy and happy development of our faculties, alternate exercise of body and mind is essential; which, when enjoyed, lends new charms and facilities to moral exercises, and produces agreeable sensations, and without which, in a happy union, no great proficiency may be expected in any of the pursuits of life. And to no class, and at no period of life, is this frequent action and alternate exercise of all the powers and functions of life, both mental and physical, of greater moment than to the infant and youth, whose interest we seek but to serve.

Permit us to describe, as perhaps the first in importance, the Ventilating Stove, and its incidental apparatus. It is Hedenberg's patent, and is so constructed, that in connection with a cold air box leading from the open air, as constantly to receive a supply of pure atmospheric air, which is circulated through the stove and moderately heated before it is sent out to be diffused throughout the room, thereby obviating the very objectionable mode of warming school-rooms by the air coming in direct contact with the outside of the stove, immediately heated, and sometimes to a red heat, depriving the air we breathe of its most essential ingredient—oxygen—the inspiration of which, in due proportions with nitrogen, purifies the blood, invigorates the whole system, and, in fine, gives vitality to our every being; for without it we die, though sometimes gradually and almost imperceptibly, but none the less surely. In connection with the stove is an evaporating dish, which should always be supplied, when the stove is heated, with pure water.

At the end of the room, and opposite the stove, is a Ventilator, or ventilating flue, sixteen inches square, resting upon the floor, and passing not only through the ceiling, but also through the roof of the building, surmounted by one of Emerson's sixteen-inch patent Ventilators. The Ventilator has a register at the top and bottom, through which the air rendered impure by respiration, excretions from the skin, insensible perspiration, or from whatever cause, may escape.

The chairs, (when completed,) in addition to the side-rack, for books, are to have an oval shelf attached to the right arm, curving towards the centre, and supported by a standard, on which the pupils may lay their books or slates.

There are black-boards all around the room. There are also two thermometers, placed opposite ends of the room, by which the temperature should always be regulated, and in no case allowed to rise above a certain height. There are minor improvements in the inside, and out-buildings, which time and space forbid us to describe. As to the inclosure of the grounds, the design and execution must be regarded as a necessity, and not an act of volition.

We thank the District for the liberal appropriations allowed us, in order to introduce the several improvements above named.

HORACE CONN,
JOSHUA E. LITTLEFIELD.

STEAMBOAT COLLISION AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The Steamboat Aschen was run down by the Die Vernon. The accident occurred on the Mississippi river. All the passengers were on deck, consisting of persons emigrating to Iowa. Thirty-four lives were lost,—one whole family except two were drowned. There was also an Irish family of seven or eight, and an American family of three or four, all drowned. The officers of the boat were saved.

CHARLESTON.—Business prospects in this city are by no means flattering. They have recently discharged large numbers from the Navy Yard, an present appearances indicate something of a stagnation in business.

GODEY'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.—As usual, is good. It should be on every lady's table. Fowle has it.

CUBA.—The New York Herald, New Orleans Delta and Picayune newspapers have been interdicted in the Island of Cuba.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES at Washington elected Littleton S. Grogan, Methodist Episcopal clergyman, chaplain.

THE INDIANA LEGISLATURE met on the 1st inst. Hon. John W. Davis, late commissioner to China, was chosen Speaker.

NEW SCHOOL HOUSE IN THOMPSON'S VILLAGE.

For the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—I had the pleasure, a few days since, of visiting the house recently erected in District No. 1, on the west side of the canal, for the use of the Primary School recently established in that part of the district. The building is plain, neat and substantial. Its size is twenty six by thirty-six feet. The School room is twenty six by thirty feet, and thirteen feet high. Ample space is left for entries, and these are well supplied with conveniences for hanging up hats, caps, bonnets, &c.

On entering the school room, I was struck with the advantages it affords over those constructed in this district a few years since. The room is well lighted by six large windows—three on each side—with blinds, not so much for ornament as for comfort, in shutting out the heat in summer, and softening the light that would otherwise be too bright for the eyes of the scholars. The house is warmed by one of Hedenberg's patent stoves. This must be seen and examined to be appreciated. There is not room in this article to point out its many excellencies. The room is supplied with pure air by means of one of Emerson's Ventilators. By this ventilator the heated and impure air is constantly removed, and its place supplied with air pure and fit for respiration. Children often return home from school at night, languid and sick with severe headache. Too frequently the parent throws all the blame upon the teacher, accusing her of keeping her scholars too still, and making them study too hard. The true and sole cause, however, is almost invariably beyond the control of the teacher. The want of pure air is the whole cause of the trouble. Who does not know how frequently the auditors in a lecture room are troubled with the same feelings? Ventilate school rooms and lecture rooms in a proper manner, and headaches and lassitude will be greatly diminished at those places.

A proposition was made some time since to ventilate all the school rooms in the district, by an apparatus similar to the one in this new school house. The matter was discussed, and high authority cited in support of its importance. But all that could be obtained was a vote authorising the Prudential Committee to put the windows in such a condition that the upper sash could be lowered. Some of our prominent citizens are unwilling to aid in defraying the expense of such improvements; it may be from a want of knowledge in the matter, or it may be from some other cause. Money expended for the benefit of our common schools, is well employed, and will pay to the community what is better far than a twelve per cent profit—an increased degree of intelligence on the part of the rising generation. Furthermore, in raising the standard of excellence in respect to our common schools, by furnishing the best of houses and instruction, one of the surest means is employed for alluring to our village men of wealth and intelligence who are about deciding on a place for a country residence. In this way additional property will be brought into the town and help pay the increased expense of the schools.

This new school house is designed to accommodate all the children on the west side of the canal, in Thompson's Village. It has seats for sixty scholars. The whole expense, including land, fences, building, chairs, stoves, ventilator, &c., is about fifteen hundred and fifty dollars. Much credit certainly belongs to the building committee, for the manner in which they have discharged the trust reposed in them. While they studied economy so far as ornament was concerned, they have not hesitated to incur expense when it seemed to them necessary; and this building, with its many conveniences, will stand a permanent witness to their interest in the highest good of the school.

Under the instruction of Miss Adelaide L. Damon, a teacher experienced, and eminently successful in other schools in town, it is hoped that this new school will be the Model Primary School of Woburn. It is a matter of regret that a meeting could not have been held in this house, and a formal dedication have taken place. But the lateness of its completion did not admit of this.

INSTALLATION.—Rev. A. R. Baker was installed over the Central Church in Lynn last Thursday.

MR. J. H. WILKINS, the Whig candidate for Mayor at the last Municipal election in Boston, has declined to be again a candidate.

CAPT. JAMES WEST, of the steamship Atlantic, left New York on Saturday, on his two hundred and first voyage across the ocean.

DANIEL NEEDHAM, Esq., of Groton, has been appointed by the Governor and Council a notary public for the county of Middlesex.

GEORGE T. BARTON, engineer on board a tug boat, was killed by the machinery, near Wilmington, N. C.

LABEL SUIT.—The Bee states that Geo. T. Curtis, Esq., has commenced a suit against B. B. Mussey, Esq., publisher of the late speeches of Hon. Horace Mann, for a libel contained in these speeches, and assessing damages at \$5,000.

THE PRESIDENT has received a letter from Mr. Thrasher's mother, setting forth his situation, and making an appeal to the government.

A SENI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of 3 1-2 per cent, has been declared by the Boston and Maine Railroad Co., payable Jan. 1st.

CONGRESS.

The Standing Committees have all been appointed, and we have notes of preparation in the introduction of bills and resolutions for debate.

Mr. Clay is quite feeble, and will not consent to have his name used as a candidate for President; it would not be any additional honor to him, for his cup is full.

Mr. Foote has withdrawn his resolution of invitation to Kossuth; it met with considerable opposition.

Mr. Hale, in Senate, introduced a resolution for an appeal to the President of France in behalf of *Abel Kader*, a captive Chief of Algiers, held in captivity by France. This we suppose to be a joke.

Mr. Stockton, in the Senate, presented a petition asking government to act in behalf of Mr. Thrasher, of Havana, an American citizen, sentenced and sent to the mines. This is of much importance.

In the Senate, Dec. 10th, the motion of Seward on a joint resolution of welcome to Kossuth was taken up. Mr. Sumner, of Mass., having the floor, commenced his speech amid the most profound silence. He said he would not have spoken thus early, but for the importance of the occasion. He proceeded to state his reasons in the most glowing terms.

Mr. Stockton, of New Jersey, followed in support of the resolutions. He was glad to find that Kossuth had been so nobly received in New York, and it was his desire to see him as cordially welcomed here. He had no fear of foreign entanglements; they had no reason to be afraid. They had a Secretary of State who, with one puff of his gigantic mind could blow them all to cobwebs. He was about to read from Mr. Webster's celebrated speech in Baltimore, when a motion to adjourn was made and carried.

Mr. Smith, of Alabama, gave notice of a bill looking to the arrest and conviction of Kossuth on a charge of incendiary speeches. Objections were raised, when he was notified that it could be introduced silently by handing it to the Clerk.

Mr. Stanton wanted to know from the gentleman whether he designed to re-enact the alien and sedition law? The cry of, order! order! was here raised by various members. Mr. Smith answered that he did not, but wanted to prevent any more Pampero expeditions. Considerable sensation was produced by this novel proposition.

By a memorial to Congress in favor of removing obstructions in the Western rivers the amount of commerce floated on them during the last year is estimated at \$220,000,000; it is greater than the amount of the total exports of the nation.

In the District Court of the United States, on Tuesday, Judge Swayne presiding, the trial of Frederick Lendon, master of the ship John Bertram, for beating two seamen on a ship, was resumed and finished. The defendant was acquitted on one charge, and found guilty on the other, for which he was fined \$30. George Lunt for the United States; J. L. English for the defendant.

SAD EVENT.—Mr. Henry Blatch, a brother of the late Mrs. Van Wagner, who was murdered by her brother, Thomas Davis, last month, recently returned from California, and on hearing of the sad fate of his sister, was immediately seized with a delirious fever, which terminated in death. He was buried on Sunday afternoon, and both sister and brother now lie side by side.—*Courier.*

TALES AND SKETCHES.

THE OLD CHURCH.

ANOTHER GROUP FROM "STILL LIFE," BY THE AUTHOR OF
"OUR VILLAGE."

There stands an old church in the village of B—, which is one of the dearest memories of my remembrance. It has held itself firmly up beneath the weight of a century, and looks as venerable as Time itself. It is just apart from the compact portion of the village, surrounded by the inspiring objects that nature often produces. It is also buried in the depth of a majestic grove, ancient as itself, whose foliage twinkles to the least breath of summer air. The grove is all alive with the songs of the birds, and they cluster around the eaves of the old edifice, as if they loved it with more than human affection. The spire shoots lightly out from the green branches of the trees, and is surmounted by a cock, sitting up as prim as a maid of forty, watching, as were the whereabouts of the villagers. It has been declared by the sexton that the cock was invariably in the habit of spreading its wings and crowing as the week ended, at twelve on Saturday, at midnight; but the deacon always said there was some doubts about that. The interior was also remarkable for its age, and the very organ appeared to have a troubling tone of antiquity. These were initials cut on the walls many years ago, by those whose names may be now found carved in the burying-ground. I have paced its aisles, and listened to the pensive melody of the autumn crickets, for they haunted and loved the spot. I have heard the chattering locusts about it in the silent August noon, and the whippoorwill oft visited the spot in the twilight of the early morning.

How many hours I have mused upon that spot! There was the chorister—he who officiated half a century in that capacity—combining the avocations of sexton, Sunday-school teacher, bell-ringer, sweeper, gravedigger, and the thousand other duties that linger around a church. "Alas! poor Yorick!"—his modest little grave-stone is the only record left of him. He was called "Simon." Simon! how familiar it sounds! Morning, noon, and night, he was to be seen bustling about the edifice. He was a particular man. He took more pride in his bell-rope than in all other objects whatever; and what is worthy of remark, he had it beautifully painted from end to end. He once drowned a sacrilegious cat for daring to walk through the sanctuary; and even the flies were not permitted to hum around the building. His vocal music has never been equalled. He kept one string in his nose which produced a twang that stands entirely unparalleled. Methinks I see him now, standing erect with his book in hand, his spectacles on the tip of his nose, his eyes closed, dragging moderately through an old psalm—his voice growing weaker and weaker, as sleep gently descends upon him. And, then, as he walked through the middle aisle, and delivered a note, he uttered a sudden air of business depicted on his countenance an air of responsibility—a smile of familiarity when he delivered his charge—a something that cast a breathless silence over the congregation, and attracted every eye toward him. Simon endeavored to be a pious man, but he once took the name of his God in vain; and he was never known to smile after. The truth may as well out, and this was the cause: Some rude boys, instigated by Satan, no doubt, one cold Saturday evening, turned up the mouth of Simon's bell, and charged it with water. During the night it became congealed, and on the following morning was a solid mass of ice. Simon appeared as usual, shook out his rope, and commenced preparations; but there was no sound. He started, for he was superstitious. He resolved to ascend into the belfry, but a second thought warned him against such temerity. Spirits might be hovering there, and his tongue, too, might lose its locomotive power. Away he ran, through the village, declaring that Satan, or some other power, had taken possession of the church-bell. He immediately raised a body of twelve armed men to march to the rescue. After much bustle, he arrived, and declared the bell to be frozen into silence, and hinted that Simon was the whole cause of it. Simon denied it. "You admit the doors were locked on your arrival—it must be charged upon you," said one of the band to the sexton. "No, by my soul," replied he. They persisted, and Simon persisted, until the latter, in a whirlwind of passion, said, "he'd be d—d if he did!" and that settled the matter. That was a sad day for Simon—a day which ruined him temporarily if not spiritually. But methinks, like the first oath of Uncle Toby, the "recording angel" dropped a tear, and blotted it out forever.

Few now recollect Simon. Those who looked upon him in his official capacity, have long since gone to sleep, as well as himself. Many of the mounds in the little yard around his own were raised by his hand; and many is the breath that Simon has silently sodded down. It was a school which taught him much, and the effects of which improved his life, until the same good office was done for him which he had so often performed for others.

There, too, was old father Brewer. For forty years he occupied one particular seat. Neither summer's heat nor winter's cold kept him from the church. There he sat in the corner, round and heavy, his head naked, save a few white locks that fluttered thinly around his temples. When he passed away, there was a vacancy in the whole house. Something seemed wrong. He had so long been an object—a something during a weary discourse, to fix your eye upon, and find rest. It was long before that vacuum was filled, and in fact, it only gradually healed, like a desperate wound.

"Father Brewer" received his title from the circumstance of his being one of the fathers of the village. He was one of those who knew the day when the spot was a forest; when the wolf howled far and wide; when the Indian walked forth like a king, and in the wild romance of his tribe; and only here and there the smoke of the white man curled among the green branches of the trees. He was instrumental in raising the little church in the shadows of the wilderness, and lived to behold that wilderness met around it like the April snow, and stand forth, as it does now, in the sunshine of the blue heavens. His death was as quiet and tranquil as the sinking of the evening star, which vanishes in purity

and silence. He was not cut down, but gathered. Father Brewer, too, is gone!

Parson Johnson was a peculiar man. He was not one of those divines who practised, as near as poor human frailty would allow, what he preached; and this was all he sought in the ways of his beloved flock. There was nothing boisterous in his manner, as he stood forth in the pulpit; but all was calm and gentle as the whisper of a seraph. I see him now, arrayed in his modest attire, the heavy wrinkles arching his brow, his locks whitened by the snow-flakes of seventy years, standing before me in the little desk he occupied so long. I see him affectionately perusing and entreating his people "to choose the better part"—to forsake the gaudy and glittering tinsel of wealth—to grasp after those immortal flowers that know no blight of winter, and to lay up for themselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupts, nor thieves break through and steal.

He looked like a being more than human—a sentinel, as it were, upon the narrow bridge that divides time from eternity. Every body loved Parson Johnson. The very children of the village would forsake their parents, and hasten to meet his embrace, for his way was as simple as a child's. There was a treasury of anecdote in him, and many is the fireside that has been charmed by his presence. There was nothing sour or morose in his manner; the beauty of his religion consisted in a great measure in the felicity it conferred on man here below. Who ever looked on Parson Johnson, and thought not better of Christianity? Who ever suspected for a moment that the Father of the universe was not with him? It would have been sacrilege! His opinion on any subject was weighed as closely as though it were holy writ itself. When his master on high called him to his bosom, the little flock stood silent. Their shepherd was no more. It was a bereavement too deep to be soon forgotten. He lingered long in their memories, even as the death of a fond parent remains green in the recollection of his children.

But what rendered the old church more sacred to me, was the fact that a long line of ancestors had loved it before me. There were traces of my own mother's hands throughout the interior; and her form was cold many long years ago. This gave a pleasing solemnity to every object around, and threw me into a deeper and holier train of meditation.

But I must not forget Deacon Miller's dog. The day of the deacon's was the most sacred festival that it has ever been my fortune to encounter. He always made his appearance about the commencement of the sermon, (probably having an aversion to prayers,) and after pushing the front door one side with his cold nose, he would curl up his tail as round as a hoop upon his back, and trot up the middle aisle with all the importance of a lord.

After making the circuit of the church a few times, by way of preliminary, he would couch himself down at the pew door of the deacon, and fix his eyes upon Parson Johnson, with the most intense attention during the remainder of the discourse. He was a pattern to many of the biped race; and although he undoubtedly did run in habitually appearing at so late a period, his demeanor was unexceptionable after his arrival; and when the services were concluded, he retired with decent solemnity, doubtless as much edified as many of the congregation. The deacon proposed that the sexton should toll the age of the departed to the village; but that worthy peremptorily refused, and a dispute arose on the occasion, which rendered their enemies forever afterward.

Doubtless this old church will stand when the writer of this is no more. If it does, then let it also remain a lesson to others, as it has been to me. I am not among that misanthropical class who look upon such works of stability only to ascertain my own frailty. There is an eloquence in those gray and silent objects, that should not be forgotten—a solemn voice, it is true, but it has about it nothing dark nor gloomy. It is sweet and pensive, like the tones of its own bell echoing soberly among the hills and valleys that surround it. One may read a lesson where Time has written his characters in the green and slippery moss upon its eaves. There is a homily in the silver thread of the spider that trembles suspended from its columns. Wherever you turn your eye, in this ancient and holy spot, there is a volume of instruction. It is to be looked upon as we gaze upon the October forests, when in the silent and smoky noontide, the leaf turns into gold, and the hills stand up in one full blaze of dying splendor. As you would walk forth on the autumnal hills, and identify yourself with the great phenomena of nature—go, oh! friend and companion of my youth, and linger about this old church; if you are a cheerful man, it will purify your cheerfulness; and what ever you may be, you will return "a better and a wiser man."—Knickerbocker.

KINDNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.—The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time. In the nursery, on the playground and in the school, there is room all the time for little acts of kindness that cost nothing, but are worth more than gold or silver. To give up something, where giving up all will prevent unhappiness,—to yield, when persisting will chafe and fret others,—to go a little around rather than come against another,—to take an ill word or a cross look quietly, rather than resent or return it; these are the ways in which the clouds and storms are kept off, and a pleasant and steady sunshine secured even in very humble homes, and among very poor people, as well as in families in higher stations.—Sabbath School Treasury.

A negro in Boston had a severe attack of rheumatism, which finally settled in his foot. He bathed it and rubbed it and swathed it, but all to no purpose. Finally, tearing away the bandages, he stuck it out, and with a shake of his fist over it, exclaimed, "Ache away, den, old yer; ache away. I shan't do nuffin more for yer; dis chile ken stan' it as long as you ken; so ache away!"

Statisticians inform us that a woman's chance of getting married is at its maximum between the age of twenty and twenty-five.—After thirty, her chances, as may be supposed, dwindle away to zero; hence the great length of time that most ladies take in arriving at that age.

REVOLUTIONARY SERMON, Preached on the eve of the Battle of Brandywine, in presence of Washington and Wayne.

BY REV. JOSEPH TROUT.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

SOLDIERS AND COUNTRYMEN:—We have met this evening perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, the dismay of retreat—like we have endured cold and hunger, the contumely of the internal foe and outrage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat, night after night, beside the same camp fire, shared the same rough soldier's fare; we have together heard the roll of the reveille, which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo, which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed; the knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in the peaceful valley on the eve of battle, while the sunlight is dying away beyond your dog's legs, the sunlight that to-morrow morn, will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met, amid the whitened tents of our encampment; in times of terror and of gloom, have we gathered together—God grant it may not be for the last time.

It is a solemn moment. Brethren, does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of she hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff, the breeze has died away along the green plain of Chadd's Ford—the plain that spreads before us, gleaming in sunlight—the heights of the Brandywine arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream, and all nature holds a pause of solemn silence, on the eve of uproar of the blood shed and strife of to-morrow.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

And have they not taken the sword? Let the desolate plain, the blood-sodden valley, the burned farm house blackening in the sun, the sackled village, and the ravaged town, answer—let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his homestead, answer, let the starving mother, with the babe clinging to the withered breast, that can afford no sustenance, let her answer, with the death rattle mingling with the murmuring tones, that mark the last struggle for life—let the dying mother and her babe answer!

It was but a day past and our land slept in the light of peace. War was not here; wrong was not here. Fraud, and woe, and misery, and want, dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods, arose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn looked forth from amid the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest.

Now! God of mercy, behold the change! Under the shadow of a pretext, under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people? They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encamp our posts on the lonely plain of Chadd's Ford.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Brethren think me not unworthy of belief, when I tell you that the doom of the British-er is near! Think me not vain, when I tell you that beyond the cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering, thick and fast, the darker cloud, and the blacker storm of Divine Retribution!

They may conquer us on the morrow. Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from the field—but the hour of God's own vengeance will come!

Aye in the vast solitudes of eternal space, in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge, and sure to punish guilt, then will the man, George of Brunswick, called King, feel in his brain and in his heart, the vengeance of the Eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life—a withered brain, an accursed intellect; a blight will be upon his children, and on his people, Great God! how dread the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns where the man of money thrives, while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all its forms of terror; an ignorant and God-defying priesthood chuckling over the miseries of millions; a proud and merciless nobility adding wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart; aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want linked hand in hand, tempting men to deeds of woe and death—these are a part of the doom and the retribution that shall come upon the English throne and the English people!

Soldiers—I look around upon your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow we will all go forth to battle—for need I tell you that your unworthy minister will march with you, invoking God's aid in the fight?—we will march forth to battle! Need I exhort you to fight the good fight, to fight for your homesteads, and for your wives and children?

My friends I might urge you to fight by the gallant memories of British wrong! Walton—I might tell you of your father butchered in the silence of the midnight on the plains of Trenton. I might picture the gray hairs dabbled in blood, might ring his death shriek in your ears. Shemire, I might tell you of a mother butchered, and a sister outraged—the lonely farm house, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troops, as they despatched their victim, the cries for mercy, the pleadings of innocence for pity. I might plant this all again, in the terrible colors of the vivid reality if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement.

But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will go forth to battle on the morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty, the duty of avenging the dead—may rest heavy on your souls.

And in the hour of battle when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon glare, and the piercing musket flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path, then remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The Eternal God fights for you—he rides on the battle cloud, he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge—God the Awful and the Infinite fights for you and you will triumph.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and revenge. You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right, and to you the promise is, be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword in defiance of that man holds dear, in blasphemy of God—they shall perish by the sword.

And now, brethren and soldiers I bid you all farewell. If any of us may fall in the fight of to-morrow—God rest the souls of the fallen—many of us may live to tell the story of the fight of to-morrow, and in the memory of all will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley; the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the green of the meadow—around us are the tents of the continental host, the suppressed bustle of the camp, the stillness and silence that marks the eve of battle.

When we meet again, may the long twilight be flung over a peaceful land. God in heaven grant it.

Let us pray.

PRAYER OF THE REVOLUTION.

Great Father, we bow before thee. We invoke, thy blessing we deprecate thy wrath, we return thee thanks for the past, we ask thy aid for the future. For we are in times of trouble, oh! Lord, and sore beset by foes, merciless and unyielding; the sword gleams over our land, and the dust of the soil is drenched with the blood of our neighbors and friends.

Oh! God of mercy, we pray thy blessing on the American arms. Make the man of our hearts strong in thy wisdom; bless, we beseech with renewed life and strength, our hope and thy instrument, even GEORGE WASHINGTON—show thy counsels on the Honorable the Continental Congress, visit the tents of our host, comfort the soldier in his wounds and afflictions, nerve him for the fight, prepare him for the hour of death.

And in the hour of defeat, oh! God of Hosts, do thou be our stay, and in the hour of triumph be thou our guide.

Teach us to be merciful. Though the memory of galling wrongs be at our hearts knocking for admittance, and they may fill us with desires for revenge, yet let us, oh! Lord, spare the vanquished, though they never spared us, in their hour of butchery and bloodshed. And, in the hour of death, do thou guide us into the abode prepared for the blest; so shall we return thanks unto thee, through Christ, our Redeemer—God prosper the Cause.—Amen.

TEA-DRINKING.

Oft in the chilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
I see, by candle-light,
The tea-things all around me.
The plates, the bakes,
The tarts and cakes,
The sets of cups unbroken,
The waxen light,
The spoons so bright,
The jests, as yet unsoken.

Then in the merry light,
I draw my wrapper round me,
And sip my Pekin tea at night,
While wife and babes surround me.
This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love.

DEATH OF HAMILTON.

Disappointed, and all his hopes blighted, as he believed, by Hamilton's instrumentality, Burr became eager for vengeance. Hamilton was the contrast between himself and Hamilton, to whom, in his anger, he was ready to ascribe, not his political defeat merely, but his blasted character also.

Though fallen from his former station of commanding influence in the conduct of affairs, Hamilton still enjoyed the unbounded confidence of a party, out-numbered, indeed, but too respectable to be despised; while of his bitterest opponents, none, with any pretensions to character or candor, doubted his honor or questioned his integrity. Burr, on the other hand, saw himself distrusted and suspected by every body, and just about to sink into political annihilation and pecuniary ruin. Two months' meditation on this desperate state of affairs, wrought up his cold, implacable spirit to the point of risking his own life to take that of his rival. He might even have exterminated the insane hope—for though cunning and dexterous to a remarkable degree, he had no great intellect—that Hamilton killed or disgraced, and thus removed out of the way, might yet retrieve his desperate fortunes.

Among other publications made in the course of the late contest were two letters by Dr. Cooper, a zealous partizan of Lewis, in one of which it was alleged that Hamilton had spoken of Burr as a "dangerous man who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government." In the other letter, after repeating the above statement, Cooper added, "I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which Gen. Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr."

Upon this latter passage Burr seized as the means of forcing Hamilton into a duel. For his agent and assistant therein he selected William P. Van Ness, a young lawyer, one of his most attached partisans, and not less dark, designing, cool, and implacable than himself. Van Ness was sent to Hamilton with a copy of Cooper's printed letter and a note from Burr, insisting upon a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expression which would warrant Cooper's assertions.

Perfectly acquainted with Burr and Van Ness, and perceiving as well from Van Ness's conversation as from Burr's note a settled intention to fix a quarrel upon him, Hamilton declined an immediate answer, promising a reply in writing at his earliest convenience. In that reply he called Burr's attention to the fact that the word "despicable," however in its general signification it might imply imputation upon personal honor as to which explanations might be asked, yet from its connection, as used in Dr. Cooper's letter, it apparently related merely to qualifications for political office, a subject, as nothing was said about the more definite statement referred to in the same letter, as to which it seemed to be admitted that no explanation was demandable.

Still Hamilton expressed a perfect readiness to avow or disavow any specific opinion which he might be charged with having uttered, but added that he never would be interrogated generally as to whether he had ever said anything in the course of fifteen years of political competition to justify the inferences which others might have drawn, thus exposing his candor and sincerity to injurious imputations on the part of all who might have misapprehended him. "More than this," so the letter concluded, "cannot be fairly expected from me; especially, it cannot be reasonably expected that I shall enter into any explanation upon a basis so vague as that you have adopted. I trust, on more reflection, you will see the matter in the same light. If not, I can only regret the circumstance, and must abide the consequences."

Burr's cure and offensive reply begins with intimating that Hamilton's letter was generally deficient in that sincerity and delicacy which he professed so much to value. The epithet in question, in the common understanding of it, implied dishonor. It having been affixed to Burr's name upon Hamilton's authority, he was bound to say whether he had authorized it, either directly or by uttering expressions or opinions derogatory to Burr's honor.

It was apparent from the letter, and it was subsequently distinctly stated by Van Ness, that what Burr required was a general disavowal on the part of Hamilton of any intention, in any conversation he might have held, to convey impressions derogatory to the honor of Burr.

Granting Burr's right to ask this extraordinary inquiry into Hamilton's confidential conversations and correspondence, it would have been quite out of the question for Hamilton to make any such disavowal. His practice as a lawyer had given him full insight into Burr's swindling pecuniary transactions, and he had long regarded him, in his private as well as political character, as a consummate villain, as reckless and unprincipled as he was cool, audacious and enterprising—an opinion which he had found frequent occasion to express more or less distinctly while warning his federal friend against the arts of Burr. Desirous, however, to deprive Burr of any possible excuse for persisting in his murderous intentions, Hamilton caused a paper to be transmitted to him, through Pendleton, a brother lawyer, who acted as his friend in this matter, to the effect that, if properly addressed—for Burr's second letter was considered too insulting to admit of a reply—he should be willing to state that the conversation alluded to by Dr. Cooper, so far as he could recall it, was wholly in relation to politics, and did not touch upon Burr's private character; nor should he hesitate to make an equally prompt avowal or disavowal as to any other particular and specific conversation as to which he might be questioned.

But as Burr's only object was to find a pretext for a challenge, since he never could have expected the general disavowal which he demanded, this offer was pronounced unsatisfactory and a mere evasion; and again a second time disavowing in the same breath the charge made against him of predetermined hostility, Burr requested Van Ness to deliver a challenge. Even after its delivery, Hamilton made a further attempt at pacific arrangement in a second paper, denying attempt to evade, or intention to defy or insult, as had been insinuated, with particular reference to the closing paragraph of Hamilton's first letter, in Burr's observations, through Van Ness, on Hamilton's first paper. But this second paper Van Ness refused to receive, on the ground that the challenge had been already given and accepted. It was insisted, however, on Hamilton's part, as the Federal Circuit Court was in session, in which he had many important cases, and that meeting should be postponed till the court was over, since he was not willing, by any act of his, to expose his clients to embarrassment, loss, or delay.

It was not at all in the spirit of a professed duelist, it was not upon any paltry point of honor, that Hamilton had accepted this extraordinary challenge by which it was attempted to hold him answerable for the numerous imputations on Burr's character bandied about in conversation and the newspapers for two or three years past. The practice of duelling he utterly condemned; indeed, he had himself already been a victim to it in the loss of his eldest son, a boy of twenty, in a political duel some two years previously. As a private citizen, as a man under the influence of moral and religious sentiments, as a husband loving and loved, and the father of a numerous and dependent family, as a debtor, honorably disposed, whose creditors might suffer by his death, he had every motive for avoiding the meeting. So he stated in a paper which, under a promise of his fate, he took care to leave behind him. It was in his character of a public man; it was in that lofty spirit of patriotism, of which examples are so rare, rising high above all personal and private considerations—a spirit magnanimous and self-sacrificing to the last, however, in this instance, uncalculated for and mistaken—that he accepted the fatal challenge. "The ability to be in future useful," such was his own statement of his motives, "whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with this prejudice in this particular."

With that candor toward his opponents by which Hamilton was ever so nobly distinguished, but of which so very seldom, indeed, did he ever experience any return, he disavowed in this paper, the last he ever wrote, any disposition to affix odium to Burr's conduct in this particular case. He denied feeling toward Burr any personal ill will, while he admitted that Burr might naturally be influenced against him by hearing of strong animadversions in which he had indulged, and which, as usually happens, might probably have been aggravated in the report. Those animadversions, in some cases, might have been occasioned by misconception or misinformation, yet his censures had not proceeded on light grounds nor from unworthy motives. From the possibility, however, that he might have injured Burr, as well as from his general principles and temper in relation to such affairs, he had come to the resolution which he left on record and communicated also to his second, to withhold and throw away his first fire, and perhaps even his second; thus giving to Burr a double opportunity to pause and reflect.

The grounds of Weehawk on the Jersey

shore, opposite New York, were at that time the usual field of these single combats, then chiefly by reason of the inflated state of political feeling of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending with bloodshed. The day having been fixed, and the hour appointed at seven o'clock in the morning, the parties met, accompanied only by their seconds. The large men, as well as Dr. Hosack, the surgeon mutually agreed upon, remained, as usual, at a distance, in order, if any fatal result should occur, not to be witnesses.

The parties having exchanged salutations, the seconds measured the distance of ten paces, loaded the pistols, made the other preliminary arrangements, and placed the combatants. At the appointed signal, Burr took deliberate aim, and fired. The ball struck Hamilton's side, and as he fell his pistol too was unconsciously discharged. Burr approached him, apparently somewhat moved, but on the suggestion of his second, the surgeon and bargemen already approaching, he turned and hastened away. Van Ness coolly covering him from his right by the use of an umbrella. The surgeon found Hamilton half lying, half sitting on the ground, supported in the arms of his second. The pallor of death was on his face. "Doctor," he said, "this is a mortal wound," and as if overcome by the effort of speaking, he swooned quite away. As he was carried across the river the fresh breeze revived him. His own house being in the country, he was conveyed at once to the house of a friend, where he lingered for twenty-four hours in great agony, but preserving his composure and self-command to the last.

The news of his death, diffused through the city, produced the greatest excitement. Even that party hostility of which he had been so conspicuous an object was quelled for the moment. All were now willing to admit that he was no less patriotic than able, and that in his untimely death—for he was only in his forty-eighth year—the country had suffered an irreparable loss. The general feeling expressed itself in a public ceremony, the mournful pomp of which the city has never seen equalled.

LABAN LEE'S BUTTER SPECULATION.
WHAT HE GAINED AND LOST.

Mr. Laban Lee, after his "drop game" experience, related some time since, was a sadder man than before. He could not get over the loss of his thirty dollars. It troubled him night and day.

"I must get it back, somehow," said the farmer to himself, at length. "I cannot afford to lose so large a sum. To think that I should have been so swindled!"

"I must get it back, somehow!" It was full three weeks from the memorable pocket-book day, when the mind of Laban Lee came to this conclusion. But how was he to get it back? The rogues who had swindled him were not at all likely to cross his path again. There was no hope of restitution from them. But Lee had no thought of this. Then how was he to get back the money he had lost?

By cheating somebody out of it, gentle reader! That is speaking out the plain truth in plain language. He was very indignant of the "drop game" gentleman; yet, even while his indignation burned hotly, he meditated wrong to his neighbor.

When men have the desire to do wrong, a suggestion of the means is very sure to come. At the very moment when Laban Lee said, "I must get it back, somehow," he was standing in his spring-house, or dairy, holding in his hand the pound weight used in weighing butter for market. The round piece of iron out of which this was made had originally weighed less than a pound, but been raised to the legal standard by the insertion of a piece of lead in the small indentation on the underside. This piece of lead, which weighed some three ounces, was loose, thus offering a temptation for its removal. And with the desire to get back his lost thirty dollars by fair or foul means, came to the mind of Lee the idea of picking out this piece of lead, and thus reducing the weight of his butter so many ounces.

No sooner thought of than done. The lead was stealthily removed, and not even his better half, who conducted the weighing process, knew ought of the matter.

Just fifty-four pounds, or rather, "prints" of butter, had Lee in his tub when he started for the city on the next market day; and yet, if the whole of this butter had been placed in a scale, it would not have weighed over forty-four or five pounds.

"If I come through safely," said Lee, to himself, as he rode along toward the city, "I'll get back about three dollars of what I lost; and the same thing, ten times repeated, will put me even with the world again. But"—The other view of the case was too unpleasant for contemplation, and so the roguish farmer would not look at it.

On the next morning Laban Lee took his place in the market, with his tub of fresh butter—and good butter it was, as regards quality. On the top were several prints of full weight; these were for the scales of the market clerk when he should make his appearance, and were very ingeniously passed over by the farmer in making sales.

The price of butter was pretty well up, ranging as high as thirty-five cents. And at this rate Lee had disposed of six or eight prints, when the sudden appearance of the clerk of the market made his heart give a great bound, sending the tell-tale blood instantly to his face.

"All right here, of course," said the clerk, pleasantly, as he looked into the face of Lee.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it," returned the farmer, with affected confidence, as he took a lump of butter from his tub. His eyes, however, dropped beneath the clerk's gaze as he handed it to him. The butter was placed in the scale, and proved to be of good weight.

"Try another!" said Lee.

The clerk reached out his hand and took a second lump, while Lee replaced the first in the tub. This also proved to be up to the standard.

A third came out right also, and but for something in the manner of Lee, who could not entirely hide his uneasiness, the clerk would have passed on, satisfied that all was right.

The fourth lump was likewise full weight. Up to this point Lee had taken the butter from the tub; but now the clerk of the market thrust in his own hand, and lo! the scale in which he placed the print flew upwards.

The loss and gain on this butter speculation

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1851.

AGENTS.

Boston.—Messrs. S. M. PETERSON & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.
Worcester.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.
Frostham.—Mr. G. W. DIXE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

NON-INTERVENTION.

"Shall we meddle with the politics of Europe?" appears to be a question agitating the public mind throughout our land. Speeches are made in Congress, newspapers discuss the question fully, and the subject seems daily to increase in interest and importance.

The advent, at this time, of Kossuth, the Hungarian exile, brings to life this long slumbering question, and many and conflicting are the opinions expressed on all hands in regard to our national policy, in connection with our foreign relations. At first view there may not appear to be much importance attached to the division of this question, but, after reflection, our readers will perceive that there is a question of vital importance connected with this matter.

In studying the history of our country up to the present time, a candid observer will notice with how much wisdom our rulers have kept clear of foreign alliances; and while our people have always been ready to extend sympathy and aid to the oppressed, our Presidents have usually avoided adopting that policy which would tend to bring us into collision with nations on friendly terms with us. We find that Washington, Jefferson and Madison all speak quite strongly on this point; the advice to the nation was, "to avoid alliances with foreign powers."

Our position as a free people is such, that we should always stand ready to welcome to our shore, the exiled and oppressed, for here they will find a country and institutions peculiarly adapted to their wants; they will be treated as brothers, and receive that substantial aid they so much need in a state of poverty and want. And then, again, it will serve to strengthen our bonds of union, to receive upon our shores those who have fought and bled in freedom's cause.

If we mistake not, this is the position Washington would have us occupy; and his far-seeing eye probably foresaw that if we, as a nation, meddled with the policy of other governments, the tendency would be to draw us into collision with monarchical rulers, and probably, instead of changing the nature of European governments into republics like our own, we should raise up an army for our own use, that would aid us more in approaching military despotism than any good result.

For one moment we would not wish to be understood as lacking in sympathy for the noble Kossuth; we honor him with all honor, and say to him God-speed in the cause of redeeming Hungary, and hope the people of the United States will substantially aid him in the cause for which he labors. His intentions are unquestionably honorable, and deserve the commendations of all our citizens.

But we must say, that any departure from our long established principles of government, that come down to us from Washington, Madison, Hamilton and others, should first be well considered and matured. It should not be done with any haste, neither for party or political aggrandizement, but should be left for the voice of the people to decide, in their calm and serious moments, aside from popular excitement.

We are satisfied that much can be said on both sides of this discussion, and are glad to notice the freedom with which the press of the country are speaking forth. Our columns are open to any expression of opinion from our readers, and we are inclined to believe that such a discussion in our columns might lead to beneficial results.

WINCHESTER.—The beautiful structure built by the Lowell Railroad for the Winchester depot, is now complete and occupied. It is really a fine building, combining beauty with convenience, and symmetry of proportion with plenty of room, and reflects credit on the railroad corporation, and makes us think how finely such a depot would look in Woburn.

Close by the depot stands the new Lyceum building, which we notice is ready for occupancy. As we intend shortly to inspect and give a description of the house, we will defer a notice till then.

THE NEXT LYCEUM LECTURE.—Holders of Lyceum tickets are reminded that the lecture on Tuesday evening next commences at half-past six o'clock. This arrangement is made to allow the lecturer to return to the city in the eight o'clock train. It is desirable that the attendance shall be as punctual as possible to the hour. No one can afford to lose anything that comes from the pen of Dr. Holmes, as he is regarded as one of our most brilliant and popular lecturers.

THE FIRST—of the Phalanx parties passed off very pleasantly on Thursday evening. There was a good attendance, and the Salem Band discoursed most excellent music. Every one present no doubt had a good time.

WE were misinformed in some of the particulars connected with the death of Mr. Hunt, as published in the Journal of the 13th, and would refer our readers to the obituary notice of to-day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received many favors from our friends, and must beg their indulgence until room can be found for their articles. When the Journal was started, and an appeal was made to its readers for their countenance and aid, we really did not, in our most sanguine moments, expect so ready and hearty responses. We can now point to the columns of the Journal to prove that in Woburn and its vicinity, there is talent brought to the support of this paper which would do credit to any town in the Commonwealth. For the interest taken in this matter, we would again return our thanks, and shall always endeavor to give due attention to our correspondents.

"Mrs. M. W. W."—we have published, with much pleasure, your articles, and next week hope to make room for the other.

"Cameo," North Woburn,—your verses are received, and will be used soon; it would be well in future to pay more attention to metre: the imagery is excellent.

"Subscriber,"—we entirely agree with you in regard to the lecturer referred to. Mrs. Wellman is a lady of talent, and her efforts in the cause of temperance are very commendable.

"Calista,"—gives an excellent enigma, and we hope our young friends will give an answer; and that "Calista" will have another ready.

"Jessie,"—as to your lines we cannot decipher so as to make good sense.

"P."—your hit on a "Yankeeism" is excellent, and we give it room.

"Simon,"—you are most too flattering to the Journal; nevertheless will try and make room for you soon.

"Clara Clifton,"—you desire a criticism on your article. No fault can be found with its spirit; it evidently is the language of your heart. It will appear soon.

"A Citizen,"—our Committee, or those who manage the matters you refer to, can probably produce good reasons for their course.

"Quimb,"—is purely personal, and such matter we always decline.

"T. P. T."—North Woburn—will soon appear, and is worthy of perusal.

"P."—gives us an able article on Agriculture, in reply to "J." of Winchester. We regret we could not make room for it this week.

"W."—your article on Thanksgiving Day is at hand, and well written. We may find a place for it, although the day you talk of is past.

"Simbo Green,"—has given us some pieces, and they will receive attention; we are much obliged. The acrostic is excellent, but flatters us a little.

"J."—on Fowls, is received—a sensible article, and will be published.

"M. E. E."—your fine story, "Alice Montgomery," is received, and very acceptable—will appear in our next.

We have several other articles on hand, but are compelled, for want of room, to pass them till our next.

THE LYCEUM.

The Lyceum Committee deserve the thanks and praise of all, for the admirable selection they have made in lecturers for our Lyceum. Thus far we have had the best of talent, and the lectures have been exceedingly interesting and well attended.

Last Tuesday night, Dr. J. V. C. Smith, of Boston, lectured on "Palestine," and fully sustained his previous reputation for being an able lecturer. The Dr. gave an account of his travels in the Holy Land, and drew a fair picture of that interesting part of the world, and proved himself to be a man of great observation, and also as a lecturer, one well calculated to impart knowledge to others.

Our readers may perhaps remember the very interesting series of letters published in some of the papers, from the pen of Dr. S., while on the continent. They added much to the reputation of the Dr. on account of the valuable and interesting information contained in them.

Next week we are to have for the next lecturer, Dr. O. W. Holmes, and a rich treat may be expected.

COLD WEATHER.—Winter is upon us in good earnest; the sleighing is excellent and well improved. The thermometer on Wednesday morning stood at thirteen degrees below zero, in town. Fine weather for health, air pure and bracing, and quite invigorating, and just the time to take a sleigh-ride. The "oldest inhabitant" is thinking whether this is not the coldest December snap we have had for some years.

POTATOES.—Messrs. Ellis & Co. advertise some fine "taters" in another column. We have tried them and know they are good; they came from Prince Edward's Island, where the soil is well adapted to raising the potato, and would suggest to our agricultural friends, whether it might not be well to procure some for seed.

Messrs. Chapman of Boston, in Hanover street, offer one of the best and cheapest stocks of linen goods, to be found. They invite the attention of purchasers to their assortment of reasonable goods, and we can assure customers that they will not regret it, after they have called and inspected their stock.

THE BOSTON ALMANAC—for 1852, will be published on Monday next, Dec. 22d. Fowle will have it on that day.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER SIX.

Now that I have travelled from the mouth of the cave, under ground, about 8 miles, I will sit down in "Satan's Chair," and while my guides hold the lights, will try and pen you a few lines from this "subterranean world."

I hardly know where to begin to tell the tale, as I much fear if an account of what one sees in this place can be given on paper, for it is one of those sights of sublimity and grandeur, that are almost beyond description,—something like "Niagara," which the pen of feeble man cannot describe; but I promised to drop you a line from here, and must fulfil that part of my duty, even if I fail to give the reader any adequate idea of this great wonder.

The southern portion of the State of Kentucky, presents to the traveller a very remarkable appearance. It is very hilly, and filled with lime-stone rocks, and one can, on every hand, see the effects visible, of a great upheaving of the bowels of the earth, at some time unknown. In passing over the hills in the slow and heavy stage-coach, you will often notice the hollow sound of the rumbling wheels, indicating below, caves and holes yet unexplored; and the State seems to be well provided with these resorts for the curious. I have been in several of them, but find none are worthy of comparison with "The Cave."

We arrived here after a long and tedious ride by "coach and four," and were right glad, on the first night of arrival at this place, to take advantage of the hotel accommodations at the mouth of the cave. After a night of rest, our company were up in the morning by day-break, and immediately swallowing a hearty meal, we commenced to "arm and equip" for the great expedition. We were furnished with two intelligent slaves, who were to act as guides for the party; then we each took our lighted lamp, and can of replenishing oil, and plenty of cold mudgeon, and thus started down the hill to the mouth.

There was a grand halt, to receive directions from our Captain, who was no less a personage than the celebrated "Stephen, the guide." He tells us in the first place that it is necessary we should all keep together, for said he, if one of you get separated from the party, and lose your light, you will be sure and get lost, and in there it is something "like finding a needle in a hay-mow," to look for a man when he is lost. To illustrate the argument, he related a short story, which I will give.

Not long before, a young gent from the South had got about five miles in, and had, during his journey, partaken quite freely of the bottle which kept him company, and unfortunately wandered into a stray avenue without the notice of the rest of the party. He soon realized his lonely condition, and endeavored to retrace his steps, but soon became bewildered in the innumerable windings; and, then, as if to complete his terror, he unfortunately slipped down, put out his light, and was left in darkness equal to any in Egypt. His terror now made him sober, and he realized his lonely and frightful condition, but only made matters worse by groping round, injuring himself by striking against projecting, falling down, &c. He was soon exhausted, and settled down, as he said, to die, fully believing that he should never get out again. Thus he sat for hours, each hour seeming like an age.

In the meantime, the rest of the party travelled on to the end of the cave, and returned to near the mouth before they missed their friend. When they found he was behind, it caused great excitement, as they were well aware of the great difficulty in finding a lost person in such a place. They formed themselves into parties of three or four, for the purpose of exploring every part of the cave, and all started immediately on their "errand of mercy."

Up to this time some hours had elapsed, and our lost friend had given up all hopes of getting out, and he had become thoroughly frightened; his imagination was hard at work, and, to use his language, he "saw any quantity of hobgoblins, imps, &c." Fortunately, about midnight a party came in sight of the "lost sheep," but he was so delirious that he did not realize they were his friends; and when he saw their irregular appearance in the distance, and heard the shouting re-echoing through the cave, he was more frightened than ever, for he believed, he says, that the imps of the cave were now upon him. He started up, and, howling furiously, ran in an opposite direction, but was soon brought up "all standing," or rather all laying, for he fell over some of the rocks in his path, was stunned, picked up by his friends, and conveyed out of the cave. He was so far gone in delirium, that it was some time before he could realize his escape. He then described his sensations, much to the amusement of his fellow-travellers.

I find that I have used up all my paper, and have told just nothing at all about the cave. I will wait until I get out of this, and to-night will pen another epistle, which I hope will be more interesting.

J. A. F.

We ask the attention of merchants to our advertising columns, and invite them to favor us with their cards for insertion. We could state several cases where advertisers have reaped substantial benefit by notices of their business which have appeared in the "Woburn Journal."

Congress has now had a few weeks in which to do their work, but as yet have accomplished literally nothing. The time has been much occupied by speech-making, and when any business will be done is more than any living prophet can tell.

WOBURN RECORDS.

The question has been several times asked, why we publish the old births of our town with such regularity, for say some, they do not contain matter of interest to us. In reply would say, that we do so for the purpose of placing on record, valuable statistical information in relation to the early history of the town. We are well aware that it cannot be called interesting reading matter, but at the same time we are assured that we are giving to our readers information which can at any time be easily referred to, and it may at some prove quite valuable to many.

We shall hereafter vary the publication somewhat by giving some extracts from the doings, at the town meetings, and other records made in the early history of the town; we also intend to give a list of the early marriages in due time. For all the valuable information from old records which we obtain, and also other important matter connected with the history of our town affairs, our readers are indebted to Mr. N. Wyman, Jr., he having offered to give us all the aid in his power, for which we present our acknowledgments.

BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBBURN.

FROM THE YEAR 1641 TO 1843.

(Continued.)

1676.

Wyman, David, son of David, born 29th day of 3d month.
Wyman, Stephen, s. of Frances, 2d of 11th.
Walker, Phoebe, d. of Israhil, 11th of March.
Tompson, Ebenezer, s. of Janathan, 18th of 6th.
Cleveland, Doreas, d. of Aaron, 29th of October.
Richardson, Mary, d. of Isaac, 27th of October.
Peirce, Daniel, s. of John, 7th of 9th.
Snow, Lidian, d. of James, 7th of 9th.
Green, John, s. of John, 6th of 11th.
Brush, Joseph, s. of George, 29th of 10th.
Peirce, Elizabeth, d. of Thomas, 5th of 11th.
Foster, John, s. of Joseph, 14th of 12th.
Carter, John, s. of Joseph, 23th of 12th.
Buck, Ephraim, s. of Ephraim, 23th of July.
Glazier, George, s. of John and Elizabeth, 3d of June.

1677.

Walker, Isaac, s. of Samuel, Senr., 1st of 9th.
Russell, Thomas, s. of John, 3d of 11th.
Fowle, Jacob, s. of James, 3d of 2d.
Flagg, Thomas, s. of Gerstion, 22d of June.
Farby, George, s. of Caleb, 30th of July.
Butler, John, s. of James, 22d of July.
Kendall, Thomas, s. of Thomas, 19th of 3d.
Wyman, Isabella, s. of David and Isabella, 5th of July.
Craggen, John, s. of John, 19th of September.
Tompson, Joshua, s. of James, 15th of 7th.
Foster, Marcy, d. of Hopeskill, 23th of 12th.
Snow, Hannah, d. of John, 6th of 4th.
Lock, James, s. of William, 14th of 9th.
Cleveland, Ananah, d. of Moses, 7th of 9th.
Richardson, Zachariah, s. of Samuel, 21st of 9th.
MacKignes, Rose, d. of Daniel, 19th of November.
Convers, Robert, s. of James, 29th of 10th.
Carter, Samuel, s. of Samuel, 7th of 11th.
Farmer, Barbara, d. of Edward, 26th of 11th.
Snow, Abigail, d. of Samuel, 4th of 2d.
Winn, Abigail, d. of Increase, 8th of 11th.
Richardson, Frances, s. of Stephen, 19th of 11th.
Johnson, Sarah, d. of Mathew, 14th of 2d.
Knight, Edward, s. of Joseph, 31st of 6th.
Walker, John, s. of John, 27th of 10th.
Moore, Enoch, s. of Enoch, 28th of 12th.
Houghton, Joseph and Benjamin, twin sons of John, 26th of 12th.
Jacquet, Sarah, d. of Abraham, 21st of 7th.
Wilson, Hannah, d. of John, 11th of 1st.
Deane, John, s. of William, 25th of June.
Watters, Sarah, d. of Samuel and Mary, 15th of January.
Wright, James, s. of Joseph, — March.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—Among the many valuable periodicals now published, we would rank this as one of the most valuable,—it is in fact a museum of foreign literature, and its selections are always excellent. Such magazines as the "Edinburgh Quarterly Spectator, Fraser's, Chambers's Hood's, Athenaeum, and many others, are brought into requisition to supply its readers with the right sort of food for the mental appetite.

The Living Age is published every Saturday, by E. Littell & Co., Tremont street, Boston, at 12¢ cents a number, or \$3 per annum, and we cheerfully recommend it to our readers.

CHRISTMAS—is coming, and it reminds us of the importance of being well prepared with presents and tokens of remembrance for all our friends, both great and small.

Books and fancy articles will be in great demand, and the best place to supply such demand is at Fowle's bookstore, directly under our office. Articles from a penny whistle up to the most elegant Christmas and New Year's Annals, can there be found in all their interesting variety. Give him a call.

The election for Mayor and some other officers in Boston, on Wednesday, resulted in no choice. Mr. Benjamin Seaver, the whig candidate, came some 300 short of election. Dr. Smith has relatively gained in the last vote.

HOW WOULD IT WORK HERE?—The Arabs always allow a man to divorce himself from a wife who does not make good bread. Were such a law in our country, half the young married ladies, we fear, would be in danger of falling back into single blessedness.

The Stewardess of the Steamer Fairy Queen, fell overboard at St. John, N. B. and was drowned.

\$215,000 is the amount of subscription at Havana for those who fell during the late invasion.

Thermometer at Hanover, N. H., last Friday, was below zero.

Can a man see a thing with his own eyes, when he wears specs?

ANTIQUARIANISM.

We have before us a circular addressed "To the Descendants of Dea. William Locke, of Woburn," by John G. Locke, who proposes to publish a genealogical history of the descendants of this early inhabitant of this town. As Mr. Locke proposes to include those who are descendants through the female line, and those who are connected by intermarriages, the work will be interesting to many of the families in Woburn, Winchester, Lexington, Cambridge and West Cambridge, who do not bear the name of Locke. It will include many of the families of the Kendall's, Bruce's, Richardson's, Fowle's, Russell's, Munroe's, Brooks's, Snow's, Wright's, Harrington's, Pierce's, Duren's, Thompson's, Fessenden's, Converse's, Wyman's, Symmes's, Merriam's, Hill's, Tufts, Frost's, Wellington's, Cutter's, Eames's, Mead's, Porter's, and many others. Mr. Locke has spent many years in preparing the work, and the records of towns, churches, counties, and families, have been examined, to render the work as full and complete as possible.

It will make an octavo volume of three hundred pages, and will be furnished to subscribers at \$2.00. We understand that should sufficient patronage offer, to warrant the expense, maps of Lexington, Woburn, and West Cambridge will accompany the work, on which will be indicated the ancient localities of many of the old families.

We most heartily commend to our friends this attempt to rescue from oblivion the footprints and landmarks of some of those who were the first pioneers in the settlement of our town,—a town that has sent forth its children without number to people the world about us.

Those desirous of obtaining the work, can subscribe for it at our office.

OBITUARY.

Died, in this village, on the night of Friday, the 12th inst., after three and a half days of intense and unmitigated suffering, Mr. NATHAN HUNT, aged 30 years.

The immediate cause of this distressing death, was inflammation of the brain, resulting from injuries received from a fall from a staging attached to the house in the process of erection for Gen. Thompson, on which building the deceased was employed as foreman.

Mr. Hunt was a native of Beloit, Me., where his parents still reside, and for the few last years had been a resident of Roxbury. He recently, with his family, which consisted of a wife and one child, took lodgings in this village, where he expected to spend the winter. He is reputed to have been a respectable and worthy man, and highly esteemed by his employers and his associates in labor, as a skillful, accommodating, and faithful overseer and workman.

This afflictive event, occurring in the midst of us, has a voice in it, and should be regarded by the living as a Divine admonition of the uncertainty of life, and the paramount importance of a preparation for a sudden death.

COM.

FIREMEN'S RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the members of the Fountain Engine Company, holden on the evening of the 6th inst., the undersigned were chosen a committee to draft resolutions, expressive of the feelings and determination of the company in reference to the position which the town took as regards purchasing a new engine for the above-named company, of which the following is a true copy,—which was submitted Dec. 13, and ordered to be published, by a unanimous vote of the company.

Attest,

JOHN KNIGHT, 3d, Clerk.

Woburn, Dec. 20, 1851.

Resolved, That as we, the members of Fountain Engine Company, No. 1, have for the past eighteen months associated ourselves together for the purpose of establishing a Fire Department in this town, at our own expense, and as yet without any encouragement from the citizens generally, in consequence of which we have been sustained in our efforts to establish such a department only by the spirit of our motto, (which is, "Where duty calls us, there our pleasure is,") and the donations of a few private individuals; and furthermore that it is out of respect to these individuals, which induces us still to remain associated as firemen.

Resolved, That although the respect which we have for these private individuals has induced us to not precipitously withdraw from the service of the town, we have, notwithstanding (believing, as we necessarily must, from the spirit of the feeling which was manifested by the citizens generally at the last Town Meeting, that they do not either appreciate or understand the spirit or principle of the company), determined, unless the town furnish us with a good and efficient machine, to withdraw, after the first of April next, entirely from the service of the town, as firemen.

Resolved, That we are grateful for all the favors and encouragement which we have received from different individuals in a private manner, and that we do hereby tender to each and all of them our sincere thanks.

CYRUS TAY,
JOHN KNIGHT, 3d,
MARSHAL FRYE,
GEORGE W. KIMBALL,
SAMUEL W. KIMBALL, } Committee.

March 17th, 1834,—this was the day the first locomotive was used in New England, on the Worcester road.

Ten tons of powder were found on a boat at Albany, causing much excitement.

A panther is now at large in New Jersey; fine time for dogs and sportsmen.

It is reported that Sir Henry Bulwer immediately return to Washington.

was sadly on the wrong side. There was not only loss of integrity, the heaviest loss of all, but loss of money. He had hoped to gain, by a sacrifice of honesty, the paltry sum of three dollars; he had made the fearful sacrifice,—and not only lost his honor, but four times the amount of money he had hoped to gain. This was the loss for that day; but the consequences of his sin and folly did not stop with the going down of the sun. When next market day came round, Lee could not muster sufficient courage to face his customers; so he contrived fifty pounds of butter—this time full weight, and a little over—to a neighbor, not more honest in heart than himself. This neighbor found the temptation of some fifteen dollars in his pocket more than belonged to him rather too strong, and on one pretence or another omitted to pay over. In fact, he had heard, while in market, the story of Lee's adventure with the clerk of the market, and, as he turned it over in his mind, came, in the end, to the conclusion that he would make it work to his own advantage.

"Aha, my friend! What's the meaning of this?" he exclaimed, as he transferred the lump of butter to a basket, and took another from the farmer's tub.

The unhappy farmer's whole manner underwent a sudden change, and, in spite of an effort at composure, every attitude and expression betrayed his guilt.

The next price of butter proved light also; the next and the next; in each turn passing from the scale, forfeited to the clerk's basket.

"At your old tricks again, ha!" muttered the clerk.

"Tricks!" exclaimed Lee, indignantly. But the clerk kept on transferring print after print from the tub to the basket, until half the contents of the former had changed places. By this time a little crowd began to gather around poor Laban Lee. He felt, as the saying is, as if he could sink into the earth.

"What's the matter here?" would ask one of another, as they peered, curiously, at the importunate clerk.

"Caught in the very act, ha!" said one. "Why, friend Lee!" exclaimed another, in whose familiar voice the farmer recognized an old customer, "who would have thought it!"

"Yes; who would have thought it!" chimed in another customer, whose table had for months smiled with the cheering presence of Laban Lee's sweet new butter.

"My good sir," cried a vagabond individual, addressing Lee in a grave voice, and pointing, as he spoke, to a pair of ducks, the property of the farmer, "as this man takes so large a lot of your butter, you ought to throw in them ducks into the bargain."

This was too much for poor Lee. With an angry exclamation he flung himself away from the little curious crowd, and, retreating down the market-house for the distance of three or four stalls, kept out of the way until the clerk had finished his work of confiscation, which covered forty pounds of butter. On his return, four pound prints only remained in his tub. Lee did not wait to sell these, but hastily collecting his things together, withdrew in deep humiliation and chagrin.

Finding, after repeated efforts to get his money from this unscrupulous neighbor, that he was really in danger of losing the proceeds of fifty more pounds of butter, Lee said to him, rather sharply—

"Look here! I'm not going to stand this. Pay me my money at once, or I'll expose you to the whole neighborhood."

"You will, will you?" coolly returned the other.

"Yes, I will."

"You'd better not."

There was a threat, as well in the words as in the manner of the neighbor that communicated a sensation of uneasiness to the feelings of Lee.

"Way had I better not?" he said.

"Try it, and you'll find out," was retorted. "I will try it."

Very well; and if, before three hours pass over your head, the whole neighborhood is not made acquainted with a certain butter speculation of yours, I'm very much mistaken. Ha! What do you say to that? So, if you're wise, you'll just keep your tongue between your teeth so far as I'm concerned."

A deep crimson mantled the face of Laban Lee. He tried, for a moment or two, to collect his thoughts for a reply; but finding no fit words in which to answer, he turned suddenly away, and walked sullenly on his path homeward.

"Honesty is the best policy." This was the narrow, selfish, self-protecting truth that forced itself upon the thoughts of the unhappy farmer, as he moved along, with his eyes cast upon the ground; and he resolved, from that day, to deal in strict honesty with all men, as the safest and best way—best for mere temporal good; the mind of Laban Lee was not then capable of appreciating any higher good. But if he continues to be honest, even from policy, we may hope, that, in time, he will see the true wisdom of being honest without policy. Until then, he cannot be truly honest.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.—Of the famous band of patriots, who destroyed the tea in Boston Harbor, on the memorable 16th of December, 1773, precisely seventy-nine years ago this day, one is still living, as we learn from the last number of Harper's Magazine. When the present century dawned, he had almost reached the goal of three score years and ten! And now, at the age of a hundred and fifteen years, DAVID KINISON, of Chicago, Illinois, holds the eminent position of the last survivor of the Boston Tea Party!

HEATING SCHOOL ROOMS.—The Cambridge Chronicle of Saturday, has a communication from Mr. H. H. Stimpson upon the plan of warming the new Brattle School House in that city with certificate from Professor Treadwell, Dr. L. Y. Bell, Mr. Smith, of the High School, and John Preston, of Boston, all in favor of the superiority of brick flues for heating and ventilating over those of tin.—Courier.

Mr. Ralph Steel, of Newcastle, England, has invented a saw capable of sawing timber in any shape for ship's use—either ship keels or ship timber of any description. The saw, at the same time that it is capable of cutting timber to any given shape, can also be applied to cutting straight.

</

For the Journal.

FOUR LEGS TO A CHAIR.
Mr. Editor:—Suffer me to sketch for your readers the following bit of a dialogue on a practical item of good manners:—

George.—Mamma, do you think chairs ought to have four legs?

Mother.—Why yes, my son, why not?

G.—But, mother, ought things to be made that are not used?

M.—What do you mean, my son? What has your last question to do with chairs?

G.—Did you never see chairs with only two legs?

M.—I don't remember that I have.

G.—Did you never see any with only two legs in use?

M.—Yes, I must confess I have seen that often than I wished; but what induces you, this morning, to ask me such queer questions?

G.—Well, I'll tell you, mother. Don't you remember that Mr. — who came here this morning to see father? As soon as sat down he tilted himself back on two legs of his chair, and sat there rocking himself backwards and forwards, until I wanted to ask him if I should not get him a real rocking-chair, because you know, mother, that would be so much more convenient. And then I was afraid once or twice he would fall over backwards. I couldn't help laughing, all to myself, to think how a big man like him would look if he should happen to tumble over the top of his chair. And besides, when that fat Mr. — came here the other day, he did the same thing, and as soon as he had perched his chair on the edges of the back legs, all at once I heard a loud noise, a sharp crack, which brought Mr. — down to the four legs and kept him there while he stayed, but I expect he had broken the chair—don't you mother?

M.—I think it very likely, my child; it is a very awkward habit, and I'm glad you mean to let a chair stand on all its legs.

P.

For the Journal.

CHANGING SCHOOL BOOKS.

Mr. FOWLE:—Will you have the goodness to inform me through your valuable journal, at whose instigation is this constant change of books in our public schools?

I will not now detail to you the inconveniences, and oftentimes sacrifices, to which we are subjected by this *unwarrantable* experiment. There are not a few who can speak feelingly on this subject.

I would ask if a book pass to another edition, with some few additional pages, if it is necessary to expunge the former edition from our schools, and oblige the scholars to obtain the new edition. Or is it our duty to be very aspirant to scholastic fame?

Is now more than at any other time, loaded with school books of every kind, and would it not be desirable, *yes, more*, would it not be just, for us to be careful what books we select, and abide by that decision a specified time?

Mr. Editor, I would appeal to every voter that hereafter his mind to act at the approaching annual meeting. I doubt very much if they will tamely submit to this unreasonable burden.

A CITIZEN OF WOBURN.

For the Journal.

TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

Mr. Editor:—As I intended to have said a word or two last week, in your sheet, in regard to the lecture given at the Unitarian Vestry, but owing to circumstances was obliged to defer it, I will now say, that I have listened to many lectures, and upon various subjects, but the one Mrs. Wellman gave upon *Temperance* was to me as interesting as any I remember hearing. I have only to regret that so few of our young people were there. Mrs. Wellman is a person of no ordinary attainments, and, as far as I have learnt, is a woman deserving of public sympathy. May success crown every attempt.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Woburn, Dec., 1851.

In France, a short time since, while a train was passing on the St. Florentin and Tonnerre line, a wolf suddenly sprang upon the tender and attacked the stoker, who had the presence of mind, however, to repel his aggressor with the shovel. The wolf fell upon the rails and was crushed in an instant.

A candidate for medical honors having thrown himself almost into a fever from the incapacity to answer the questions, was asked by one of his professors, "How would you sweat a patient for the rheumatism?" He replied, "I would send him here to be examined."

PORT HILL CEMETERY.—Active operations are making in this cemetery, in Roxbury, to remove the rough ledges from the surface, and substitute loam. Between thirty and forty men have been employed for some time past blasting rocks and picking the surface, leveling and filling up, laying out paths, &c.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A CLERGYMAN.—Rev. Samuel Glover, a retired minister of the Baptist persuasion, residing in Cambridge, died suddenly on Saturday morning while sitting at the breakfast table—supposed from an affection of the heart. His age was 67.

Great curiosity exists to know what are the contents of a packet, which Miss Lind, on leaving the city, confided to her banker for Miss Phillips. Whether this packet is to be opened before or after the concert, we have not learned.—*Boston Post.*

Rev. Dr. Todd's church and society in Pittsfield have contributed during the past year to the funds of the American Board of Foreign Missions, the sum of \$1000.

The Ice Harvest has been commenced by Mr. Tudor, upon his artificial lake in Cambridge.

For the Journal.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR.

We regret to learn of the death of Mr. S. W. Cole, whose life has chiefly been devoted to promoting agriculture. He was the author of a number of agricultural works, and for three years previous to his death was editor of the New England Farmer. His loss will be very sensibly felt among the farming fraternity, with whom he was a deliberate adviser and a welcome guest; and though he now "slumbers in the dust," he has left connected with his name, invaluable productions, which the farmer will ever refer to with profound love and gratitude. But a few persons were more zealous advocates of agriculture, and more deliberately furnished articles for the press, founded on practical experience, than did the lamented Mr. Cole; in this respect he might have been called a public benefactor.

Winchester, Dec. 15, 1851.

DR. SMITH'S LECTURES.

Mr. Editor:—We were favored by a lecture from Dr. J. V. C. Smith, on Tuesday evening, and I hazard nothing in saying that it was the unanimous desire of all present, that the government of the Lyceum would re-engage Dr. Smith to deliver another lecture during this season, and if the funds are already appropriated, properly belonging to the Lyceum, to have tickets for admission that evening.

There is a freshness and vigor about the Doctor that makes him an exceedingly popular lecturer, and then his subject was deeply interesting, so much so as a call for an

EXCUSE.

Woburn, Dec. 16, 1851.

For the Journal.

PUBLIC NUISANCE.

Mr. Editor:—Allow me through your journal, to suggest to those persons who are in the habit of throwing their coal ashes into the street, that a "cessation of hostilities," during sleighing, would be exceedingly gratifying to most, if not all, who have occasion to pass their respective places. If those who practice this will just get into a sleigh and drive a few times over their nuisance, they will find that the sleighing is spoiled wherever it is done, and that nine out of ten horses shy more or less as they approach it. And in a street that is travelled as much as Main street is, through this village, collisions are very likely to take place, as a consequence. And, moreover, I hardly think that those who practice this thing, will claim that it is either an ornament to the street, or an unanswerable evidence of good breeding in themselves.

Woburn, Dec. 16, 1851.

For the Journal.

COMMON TALK.

Father Mathew has returned to Ireland, in good health, and spoke feelingly of America and American people.

The Trinity Church, N. Y., are to establish free schools in that city—a noble use of wealth.

By TELEGRAPH.—Death of a Missionary.—Intelligence from Liberia announces the death of the Rev. W. H. Payne, a promising missionary of the Methodist Church.

Abney, Dec. 16.—The Franklin House at Auburn was partially consumed by fire yesterday with two or three stores and dwellings. Loss not ascertained.

Buffalo, Dec. 16.—The snow is now two feet deep, and the storm has not abated. The last of the season, the May Flower, went up the lake last night.

Philadelphia, Dec. 16.—Jenny Lind's concert this evening was a failure. Much censure is attached to Mr. Lepton, her agent.

Pittsburg, Dec. 16.—The steamer Strango, on her way down the Missouri a few days since, sunk ten miles above Glasgow.

LIBERIA.—The President says, towards the close of his letter—

"We are getting along in our usual quiet way. Improvements are steadily advancing, and every year brings with it convincing proof of Liberia's permanent advancement."

PRATICE.—At Buffalo, N. Y., on Saturday morning, Christian Wanner was murdered by his brother, B. Wanner, during an altercation concerning money lent to Christian by his brother. The murderer is in jail.

The project to annex the Sandwich Islands to the United States, it is said, will be urged upon Congress at its present session. Senator Gwin from California is active in its favor.

The proverb that curses, like young chickens, come home to roost, is exemplified in South Africa, where the Hottentots and Kafirs have taken to hunting the British troops with bloodhounds.

The New York Tynographical Society contemplate celebrating the 148th anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin, at Niblo's Rooms, on Friday evening, January 16, 1852, in grand style.

AIR LINE RAILROAD.—A despatch from Middletown, Conn., says the subscriptions for the Air Line, for one million dollars, were closed on Friday—\$1,530,300 having been subscribed.

It is stated that there are at the present time upwards of 1500 rappers in our City Institutions, at least 1200 of whom are foreigners.—*Transcript.*

DEATH BY DROWNING.—A young girl, daughter of Mr. John Horton, of Amherst, N. Brunswick, while drawing water from an open well, fell in, and was drowned.

Leicester Peters, confined in the jail at Bradford, Pa., charged with murder, committed suicide by severing the femoral artery in the left thigh with a case knife.

GREAT FIRE IN LOWELL.

The Lowell News, dated 4 o'clock Tuesday morning, gives the following melancholy information:—

"Our city has been visited this morning with one of the most destructive fires that has been known for years. About half-past 1 o'clock a fire broke out in Crosby's turning mill, on Howe street, (Belvidere) occupied by E. & G. Crosby, belted manufacturers, Milton Aldrich, wooden screw manufacturer, and William Atherton, as a machine shop. At the time the wind was blowing fresh, and it snowed quite hard.

Although the alarm was promptly given the flames spread from there to three dwelling houses on Fayette street, one owned and occupied by Ziba Abbott, Esq., and two by Stephen Castles, one of which was occupied by himself. All three were consumed—their contents, however, were mostly saved.

Extending south from Crosby's shop, the fire communicated to the stone building known as Soot's Flannel Mill, which was also entirely consumed. So far we have been unable to ascertain the loss. The Flannel Mills, we understand, were insured for \$5000 in the Etna Hartford; Castles dwelling houses \$4000 in the Charlestown Mutual; Atherton's machine shop was not insured.

Mr. Abbott's house was a two-story wooden building. The roof was burned off, and the inside completely gutted—the walls left standing. Furniture mostly saved.

Mr. Castles's houses were also two story buildings, double tenements. Mr. C. saved the most of his furniture. Loss on houses \$3000—insured in the Charlestown Mutual. \$2000 each. There were three families occupying Mr. Castles's tenements other than his own.

It is not known how the fire originated, but without doubt it was through accident. The spectacle presented by the flame, as it rolled upward amid the driving storm, filling the air with burning cinders, which were carried by the wind upon the cluster of wooden buildings on Fayette street, extending clear across High and Chestnut streets, was awfully terrific and sublime.

The firemen, although laboring under serious disadvantages, worked bravely and acquitted themselves gallantly. It was a severe task they encountered while dragging their engines through the snow.

The Carpet Bag this week is full of fun and pictures. It thinks by the way, that "domestic peace can never be preserved in family jars." This admits of a doubt, for we have heard of people who, the more they fought the better they loved.

A ball is to be given within the palace of glass, the profits of which are to be handed over to the London hospitals.

Can Mr. Hobbs pick a fire-lock, or vice versa, (the fire-lock pick him.)

A very extensive and well selected stock of DeLaines and Cashmeres, comprising more than 50 different styles and patterns, at 20 and 25 cents per yard, may be seen at T. A. & H. G. Chamman's, 6 Hanover street. Also a very superior quality of Linen, unequalled for beauty and durability, which they are selling at an extremely low price.

For the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 12, 5, has caused much misery.

13, 4, 9, is the great cause of crime.

7, 2, 11, 11, 2, 6, is a useful production.

10, 14, 8, is a useful member of the human system.

3, 8, is a verb.

My whole is fit place for contemplation.

CLALSTA.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Woburn Lyceum.

The sixth Lecture before the Lyceum will be given on THURSDAY EVENING, Dec. 20, at the UNITARIAN CHURCH, by DR. O. W. HOLMES, of Boston. Lecture commences at 8 o'clock.

N. B. Should the weather be very cold, the lecture will be given in the vestry, as heretofore.

J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, } COMMITTEE.
J. P. RICE, }
G. M. CHAMPNEY, }

Woburn, Dec. 20, 1851.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, 17th inst., by Miss Charles Chote, Mr. S. B. H. Holden and Miss Louisa E. York, all of Woburn.

[The printer is pleased to acknowledge, with the above notice, a liberal and delicious slice of the bridal loaf, for which the happy couple will accept his heartiest thanks. May they enjoy a lasting honeymoon, and ever dwell in peace, plenty, and prosperity.]

In Charlestown, 14th inst., Mr. George H. Smith to Miss Cynthia A. Capron.

DEATHS.

In this town, Nov. 21, Bridget, daughter of John and Margaret Duggerty, aged 7 months and 21 days.

8th inst., Nathaniel H. Furness, of old age, 87.

12th inst., Mary E. wife of Moses Morrill, 47 years, 7 months, Nahum Hunt, Jr., 20.

In Medford, 14th inst., John Purdy, Esq., 71.

THEODORE LADD,

—DEALER IN—
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
Building Materials, Carpenters' Tools.

—ALSO—
STOVES, FUNNEL, TIN WARE, &c.,
Knight's Building, Main St., WOBURN.

Particular attention paid to Tin Roofing. —
Dec 20

POTATOES! POTATOES!

JUST received from Prince Edward's Island, 500 bushels of POTATOES, for sale cheap for cash—Also, a lot of superior Scotch BUTTER, directly from Vermont.

J. S. ELLIS & CO.
Dec 20

NOTICE TO WOOD CUTTERS.

THEO. LADD has for sale Wheeler's Vermont Axes, the very best working axes to be found in the market. Every one is warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Also, Mills' White and White & Green Stumps, together with a good assortment of Oak and Walnut Handles.

Dec 20

A GREAT BARGAIN

MAY be had by purchasing an OVER COAT at J. W. HAMMOND'S. Prices as well as quality warranted to suit.

Dec 20

TWILLED PRINTS, new styles, at FLAGG'S Dry Goods store.

Nov 8

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

THIS subscriber has just received a fresh assortment of Goods for the coming Holidays, consisting of

Annals, Bibles, Histories,
JUVENILE BOOKS, OF ALL KINDS,
SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS.

Also, a great variety of
Toys, Games & Fancy Articles,
all of which will be sold at the lowest prices.

Dec 20

G. W. FOWLE.

POND'S IMPROVED UNION RANGE.

1850.

THE subscribers having had in use for several months a new improvement in their COOKING RANGE, are prepared to offer them to the trade, and to get them for the use of families, boarding houses, hotels, &c.

They are equally well suited for wood and coal, and are made of six different sizes, adapting them for both large and small establishments. The principal improvement made in this Range, and the placing of the oven on either side of the fire at pleasure, rendering it perfectly accessible without being obliged to reach over the fire when baking, and in bringing the heaters in immediate contact with the fire, so that they all boil readily. The oven is large and roomy, and the flues are so arranged about it, that we can warrant it to bake with great perfection. Other improvements have been made, rendering it perfectly simple in operation, (there being but one damper), and one of the most durable and economical Ranges ever made.

HOT AIR FIXTURES, for warming additional rooms, are attached when desired; also WATER BACKS and BATH BOILERS, of the most approved construction. The above, with our other approved patterns of Ranges, we are prepared to put up, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

FURNACES, for heating houses, and PARLOR GRATES, of the best manufacture and finish, in great variety of patterns; MIRROR MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES, of beautiful design, with a full assortment of Stoves, Tin and Copper Ware, &c., &c., we offer for sale at our Store, Range and Furnace Factory, Nos. 28 and 30 Merchants' Row, Boston, at wholesale and retail, at the lowest market prices.

The Ranges are used by quite a number of families in Woburn; and for a description of their beautiful MIRRORED CHIMNEY PIECES, see our advertisement in the Woburn Journal, of the 10th day of July last.

Personal attention given to setting Ranges and Furnaces.

Dec 18

JOSEPH POND & CO.

ALFRED A. CHILDS,

19 TREMONT ROW, OPPOSITE MUSEUM, BOSTON.

Mantle, Pier and Oval
LOOKING-GLASS MANUFACTORY.

HOUSE AND SHIP ORNAMENTS,
of antique and unique patterns and styles, furnished from his Manufactory at short notice.

Portrait and Picture Frames Ready Made.

HAS A FINE GALLERY OF
OIL PAINTINGS,
ON SALE.

OLD FRAMES REGILT AND VARNISHED.

Oil Paintings and Prints Restored.

TEARE, TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, WOBURN.

HAS A great variety of Broadcloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, of every shade and quality, for sale at low prices, and will make up garments, for cash, at prices that will suit the most economical.

Constantly on hand a large and extensive assortment of Shirts, Collars and Bosoms.

—ALSO—
READY MADE CLOTHING,
of every description.

All those that may be in want of garments, such as have been mentioned, are invited to call and examine, as he feels confident that his styles and prices will be satisfactory to all. Garments cut in any style, and warranted to fit.

Dec 18

P. TEARE.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday, the tenth day of January next, at 9 o'clock A. M., at my dwelling house in Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, all the right in equity of redemption, and all the right, title or interest that JOHN THOMAS had on the ninth day of July last past, to or in a certain Real Estate situate in Melrose, in said county, being the place whereon the said Thomas now lives, and the same that is described in a mortgage deed from the said John Thomas to Corbitt, Whittier & Sweetser, and recorded in Middlesex Registry of Deeds, book 54, page 277, to which reference may be had for a particular description of the premises.

The Lotters already engaged are Rev. J. CHICKERING, Dr. O. W. HOLMES, EDWIN P. WHITTELL, Esq., Dr. J. V. C. SMITH, Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON, Rev. A. S. TRAVIS, F. T. RUSSELL, Esq., DANIEL KIMBALL, Esq., and Rev. A. L. STONE.

Negotiations are in progress to secure Gov. Briggs and other eminent gentlemen for readers of the lectures.

Single tickets at 12 cents, may be had at the door on the evenings of the Lectures.

J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, } COMMITTEE.
JOHN FLANDERS, }
STEPHEN DOW, }
TRUMAN RICKARD, }

Notice to Teachers.

The Teachers of the several Primary Schools in District No. 1, are hereby directed to send all scholars to the schools to which they have been assigned in the division of the District by the above named committee, on

Nov 22

WALTER WYMAN, Pres. Com.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

THE Executive Committee of the LYCEUM would respectfully announce, that they have made arrangements for a Course of Lectures, to be given in the Vestry of Rev. Mr. Edwards's Church, commencing on TUESDAY EVENING, Nov. 18th.

The Lecturers already engaged are Rev. J. CHICKERING, Dr. O. W. HOLMES, EDWIN P. WHITTELL, Esq., Dr. J. V. C. SMITH, Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON, Rev. A. S. TRAVIS, F. T. RUSSELL, Esq., DANIEL KIMBALL, Esq., and Rev. A. L. STONE.

Negotiations are in progress to secure Gov. Briggs and other eminent gentlemen for readers of the lectures.

Single tickets at 12 cents, may be had at the door on the evenings of the Lectures.

J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, } COMMITTEE.
JOHN FLANDERS, }
STEPHEN DOW, }
TRUMAN RICKARD, }

Nov 18

WALTER WYMAN, Pres. Com.

ROOFING SLATES—A NEW ARTICLE.

THE undersigned has been supplied with a few rods of the new roofing slate, being of a better quality than the Welsh Slates, the material equally as good; therefore more suitable for large roofs. For sale at 65 Friend street, between Causeway and Travers streets, Boston, by

DAVID TILSON.

POWDERED HERBS.

FRESH Powdered Herbs, for cooking, such as Sage, Thyme, Sweet Majoram, Summer Savory, not up by the Shakers, for sale by

E. COOPER & SON,
No 15

Apocaries, Wade's Buildings.

WOOD FOR SALE

HARD, soft, dry and green Wood, in quantities to suit purchasers, for sale by

CALB FENNELL,
Dec 13

THE BAY STATE OX

IS killed. Those in want of Beef that is Beef, will please call at the UNION STORE and stick in their shavers.

Dec 6

HOODS! HOODS!

JUST received, a large lot of Ladies' Hoods, at the Dry Goods Store of

H. FLAGG.

PICKEREL BAIT.

THE best of Pickerel Bait, for sale in any quantity under six or eight thousand, by

POETRY.

THE COURSE OF CULTURE.

Survey the world, through every zone,
From Lima to Japan,
In elements of light 'tis shown
That culture makes the man.
By manual culture one obtains
What industry may claim,
Another's mental toil and pains
Attenuate his frame.
Some plough and plant the teeming soil,
Some cultivate the arts;
And some devote a life of toil
To filling heads and hearts.
Some train the adolescent mind,
While buds of promise blow,
And see each nascent twig inclined
The way the tree should grow.
Hail, Horticulture! heaven-ordained,
Of every art the source,
Which man has polished, life sustained,
Since Time commenced his course.
Where waves thy wonder-working wand,
What splendid scenes disclose!
The blasted heath, the arid strand,
Out-bloom the gorgeous rose!
The Lily, Rose, Carnation, blent
By Flora's magic power,
And Tulip, feebly represent
So elegant a flower.
Then surely, bachelors, ye ought,
In season to transfer
Some sprig of this sweet "Touch-me-not,"
To grace your own parterre;
And every gardener should be proud,
With tenderness and skill,
If haply he may be allowed
This precious plant to till.
All that man has, had, hopes, can have,
Past, promised, or possessed,
Are fruits which culture gives or gave
At Industry's behest.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Hisself must either hold or drive."

SUBSOILING FOR POTATOES.

Last spring, I broke up a piece of pasture for corn and potatoes; soil, sand, and gravel—plowed and sowed deep. Through the centre of the lot, I subsoiled a piece of land seven paces wide—subsoiled with the common plow; i. e. throwing the plow into the furrow and plowing five inches deeper than the bottom of the first. That raised the subsoil on the top of the first furrow to the depth of three inches. I planted four rows of potatoes and three of corn on this subsoil. On one side corn was planted; on the other, potatoes and corn—the potatoes divided from the subsoiled one by the three rows of corn. The corn when harvested was not as good—stalk small and not well cared. The potatoes were large, on the subsoil, and no rotten ones were dug; whereas, the others were diseased and many of them rotten. They were placed in separate piles in the cellar, and when assorted in the fall, one-quarter of those planted on the sod were diseased or rotten; of the subsoiled, only two potatoes showed any indication of disease. The seed was the same, (round pink eye), the same care in cultivating, and dug at the same time.
I am not prepared to give any reasons for the difference, other than the dryness of the subsoil when laid on the surface. I plowed the land, not knowing or expecting that it would make any difference, but I shall give it a fair trial, as many others will who have seen the crops.—Cor. Genesee Farmer.

TO MAKE YOUNG PEAR TREES BEAR.

I was afflicted by the sight in my garden for some years, of the most luxuriant and thrifty young pear trees, which would not bear, but all their strength ran to wood. Vexed at this, I resolved to try the effect of bending down the branches so as to check the flow of sap and cause them to bear fruit buds instead of wood buds. Accordingly, the first week of December, 1847, I filled my pockets with stout twine; I drove down some small pegs into the ground underneath my trees, (which had branched low so as to make dwarfish heads.) I then tied a string to the end of every long shoot, and gradually bringing down the end of the limb till it curved down so as to make a considerable bend or bow, I fastened it in that position either by tying the other end of the string to the peg, or to another branch or a part of the trunk.
According to my expectation, the tree next year changed its habit of growth, and set an abundance of fruit buds. Since that, I have had plentiful crops of fruit without trouble—take good care not to let many branches go on the upright system.—Horticulturist.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of interest to some of our farming friends:
Of wheat, sixty pounds.
Of shelled corn, fifty-six pounds.
Of corn on the cob, seventy pounds.
Of rye, fifty-six pounds.
Of oats, thirty-five pounds.
Of barley, forty-eight pounds.
Of potatoes, sixty pounds.
Of beans, sixty pounds.
Of bran, twenty pounds.
Of clover seed, sixty pounds.
Of timothy seed, forty-five pounds.
Of flax seed, fifty-eight pounds.
Of hemp seed, forty-four pounds.
Of buckwheat, fifty-two pounds.
Of blue grass seed, fourteen pounds.
Of castor beans, thirty-six pounds.
Of dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.
Of dried apples, twenty-four pounds.
Of onions, fifty-seven pounds.
Of salt, fifty pounds.

IMPORTANCE OF ANALYSES OF SOILS.

If soils are judiciously selected, so as to represent each variety, their analyses closely made are of the highest consequence to agriculture.
The classification of soils can be made very well by the *thinker* it produces. There is a similarity in the external characters of beech and maple land, in different and remote parts of the State. There is very little doubt that the chemical composition of soils producing the same timber is very similar, and if they prove a particular kind of timber, they will also prove the growth of particular kinds of grain. Soils selected at random or by accident may not represent any class whatever, but a mixture of classes. When it is well decided what ingredients are wanting, for instance, in heavy beech land, to make it available for other crops than grass, the information may be applied and

be good for all land where beech timber predominates, and the same for oak regions like Western Reserve, and for burr-oak land in the wheat countries. A well selected type or sample of soil, or a mixture of a well selected set of samples representing a particular kind of timber, would thus stand for a large tract of country.—Western Agriculturist.

MISCELLANY.

COCKROACHES.

These insects are among the most disagreeable of the annoyances to which the dwellings of man are subject, and where their multiplication is permitted, the ravages they commit are extensive and vexatious. They are all nocturnal, and exceedingly agile; their flattened bodies allow them to hide, with ease, in every crevice, whence they sallied forth in hordes during the night, to devour every sort of provision which is not secured from their voracity. Like all other depredators, they are thrown into confusion and put to flight by the presence of light, whence they were, in ancient times, appropriately called *Lucifuge* or *light-shunners*. Their destructiveness is not confined to articles of provision for the table; silk, woollen, and even cotton clothes are devoured, or rendered useless by being gnawed through. At some seasons of the year, when the male cockroaches fly about, they are very troublesome, especially about twilight, when they dash into rooms and often strike against the faces of those present. When a cockroach takes refuge or seeks concealment upon any person, he will inflict a smart bite, if particularly irritated or alarmed. The expert Sancho Panza declares, that there is a remedy for everything but death; and it is truly happy for mankind, that the multiplication of this pestilent race may be repressed by aid of their own voracity. If to a quantity of Indian corn meal about one third of white or red lead is added, and the mixture is moistened with molasses so as to make it moderately adhesive, the cockroaches will greedily devour it. The repetition of this poisoned food for a few nights is generally sufficient to reduce their numbers to a very few, even in the most infested houses, and will eventually cause the destruction of the whole. Traps especially designed for their capture are sometimes to be found at the potteries. A paste-board, or card cover, well balanced upon two pins, and placed upon the edge of a vessel, neatly filled with molasses and water, makes a very good trap. The dish should be so placed, that they can readily mount upon the cover, which revolves on its axis whenever the equilibrium is disturbed, and throws the cockroaches into the fluid.—Ency. American.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN RAILWAY.

The great railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, recently opened, is nearly a straight line, and 400 miles in length. The track is double of 5 feet gauge, and some of the bridges are elevated above the water from 124 to 175 feet. The bridges are of wood, on Howe's principle, and were built by Mr. R. O. Williams, of Connecticut. Major Whistler, of the Boston and Albany railroad, went to Russia in 1845, and was engineer of the work until his death. Then Maj. Brown, of the New York and Erie road, became engineer in chief, and finished the Russian road. The entire cost is stated at \$25,000,000. The locomotives have also the stamp of American genius. They were built by Harrison, Winans, & Eastwick, from drawings by Maj. Whistler, and their outside cylinder reverse engines, and are intended for burning wood. They are 182 in number, of which 42 are for passengers and 120 for freight. The passengers cars are built upon the American plan, and are 65 feet long and 9 feet broad. The two imperial carriages are very magnificent, being 84 feet long by 10 broad, and 7 feet high, and supported by 13 wheels on the Bogie principle. These carriages have spacious apartments, furnished for the Emperor and Empress separately, in the most improved and luxurious manner. They are fitted up with beds, and a kitchen car is attached, with larder, wine cellar, ice-house, &c. The roads to be run in fifteen hours. It used to take the diligence seventy-five hours, and wagons eleven days with freight. Boats by rivers and canals, between the two cities make the trip in fifty-five to sixty days, and frozen up half the time at that. Nicholas has caught a good deal of the "progressive spirit of the age," and a railway from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, 790 miles long, is now strongly talked of.—Cleveland Herald.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

There is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affection, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affection; so disconnected with sensuality; so feminine in its development; so dignified, and yet so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it, nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its revolution effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of her brother; yet if he wants, whose hand will so readily stretch out to supply him, as that of his sister? and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy? Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is preeminent. It rests so exclusively on the tie of consanguinity for its sustenance; it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence, and the lamp that nourishes it expires only with that existence. In all the annals of crime, it is considered anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother, or her heart nurturing the seeds of hatred, envy or revenge in regard to that brother.

A Neapolitan nobleman fought fourteen duels to prove that Dante was a greater poet than Ariosto. At his death-bed, a confessor, who was a great admirer of Ariosto, desired him to acknowledge the superiority of this poet. "Father," answered the dying nobleman, "to tell you the truth, I never read either Dante or Ariosto."
Were the causes of many of our modern duels examined, it would appear that those engaged in them could assign no better reason for risking their own lives than this Neapolitan nobleman.

STATE OF EXCHANGE ON THE OHIO.—Steamboat Captain—Do you take Gallipolis, Xenia, Manhattan and Granville money for wood? Woodman—Yes sir-ee.
Captain—How do you exchange? Woodman—Cord for cord.
The Captain crowded on steam and left.—Madison Argus.

The native land is not that where a man is born, but where he takes root and flourishes.

DECISIVE INTEGRITY.

The man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of heaven. While he, who is conscious of secret and dark designs which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around, and much more of all above him.
The clear unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye which can look an honest man steadily, yet courteously in the face, the healthfully beating heart, and the firm elastic step, belong to him whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and right.
Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be slandered; he may be deserted by the world; but he has that within which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course, with his eyes fixed on heaven, which he knows will not desert him.—Wirt.

CIVILITY.—If a civil word or two will render a man happy, he must be a mean fellow indeed who will not give them to him. Such a disposition is like lighting another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its brilliancy by what the other gains.

DAILY EVENING TRAVELLER.

THE DAILY EVENING TRAVELLER is published at No. 8, Old State House, by HENRY FOWLER & CO., at 5¢ a year, strictly in advance at the counter, being ONE DOLLAR LESS than any other paper of the same size in the United States.
It is designed to furnish, in a clear but compendious manner, the FRESHEST ADVICES, both FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

Particular attention is paid to reports of Lectures upon scientific and literary topics, and such other public discourses delivered in the city and elsewhere, as are interesting and instructive to the general reader.

Railroad intelligence, including information respecting the condition and progress of railroads throughout the United States, constitutes a distinguishing feature of the Traveller.

Money Matters. Carefully prepared articles on money matters are given from a competent and authentic source.

Foreign and Domestic News. Ample means have been secured for obtaining the full details of Foreign Affairs, on the arrival of the transatlantic steamers, both at Boston and New York; a very extensive Correspondence, at various points of importance throughout the country, has been established; experienced and scrupulous care, to present an impartial view of public affairs, has been made for obtaining, through the Electric Telegraph, and other means of communication, the most reliable intelligence upon all matters of public interest and importance.

In relation to Politics, the Traveller is entirely INDEPENDENT of party considerations, and will aim, with scrupulous care, to present an impartial view of public affairs,—to discuss public measures with a single view to the public good,—and to do equal justice to public men. In no sense, indeed, is it a partisan paper. It is pledged to no party, and unbiased by any favor or prejudice, it has no end to answer but to promulge the truth, and to preserve the editorial and advertising columns free from all immunities and impurities,—to have nothing in its columns that may not safely enter the fire circle.
Although the price of the Traveller is less than that of any daily paper of equal size and quality in the United States, yet it claims to be not otherwise inferior to the best that circulate.

The Semi-Weekly Traveller is published from the same office, on Tuesday and Friday mornings, at \$3.00 a year, in advance. The circulation being extended widely, this paper affords an excellent medium for general advertising.

The Weekly Traveller is also published as above, on a large sheet, at \$2.00 a year in advance, or \$2.50 at the end of the year. It contains a vast amount of matter, embracing a complete summary of the current foreign and domestic intelligence, literary and miscellaneous selections, and all the matter of general interest that originates in the Daily Traveller. Office, No. 8, Old State House, State Street, Boston.
The Daily Evening Traveller is for sale at the principal News Dealers throughout the New England States, at the low price of two cents per copy.
For sale in Woburn by G. W. FOWLE. nov 1 if

DR. FONTAINE'S

BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS!
FOR the Toilet, the Nursery, Bathing, and many medicinal purposes. Highly perfumed by its own ingredients. Recommended by the faculty of every European city, and established under the patronage of every physician in London and Paris, and thousands of individuals who make daily use of it in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. It is the greatest luxury a lady or gentleman could wish for the improvement of health, for comfort and personal embellishment, and its delicate, soothing sensation, and the delightful sweetness it imparts to the complexion.
We give a few of the prominent properties of the BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, already well established by actual experience.
First—This Balm eradicates every defect of the complexion, and establishes in its stead beauty and health, at the time when both are most liable to be destroyed by the action of nature, or disease, have been obscured or undermined,—it cleanses the skin, and draws to the surface all impurities, and every species of pimples and blotches; also removes tan, sunburn, sallowness and freckles, imparting to the skin its original purity and an unsurpassed freshness, rendering it clear, smooth and white.
Second—It promotes the growth and increase of the hair, causing it to curl in the most natural manner; it cleanses the head from dandruff, giving vigor, health and life to the very roots of the hair.
Third—It is a superior article for shaving, being superior to all descriptions of soaps, creams, pastes, &c. As a dentrifice for cleansing the teeth it is by far the most medicinal of any compound yet discovered, preventing decay, relieving ulcers and cankers, and renders the teeth white as alabaster. For the nursery, and for bathing, for suffering children, it is a most precious and sweet-scented remedy, cleanliness, health and strength, and to prevent disease, eruptions, &c. there is no article more suitable than this Balm. It may be used in cold, warm, hot or wet water.
FETTER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS, Wholesale, 15 State Street, Retail, 72 and 74 Washington Street, Boston. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle.
Any person remitting the firm, post paid, will receive the article by return of Express.
For sale in Woburn by G. W. FOWLE. nov 1 if

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.

AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.
Daily. New York Herald.
Tribune.
Commonwealth.
Banner.
Banner.
Magazines.
Woburn Journal.
Olive Branch.
Flag of our Union.
Drawing Room Companion.
Living Age.
Agent for all the Newspapers and Magazines in the United States.
Cough Cures. Cough Cures, such as HILL'S, Quaker, and Cod Liver Oil, constantly on hand at E. COOPER & SON'S Drug Store, Wade's Buildings, oct 18 if
BOOK BINDING. OLD Books re-bound, and periodicals bound to order, in any style, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.
COMFORTABLE, suitable for Books, just received at FLAGG'S Dry Goods store.
CASH PAID FOR OLD LEAD, at the Hardware and Store store, Knight's Building, by THEO. LADD.

LIVERY STABLE.

THE subscriber still continues in the Livery business, as usual, and will furnish the best of teams at as low a rate as at any other place. Thankful for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of patronage.
dec 6
S. YOUNG.

WOBURN AND BOSTON RAILROAD EXPRESS.

The subscribers continue to attend to the EXPRESS business in all its branches, between Woburn and Boston. Orders received at No. 10 Court Square, Boston, and at the Depot in Woburn.
W. E. YOUNG.
C. S. CONVERSE.
oct 25 if

ALBERT THOMPSON,

DEPUTY SHERIFF.
Residence, Woburn Centre.
All communications will receive prompt attention.
oct 18 if

WILLIAM WINN, JR.,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended on reasonable terms.
oct 18 if

T. J. PORTER,

Woburn & Boston Express,
Burlington, Mass.
Orders for freight, packages, &c., promptly attended to.
nov 1 if

TRUMAN, SLATER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOSTER'S WHARF, BOSTON.
Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Fowler's Bookstore, Woburn, will receive attention.
nov 15 if

TAYLOR & SANDERSON,

WINCHESTER & BOSTON EXPRESS.
Offices in Boston—27 South Market Street, and Railroad Exchange, Court Square. In WINCHESTER, at Taylor & Sanderson's store.
T. & S. also keep on hand a large stock of the best WEST INDIA GOODS and GROCERIES, which they will sell very cheap, at their store as above. oct 18 if

COLE & ORDWAY,

PAINTERS AND GLAZIERS.
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the best manner. Also, Gilding and Marbling.
Shades and Blinds, of every description, furnished. PAINTS, OIL and Glass, of the best quality.
JOHN G. COLE, F. R. ORDWAY.
Shop first building South of the Branch Railroad depot, nov 8 if
Main St., WOBURN.

BENJ. F. WYER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.
Also, a complete assortment of Foot and Shoe Kits, and Findings, &c. &c. WADSWORTH BUILDING, WOBURN.
BENJ. F. WYER, N. B. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order. Boots, Shoes and Rubbers neatly repaired.
oct 25 if

E. COOPER & SON,

DEALERS IN—
Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs.
No. 5 & 6 WADSWORTH BUILDING, WOBURN.
Articles delivered at all hours of the day and night. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh Foreign Medicines constantly on hand. oct 18 if

KAYS & FAIRBANKS,

STATIONERS,
—AND—
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 136 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
Importers of English and French Writing, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Writing Parchments, &c.
oct 18 if

HENRY W. HOWE,

WATCH MAKER AND JEWELLER,
No. 5 Derby Range, Court St., and No. 20 School St., BOSTON.
Oct 18 if

LOCKWOOD, ZANE & LUMB,

UPHOLSTERY, CABINET WORK, &c.
H. M. CURRIER,
Corner of Washington and Summer Sts., BOSTON.
HAS constantly on hand a good selection of the most FASHIONABLE UPHOLSTERY GOODS that can be obtained. All kinds of PLUSHES and DAMASKS, for Car and Carriage Lining, Curtains Materials and Trimmings, Lace and Muslin Curtains. Also, every description of Window Shade Goods and Trimmings, for sale at low prices. Also, all kinds of PARLOR FURNITURE made to order, of the best materials and in the most fashionable style.
Plans of houses taken in the city and country, and executed in the most perfect manner. All kinds of CURTAIN & DRAPEY Work done in the best style. Furniture of every description repaired and re-stuffed. Mattresses, of the best curled hair, always to be had.
Also, HICK & PALM LEAF MATTRESSES.
CHURCHES FURNISHED WITH CUSHIONS, of every description, and at the lowest prices.
Every article purchased at my store will be warranted to be what it is represented.
Entrance on Summer Street. oct 18 if

WINCHESTER LIBRARY.

THIS Library numbers about 600 volumes, and is constantly increasing. Any person can purchase one or more shares, at \$3.00 each, and take out, at one time, one volume for each share. Annual subscription, at one time, one volume for every dollar of their subscription. Subscribers are earnestly solicited, as all such funds go to the enlargement of the Library. For further particulars, call on the Librarian, D. YOUNGMAN.
oct 25 if

GRAIN BAGS WANTED.

J. S. ELLIS & CO. would be greatly obliged to all those who have Grain Bags belonging to them, if they would return them immediately.
oct 18 if

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

A CIRCULATING LIBRARY, containing all new books as soon as published, at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.
oct 18 if

NURSE BOTTLES, Nurse Flasks, Nipple Shields,

Breast Pumps, Breast Pumps, Lactates, &c., constantly on hand and for sale to let, by E. COOPER & SON, oct 18 if
Wade's Buildings.

BLASTING and Sporting POWDER, and PATENT

SHOT, for sale at the Hardware and Store store of THEO. LADD.
oct 18 if

CARPETINGS, Wool, cotton and wool, and cotton

Carpetings, at WOODBERRY'S. nov 22 if

WIRE CORN POPPERS—and the corn to pop, for

sale by THEO. LADD. nov 22 if

BLANKETS—a superior article, at low prices, at W.

WOODBERRY'S. nov 22 if

PARKER & WHITE'S HAY CUTTERS, for sale by

THOMPSON & TIDD, No. 3 Wade's Buildings. oct 18 if

COAL, Lime and Hay, constantly on hand and for sale

by W. D. WARREN. oct 25 if

WIRE RAIL TRAPS—a sure catch,—for sale by

THEO. LADD. oct 18 if

WOOLEN YARN—a large assortment, at W. WOOD-

BERRY'S. nov 22 if

M. A. STEVENS,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,
No. 52 MYRTLE STREET, BOSTON.
(Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn.)
dec 6 if

PINK & CUSHING,

MERCHANT TAILORS,
90 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
oct 18 if

TO SELL OUT ALL!

GEO. W. WARREN & Co.,
WILL OFFER THEIR STOCK AT
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL
—FOR—
NINETY DAYS,
—AT SUCH A—
REDUCTION
AS WILL ACCOMPLISH THE SALE OF THEIR
ENTIRE STOCK,
PREPARATORY TO A
Dissolution of Copartnership,
ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY NEXT.

THE LADIES MAY EXPECT

"More than their Money's Worth!"
192 Washington St., Boston.
nov 1 10w

LADIES' FUR STORE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Store and Chambers, 175 Washington St., BOSTON.

Extract from the Boston Courier.

"Derby-st.—This is decidedly a day of advancement in this art. Having had some to do with this branch of mechanics and surgery, chiefly in my own person, the object of this notice is to call attention to J. CLOUGH, M. D., of this city. We have known him for years as a faithful and scientific Dentist. It is well to observe, that no work is more susceptible of slight than dentistry, especially that most difficult and important part of it, *filling teeth*. In this, the Doctor excels. His practice, too, is commensurate with his merits and the length of his experience. He knows how to work, and has the faithfulness to apply that knowledge to practice. It is not by puffy and fulsome advertising that he has raised himself to the dignified position of a superior quality of *filling teeth*, which we guarantee, is with the utmost thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work. We have seen whole sets from him, of equal skill, strength and finish. But best we should make this notice too long, we here conclude with the naming of his establishment, at No. 9, Tremont Temple." oct 18 if

J. CLOUGH, M. D.,

SURGEON DENTIST,
No. 9 TREMONT TEMPLE, OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON.

Extract from the Boston Courier.

"Derby-st.—This is decidedly a day of advancement in this art. Having had some to do with this branch of mechanics and surgery, chiefly in my own person, the object of this notice is to call attention to J. CLOUGH, M. D., of this city. We have known him for years as a faithful and scientific Dentist. It is well to observe, that no work is more susceptible of slight than dentistry, especially that most difficult and important part of it, *filling teeth*. In this, the Doctor excels. His practice, too, is commensurate with his merits and the length of his experience. He knows how to work, and has the faithfulness to apply that knowledge to practice. It is not by puffy and fulsome advertising that he has raised himself to the dignified position of a superior quality of *filling teeth*, which we guarantee, is with the utmost thoroughness and success; and also to his plate work. We have seen whole sets from him, of equal skill, strength and finish. But best we should make this notice too long, we here conclude with the naming of his establishment, at No. 9, Tremont Temple." oct 18 if

J. W. HAMMOND,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, that he has taken a store in Fowler's Block, where he would solicit a share of the public patronage. His stock of Goods includes every variety of Over Coats, Over Sacks, viz.—Broadcloth, Cassimeres, Sateen, English Fustians, Tweed, Canada Gray, &c.; Frock and Dress Coats, of a superior quality; Under Sacks and Business Coats, of all kinds and prices; Pantalons, of Black and Fawn, Broadcloth, Cassimeres, Tweed, Canada Gray, &c.; Vests—Black Sateen, Fancy Silk, Broadcloth, Tweed & Lasting. Furnishing Goods, of every description.
Consisting of Plain and Corded Shirts, Drawers, Undershirts, Collars, Bowties, Plain and Fancy Cravats, Black Sateen, and Canvas, &c. &c. &c. which will be sold at a small advance from wholesale prices. nov 22 if

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

THE readers of this paper are respectfully informed that I have in store one of the largest and best selections of HATS and CAPS, for GENTLEMEN, YOUTH and CHILDREN—from the lowest to the highest prices—at which an individual could desire to purchase.
Should any article not prove equal to the recommendation, satisfaction will be promptly made. Store in Chambers, 175 Washington St., Boston.
oct 18 if
W. M. SHUTE.

INSURANCE.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been appointed Agent of the CAMBRIDGE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, and is ready to receive applications for Insurance against the hazard of Fire, on Buildings, Goods, Furniture, &c. &c. EDWARD A. WILSON, Main Street, Woburn. nov 8 if

WOBURN CENTRE

MILLINERY ROOMS,
OPPOSITE J. S. ELLIS & CO.'S STORE.
THE subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, that she has established the best selection of MILLINERY GOODS ever offered in this place. This stock consists of a great variety of Bonnets, of every description; a large assortment of Ribbons, of splendid styles; a great variety of Silks, for Drawn Bonnets, Lace Veils, Wrought Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, and Hosiery, and a large stock of Ready Made Dress Caps, always on hand.
Old Bonnets and Hats, lately made, Bleached and Pressed, at short notice, and warranted to give satisfaction.
oct 18 if
M. TEARE.

HO! THE TELEGRAPH!

AL! those who have "seen the telegraph," now in town, are respectfully invited to step up and take a look at it, and call in at
Flagg's Dry Goods Store,
Fowler's Block, where is kept on hand a complete and well selected stock of every variety of Goods, and offers for sale at the very lowest prices for cash.
Call and examine the goods, and get
DECEMBER RAUING.
A good assortment of various styles and prices, to suit
Crockery Toys, and FANCY ARTICLES in great variety.
Also, SHIRING FLATS for sale. H. FLAGG. oct 18 if

A CUTTING NOTICE.

ORIGINAL TALE.

Written for the Journal.
ALICE MONTGOMERY.
BY M. E. E.

There are some in this world who leave sunny gleams wherever they have been, and now it will be my very pleasant task to portray such a person to the gentle reader.

Alice Montgomery was a favored child by nature, having wealthy, intelligent and christian-like parents, and to say that such parents felt that their only child was all they could desire, gives a true insight into her character. They had made their wealth a blessing to Alice; from her earliest childhood they had taught her to be grateful for having the means of making those around her happy, and she had grown up without being vain of her station or her riches.

One day, during the absence of her parents from the village of N—, while Alice was visiting a poor family in the neighborhood, she was told of a lady, a stranger in the place, who was sick at the Elberton Inn. She had been attacked very suddenly while reading the evening paper, and her illness seemed to proceed from some bad news she had seen there; since then she had not left her room, and grief had rendered her too weak to resume her journey.

She was not destitute, having means abundantly to pay those she was with for their care, but it seemed so sad to Alice, that any one should be in such deep trouble, and among strangers, that she did not hesitate to call immediately upon her, as her parents would still be absent for several days, and she knew that they would approve of her doing so, and would on their return take deep interest in her situation.

When Alice entered the room where Mrs. Gray was seated, having first sent a request that a friend might be admitted for a short time, she felt at once interested in the person before her. No one could look upon Mrs. Gray without loving her; that beauty of soul was her's which is ever attractive, and Alice felt thankful for having followed the promptings of her heart in calling upon her.

"Excuse my intrusion," said Alice, hearing of your sudden illness I ventured to call, supposing that you would feel happier to have a friend in a strange place, upon whom you could call for any little services that ill health always requires. My parents are away for a short time, or they would pay you this attention, and I hope you will excuse one so young as myself for intruding uninvited."

Mrs. Gray had been weeping; the Bible lay open before her, and she had just experienced one of those moments of utter abandonment to sorrow which the most devout Christians must feel, and for some time she had not turned to that book which had so often been her comfort and consolation.

The surprise at hearing that a friend in this village (where she thought herself entirely unknown), wished to see her, roused her from her deep dejection, and as Helen entered, she looked up with more interest and a brighter expression than had appeared on her countenance for days.

The face was as utterly strange to her as any that she had yet seen in the place, but so much more sympathy was there expressed, that she felt a warmer and more interested friend was before her. She could not speak for several moments in answer to Alice, but silently held out her hand, in token of welcome; this Alice took, and after a short pause, gently said, "might I know the cause of your grief? it is possible I may alleviate it."

"No," my child, thank you, thank you for your sympathy, it will do me good, but my sorrow is beyond human relief." I have lost my only child—she could say no more for a while, but she welcomed to her heart Alice's presence and sympathy, and notwithstanding the fresh floods of tears the effort caused to flow, it was a relief to speak of her troubles to one whose manner was so affectionate, and it was not long before Alice knew all.

Edward Gray was sixteen years old when his mother was left a widow, and even in her deepest grief at her bereavement, she was thankful to have her son left for the support of her declining years. His father had lived long enough to imprint on his character all his own manly virtues, and Edward seemed to throw all the ardor of his nature into love for his mother. After his father's death, he roused himself from his own grief to comfort her, and from time to time resolved to be all in all to her.

They were not wealthy, and Edward was obliged to leave his cherished studies, and he applied for admittance into the store of Messrs. Gilbert & Ross, in London, with whom his father had filled a responsible situation. He was willingly received, owing to the high esteem which his father had gained, and one of the firm had already some knowledge of Edward's own superiority as a boy, from having occasionally visited Mr. Gray at his house, a few miles from London.

VOL. I.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1851.

NO. 10.

He entered the house as an under clerk, but rapidly rose in station and in the confidence of his employers. They carried on business with the East Indies, and their most confidential clerk was always the one chosen to go out there, and he was frequently absent several years.

The person who had filled this office died after Edward had been with him five years, and among all their clerks, Messrs. Gilbert & Ross (although there were many older) could think of no one on whom they could rely for strict integrity and business capability as on Edward Gray.

When the proposition was made to him, his heart bounded with joy, at this opportunity of seeing so much of the world; his mind was one to which knowledge was a delight, and the freedom and advantages of the prospect now open to him, would exactly satisfy his ardent spirit and active mind. The idea of parting with his mother was the only drawback, but then he thought how much sooner the dreams of surrounding her with every comfort would be realized than if he remained at home.

After her son's departure, Mrs. Gray passed many sad, lonely hours, but she had been constantly cheered by long and affectionate letters, which assured her that she was still to him his beloved and cherished mother. His absence had been prolonged from time to time, till three years had elapsed, but his last letter contained the welcome news that he would follow it in a few days, and he expressed the wish that his mother would meet him in London, and thus gratify his ardent desire to see her as soon as possible after his arrival.

Mrs. Gray was on her way to comply with this request, and had stopped to rest for the night. While reading the evening paper, her eye fell upon the following paragraph:—

"Lost, at sea, the Marion, all on board are supposed to have perished, the Victoria having picked up a plank with that name upon it, which has been recognized as belonging to that ship."

This sudden change from hope to despair completely prostrated Mrs. Gray, and a severe attack of illness in consequence prevented her making any exertion to resume her journey, and indeed although she knew it to be wrong, she expressed a wish to die, for now her chief interest in life was gone.

Alice listened to these particulars with painful interest, but Mrs. Gray was much fatigued by the recital, and she urged her resting.

"You must permit me to be your nurse for a while, and obey my orders," said she affectionately; "you are so fatigued, that I think you could sleep if I darken the room and leave you for a while. My father is now in London, and I will write to him while you rest, and he will ascertain all that is known there about the Marion; something may have been heard by this time of her or of those persons on board. This is the best thing I can think of doing."

"You give me a ray of hope," said Mrs. Gray, bursting into tears, but I will be calm.—I am much more so than when you came in, and feel more as if I could sleep than I have since this sad change."

Alice arranged the room comfortably, and promised to return soon. Before she left the house, she spoke to Mrs. Monroe, the landlady, concerning her boarder's ill health, and succeeded in exciting more interest in her behalf; and Mrs. Monroe promised to take as good care of Mrs. Gray as if she were her own mother. As soon as Alice reached her house she penned the following letter:—

DEAR PAPA:—There is at Elberton Inn a lady in deep trouble on account of the loss of the Marion. Her only son was on board, and she was on her way to London to meet him on his arrival. His name is Edward Gray, and he is a clerk of your friend Mr. Gilbert. I thought you would know if the report was true, or if anything had since been heard of the ship, and I hastened to write and hope that you can send back some encouraging news for Mrs. Gray. She is a lovely lady, and I feel so very sorry for her. Give my love to Mamma. I hope you will not have to stay much longer, as I am sometimes quite lonely without you.

Your affectionate daughter,
ALICE.

Hastily folding this note, she called an old trusty servant, and delivered it to him with directions to have it sent immediately, as she hoped to receive an answer that evening.

Mr. Montgomery was more interested in this intelligence than Alice could have supposed, for not only was his benevolence aroused, but he recognized in Mrs. Gray and Edward the widow and son of one who in his early days had greatly befriended him, and since Mr. Gray's death he had met Edward many times previous to his departure for the East Indies, and feeling interested in his welfare, had often inquired about him of Mr. Gilbert during his absence. He had heard no report of the loss of the Marion, and he hastened to his friend to learn something definite. Of him he ascertained that this ship had been expected every day for a week, and that some anxiety was felt concerning her, but no news had been received, and the report in the paper probably arose from a plank, supposed to belong to a whale boat, of the same name, having been picked up by the Victoria.

This was quite pleasing news to send to Alice, and her father immediately sent the above particulars to her, and directed her to

insist upon Mrs. Gray's leaving the inn, and making their house her home till their return.

As Alice read her father's reply, her youthful imagination already pictured Mrs. Gray's sorrow at an end, and she hardly thought that the ship had not yet arrived, and that doubt still hung over its fate.

Her face was radiant with joy as she hastened to the inn, and she found Mrs. Gray much stronger and better for refreshing sleep.

"I have better news than you could expect," said Alice, seating herself, "I have already heard from papa, and that report you so unfortunately met with had reference to a whale boat, of the same name, and he thinks that in a few days the Marion will arrive safely, as it is an excellent ship, and has been probably blown out to sea again by the late storm. But I will read papa's letter to you, and then you can understand it all better."

The probability of her son's safety brought tears of joy and thankfulness to Mrs. Gray's eyes, and Alice felt her own moisture as she read the welcome news to the happy mother.

The kind manner in which Mr. Montgomery spoke of her son, and of the pleasure he should experience in meeting at his house the widow of his late friend affected her deeply.

"Now," said Alice, when she finished the letter, "I know you will go home with me this very day. I will come this afternoon in our winter carriage, which is very easy and warm, and I am sure you will not experience the least fatigue. Say, my dear Mrs. Gray, that you will come."

"This letter has already given me new strength, my dear child, and I will accept the kind invitation of your father with the greatest pleasure. He speaks of a benefit conferred upon him years ago by my husband; I know not what it was, but it is more than cancelled by the happiness his daughter has shed upon this dark cloud in my life, by her disinterested kindness and exertion." And Mrs. Gray drew Alice towards her, and imprinted a kiss on her fair brow.

That afternoon, Mrs. Gray was comfortably seated in an invalid's chair, in the parlor of Ashland Hall, before one of those delightful wood fires, crackling and blazing, enlivening and cheering those around it; and the two there seated felt its influence. Hope had again entered Mrs. Gray's heart, and Alice, glad to see her better, and to think that all was likely to end so well, talked and chatted away, and frequently caused a smile to pass over the still anxious mother's face.

Several days passed pleasantly by, and Mrs. Gray gained sufficient strength to walk out with Alice on some of her benevolent visits, for now, during her mother's absence, she was obliged to devote some hours every day in calling upon those who needed assistance.

Again one evening they were seated by the fire talking of the absent ones, when a carriage was heard coming up the avenue, and before Alice could reach the front entrance, her father and mother had alighted and she was pressed to their arms. With them was a stranger, a tall and handsome young man, whom her father introduced as Edward Gray, and he shook Alice warmly by the hand, for he had heard of her kindness to his mother.

"Mrs. Gray is in the parlor," said Alice, "will it not alarm her too much to see her son so suddenly? She is still feeble." But the mother had already recognized his voice, and with eager steps she hastened to the hall, and fell senseless into his arms.

Joy, however, never is so prostrating in its effects as grief, and consciousness soon returned, and with it the bright realization of all her hopes,—her son was with her again. It was too much joy to be believed, and she closed her eyes as she lay upon the sofa, to assure herself that it was not all a dream.

Health soon regained its sway, and happy were the hours passed by that family circle.

Mr. Montgomery would not hear of their leaving till Edward returned to London, and as he had suffered much from a long and tempestuous voyage, his employers insisted upon his becoming completely recruited before attending to his business again.

The pleasant season of the year was fast approaching and many delightful walks were contemplated and some of the shorter ones already enjoyed. Stormy days were not dull, for then in-door amusements were pleasing from their variety.

Never was a party composed of more congenial minds. Mrs. Gray, now completely herself, was a peculiarly interesting woman, and Edward enlivened many an hour by the recital of his adventures.

I have not mentioned Alice for some time, but she was not equally neglected and lost sight of by those who were so privileged as to enjoy her society.

I am fond of singularity, and am most grievously disappointed that I must let my story end as all others, with love and matrimony. I would have Edward continue to travel to the East Indies and be again and again bringing joy to his mother's heart by his safe returns, and would leave Alice to be the continued comfort and consolation of her parents, but not possessing the key to either of their hearts, to turn them as I would, I must content myself with relating things as they are.

Each day revealed to Edward some new and interesting feature in Alice's character, and on the day previous to his leaving for London, he determined to hazard all his hopes, and ascertain whether Alice reciprocated his attachments, for her manner, friendly to all, could give him no clue to her heart. On this morning, he followed her as she bent her steps towards her favorite summer house, and he found her engaged in trailing a honeysuckle and climbing rose together round the entrance.

I will not relate the conversation, for if the party themselves should meet with this story, my character after this would be embellished with the addition of a cave-dropper. But Alice was taken by surprise, that one whom she considered so superior, should place his happiness on her decision. She confessed her esteem for him, but could say no more without the consent of her parents.

This was obtained by Edward without much difficulty, as they had confidence that he would make their daughter happy; but the time of their marriage was to be postponed for a year or two, as they were not willing to part with her so suddenly.

Mr. Montgomery made arrangements with Mr. Gilbert that some one else should be sent out on their foreign business, and Edward was offered by that gentleman admittance into the firm as partner.

My story is now at an end, I have no jealous feelings nor lover's quarrels to record, during this period of engagement, for each had full trust in each other, and sought for no other admiration.

Edward removed with his mother to a lovely cottage near Ashland Hall, and we will now leave them all happy, and diffusing happiness upon all around.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

For the Journal.
LINES BY A DISCONSOLATE BACHELOR.
BY T. A. E.

Poor lonely fellow that I be,
I hope you all do pity me;
Alone am I, and sad and dreary,
Of life indeed I'm almost weary.
My breakfast's poor, my dinner's spoiled,
My tea—for which so hard I toiled—
Is good for naught,—I cannot drink it,—
My fate is hard, I really think it.

My clothes, when washed, no buttons have—
(But as for that I am prepared!)

When sick and sad I groaning lay,
No one does come to my pains to stay;
And when I die, as soon I will,—
For misery has power to kill,—
I'll be laid to rest in a lonely vale,
Where none will come my fate to wail.

For the Journal.
"PRAY FOR ME, MOTHER."

My mother! Years since, the angel of death came with his long wings drooping, and nestled within my mother's bosom. Her bosom, whereon I oft had cradled my head, grew cold beneath death's embrace, and I felt within my heart a desire, strong and burning, that I might go home with her; but death touched me not, but raised his wings and took her with him,—took her from me. But I feel that he took not her blessing, or her prayers from me, and I trust she still prays for me:—

"Pray for me, mother," yes, I ask thee to pray,
Thou who art in Heaven, pray for me away.

"Pray for me, mother," in those realms of light,
Where never falls sickness, sorrow or blight.

"Pray for me, mother," pray that I be strong,
To battle with earth, and earthly wrong.

Pray that I may be patient,—patient to bear
Disappointment and grief, sickness and care.

Pray that I may be kept pure,—pure in this
world,
Where sin and pollution like missiles are
hurled.

Pray that I may be hopeful, trusting in God's
word,
That a fount of love in my breast be stirred.

Pray that I may be meek, humble and lowly,
That my life may be good, prayerful and holy.

Pray that I may have faith,—faith to walk
with me ever,
Starlike, through grief, lighting up death's
river.

"Pray for me, mother," pray for us, one
and all,
Pray that we may answer the heaven-directed
call.

"Pray for me, mother," I shall all unless you
do,
Temptations are around me,—I turn to God
and you!

"Pray for me, mother,"
Pray for me, ever;
Pray that I may be strong in thy strength,
Forever.

Woburn, Dec., 1851. CLARA CLIFTON.

JOB PRINTING.

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS,
CONTAINING IN PART
Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blankets, Cal-
culation, Pamphlets, Shop Bills,
Shoe Bills, Notices, &c., &c.
PROMPTLY AND TASTEFULLY EXECUTED AT THE
JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE,
OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type through
out, and we are prepared to execute all orders for Print-
ing in the best manner and at short notice.
Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superior
style, at reasonable rates.

ROSSUTH AND NON-INTERVENTION

A SCENE IN WALL STREET.

Cuff.—How you does, Sambo? I see bin
dying for to see you; I know you one ob dem
littary men, and I want you to splain to me
what all dis row is about non intervension
and all dem fixins.

Sambo.—I see proud Cuff, to lighten you
on dat pint; but de fust ting I want to know
is, wedder your mind is unbiass or not; wed-
der you ascribe to dem animadwursions ob
de Courier & Quirer on de great Koshoot, or
wedder it is in dat plastic state ready to re-
ceive de truth or toderwise. In de words of
de great Macedonian, I pause for reply.

Cuff.—Well, Sambo, I dun know what you
mean by de mind in de plaster state; but if
you tink I believe in dat Watson Webb, you
can take my hat, case why I nubber read
him; anoder ting, I done hear he's posed to
dat fugitive law and nigger emigrashun.

Sambo.—Nuff said, Cuff. I see you're open
to conwicksun. Well den, Mr. Koshoot, (I
know de man, I've been introdue to him, I
had de pleasure toder night at de great fes-
tival ob helping him to a plate of sandwich.)
Well, in his great speech dat night, he brung
up some cotashuns from de dying speech and
confeshun ob de 'mortal Washington, bout
nutterality and nonintervension; and he went
on to show dat dey was just as different as
two peas upon dis ground; dat a man or a
government might remain neutral towards two
belligerent powers, and yet not indifferent, or in
oder words, to make it more complex and tel-
lible, he might not interfere between de two
who was cuttin each oder's throats, but at de
same time he would interfere to prevent any
one else steppin in, and dat is what he call-
ed intervension. He also went on to show
dat de great Washington never intended to
stablish de principle, I tink he called it non-
intervension now and forever, but only as de
policy of de moment, until de Governmen had
got strong enough to defend demselves, and
lend a helping hand to oders.

And to my mind Cuff, I tink he's right. I
look upon de doctrine ob non-intervension,
unmonstrous absurdity as eber was circum-
vented by man. Mus dis nation, now we've
got our freedom and independence, stand by
indifferent to de wailin and smashing out ob
teeth ob oppressed nations groaning under de
iron heels of despotism! Non-intervension
I look upon um as oppose to de spirit ob true
Christianity, immorality, philanthropy—hy-
dropathy—and—Cuff, I lose myself when I
tink ob um—I dun get so mad—I dun know
what I say.

Cuff.—Go it Sambo, I tink you're spired—
I see wid you. Down wid Hungary and non-
intervension.

Sambo.—Hold, nigger, you dun know what
you are talking bout. You mustn't tink dem
intervension as de great principle of civil
liberty and brotherly love (see de big book
where he says love thy neighbour, succour de
afflicted, do to oders as you want dem to do
unto you) is right under some circumstances,
dat he's right under all oders; because our
own safety, and de sacred cause of liberty de-
mand dat we shouldnt madly peril de rich
inheritance our forefathers bequeathed to us.

No, Cuff; although I go it strong for Hun-
gary still, to speak de sentiments of de great
Kos'oot, although one of de outposts of liberty
is in danger, I wouldnt raise my sacrilegious
hand to destroy de temple. And, such I
think, would be de result ob sending troops
and fleets in aid ob Hungary; for if we do it
in dis case, we mus, like de great Don Quixote,
mount our Rozemante to tilt agin every wind-
mill dat flaps its wings. No, Cuff, don't let
our sympathies be tendered wid de armed
hand, but wid de oiled palm; let every man
open his purse and down wid de dust. Do
you want dis country to go to war; do you
want to see de mill stopped, de ships rottin in
de docks; and you want Massa John to stop
payment, and hab de store shut up; would
you like to have your dray broke down, and
your old horse dying for want ob oats; and
finally and lastly, do you want to be drafted
to go soderger?

Cuff.—I'm convinced—dat last argumen
bout soderger has settled me. I nubber could
hear de smell ob powder, no how—Yah, Yah,
Yah. Dey don't get dis nigger to go lemen-
adin wid a musket on his shoulder. Drafted
—hey! If your gwaïn to talk bout drafts,
spose we 'jour to Downing's and take a
smash.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

THREE MISERIES.—To walk two miles for
de purpose of begging a favor, and then feel
too modest to name it.

Bowing to a person whom you mistake for
another, and getting nothing but a vacant stare
for your pains.

To be in a scrape every hour, merely for
want of nerve to say no.

If you wish to know who is de most
degraded and de most wretched of human
beings, look for a man who has practiced a vice
so long dat he curses it and clings to it; dat
he pursues it because he feels a great law of
his nature driving him on towards it; but,
reaching it, knows dat it will gnaw his heart,
and make him roll himself in de dust with
anguish.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1851.

AGENTS.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETERS & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

STONHAM.—Mr. G. W. DICE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

FRANCE.

Any person who may have watched the movements of Louis Napoleon for the past few months, must have noticed with what remarkable cunning he has played the card for his future aggrandizement. Many have entertained rather low views of his talents, pronouncing him as ignorant in many important respects, and a man entirely unfitted to be at the head of a great nation; but we apprehend such persons will be inclined to change their mind somewhat when they read the last accounts from Paris.

Louis Napoleon has proved himself to be a worthy descendant of his illustrious uncle, and has exhibited a boldness of action, a far-sighted vision, and a perfect adaptiveness to human nature that does credit to the name. He either possesses great talents, or has behind-the-curtain advisers of no ordinary ambition; and the result is that Napoleon now occupies the position of an almost absolute ruler. He overthrew government at his will, imprisons members of the Assembly at his pleasure, and says to the Press what they shall publish, and what they shall not.

For a long time Napoleon has been using all his power and influence with the Army, and at last he succeeded in insinuating himself completely into their good graces and favor. The cry was, "Vive la Napoleon," and now, in the present crisis, the future would-be Emperor appeals to his military friends with full confidence that they will sustain and support him. He flatters, and tells them "to be proud of their mission,"—that he looks to them to save the country," and says to them, "Your history is mine,"—we are united by indissoluble ties," &c. &c.

The facts connected with the disturbances of the early part of this month, are simply these. It seems that Napoleon and the Assembly have been quarrelling for some time past, Napoleon charging them as intriguers, and they considering him in the light of a military usurper, refusing to alter the Constitution. Things had been approaching a crisis for some time, until at last this Republican President concludes to order the arrest of all opposing members. This was done, and then to complete his triumph, he stops the mouth of all unfriendly papers, thus causing the disturbances himself. The fight ensued, and his said was of a fearful character, and the orders were "no quarter." Then comes the decrees dissolving the National Assembly, re-establishing suffrage, abolishing the law of the 31st of May, and making other changes, entirely unconstitutional and illegal.

Thus we see what a cowardly despot, backed by an army of half a million of men, can do; thus can all the features of government be changed for France in a day; and the very man who causes it all can then appeal to the people for vindication and support, and talk of adhering to their decision as to his election, when at the same time he knows his election would be a mere farce, and entirely illegal. But what matters it to him, if he can only rule beyond his present term of office? He well knows the French people, and that his name is a watchword with them; and that with the Army on his side he can carry out any measure that he may please.

Poor Republican France! We fear that your liberty is still unstable as water, and that even now your people's Constitution is to pass away, and a second Napoleon will again rule, and tread in the footsteps of his "illustrious predecessor." We had hoped better things for the infant republic, but much fear that Socialism, Red Republicanism, Napoleonism, and all their other "isms," will again place France where she has often stood—under the rule of a despot.

"WASHINGTON ENGINE COMPANY, No. 3," of this town, gave a grand "Oyster Supper" at their hall, on Thursday evening, which was set down to them, and several invited guests, in good earnest. The hall was tastefully and beautifully decorated with evergreen, pictures, &c.,—the work, we understand, of the good ladies in the neighborhood, for which they deserve much credit,—and on this occasion was brilliantly illuminated. The oysters and other good things were pronounced the very best, and discussed with a relish, after which followed the usual sallies of wit, sentiment, speech, song, &c., in which the ladies, the guests, the press, and firemen, were toasted, which compliments were appropriately responded to—of course. It was a good and sociable set-down, and we regret that the late hour at which the proceedings took place prevents our giving a more extended report.

ESSEX COUNTY TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—A Convention for Essex County, of those in favor of the Maine Liquor Law, was held at Lyeum Hall in Lynn, on Friday last. The meeting was numerously attended, and a series of spirited resolutions in favor of the law, after being fully discussed by able speakers, was unanimously passed.

ONE VOTE.—Benj. Scaver, Esq., the Whig nominee, was elected mayor of Boston, on Wednesday, by one majority.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Next week we shall make a proposition to our contributing friends, that we think will meet with their approbation, and also show them that we appreciate the efforts put forth in behalf of the "Journal."

"X."—we shall be happy to publish your articles on Schools, and doubt not, your reminiscences will prove interesting.

"T. A. E."—our young friend of 15 years will accept our thanks for his favors, he gives promise of making a "Poet," and we commend for the perusal of our readers his piece in the present number, and some poetry we shall publish hereafter.

"The Pleasant Girl"—gives us some beautiful lines in answer to the Enigma in our last, your other article was never received.

"Della,"—writes a Christmas story for the juveniles, we cannot make room this week, our young friends may expect it in our next; it is written by one who is quite young, and we are glad to see a literary taste manifested by our youthful readers.

"Reader" has a good Enigma, and one that should be answered. We say, "more."

"Schoolboy"—will see an Enigma in this week's paper like the one he sends, received before his own.

"L."—on Schools, is received,—we shall try and make room for your article soon.

"S."—on Agriculture, &c., is before us—a sensible article. The selections we will look over.

"I"—will find his question answered in this week's letter from the Cave.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMA.

Answers to Enigma in our last have been received from "Man of the Mountain," "Schoolboy," and others. We select the following admirable acrostical answer:—

MR. EDITOR:—Having seen "Calista's" Enigma in the Journal of last week, and feeling confident that the following is the answer, I venture to send it; but I think "Calista" made a slight mistake in spelling, and placed an "A" where it should have been an "E." If the answer is correct, and you deem it worthy, you will please give it a place in the Journal:—

What better place on earth is found,
Or can hearts desire,
Beneath the Heaven's blue canopy,
Unto which we would retire,
Rest from worldly care to find:
Nothing here disturbs the mind.

Calm and solemn is the place,
Envy nor strife are here;
Many within its bosom rest,
E'en those we lov'd most dear.

They enjoy the calm repose,
And quiet is their mind;
Rest in the "Woburn Cemetery"
You and I may find.

ELSIE, THE PLEASANT GIRL.

North Woburn, Dec., 1851.

THE VOTE FOR SENATORS.—The Governor and Council having completed the counting of the votes for Senators, have given certificates to 28 members as follows: six Whigs in Suffolk, two in Hampshire, two in Barnstable, and one in Nantucket and Dukes—11. Six Coalitionists in Middlesex, two in Plymouth, two in Bristol, one in Berkshire, one in Franklin, five in Worcester—17. There are twelve vacancies as follows: three in Norfolk, one in Bristol, one in Berkshire, (the Coalitionist candidate, Mr. Robinson, lacked 39 votes of an election,) two in Hampden, and five in Essex. The vote of Lowell, as amended by the clerk of Ward Four, was admitted.

MANUFACTURES.—The entire capital invested in the various manufactures in the United States on the 1st of June, 1850, not to include any establishment producing less than the annual value of \$500—amounted to, in round numbers, \$530,000,000. Value of raw material, \$550,000,000. Amount paid for labor, \$240,000,000. Value of manufactured articles, \$1,030,000,000. Number of persons employed 1,050,000.

FOUNTAIN FIRE CO., No. 1.—At the Company's regular meeting, Dec. 6th, the following persons were chosen as officers for the next term:—Cyrus Fay, Foreman. Marshal Frye, First Assistant. L. B. Reed, Second Assistant. John Knight, 3d Clerk. John W. Taylor, Treasurer. John Murray, Steward. The Company numbers, including officers, 42.

PETITIONING THE LEGISLATURE.—The ward committee appointed at the late mass meeting in Roxbury to circulate petitions to the Legislature in favor of the "Maine law," have commenced their duties. There seems to be little or no urging to get signatures. People, thus far, seem rather anxious than otherwise to give their signatures.

THE BANGOR WHIG OF Thursday observes—"The severe still coldness of the weather yesterday morning, took our people by surprise. The mercury took to twenty degrees below zero, was a little tough to begin with. However, the day was very pleasant, and the sleighing of the first order.

Rev. Samuel Glover, a retired minister of the Baptist persuasion, residing in Cambridge, died suddenly on Saturday morning while sitting at the breakfast table—supposed from an affection of the heart. His age was 67.

Portsmouth, N. H., was lighted with gas for the first time, Dec. 15th.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER SEVEN.

Mammoth Cave, Nov., 1851.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I left off my letter this morning rather abruptly at the mouth of the Cave, and will now commence our journey inward from the mouth of this great tunnel of nature. After receiving our directions, we immediately started down a ravine a few hundred feet and stood at the entrance, which is 50 feet high by about 30 or 40 wide, and presents a rude yet fine appearance, we now moved in single file down some rude steps formed by nature, and were soon within the main avenue, which immediately increased in size from the entrance. We took a last lingering look at the great door way from the darkness of our position, and the effect was very fine indeed, as the sun sent its golden hues a few feet inward, they were made more visible by the darkness with which we were surrounded.

We now took each his little lighted lamp, and followed our guides on the rough journey before us, the height of the cave soon diminished to a few feet, retaining its width, and thus we journeyed for one quarter of a mile, and by this time my ideas and expectations had cooled considerably, for I had anticipated being in the immediate presence of grandeur and sublimity beyond description, and now to hear every moment the cry from the guides of "look out for heads," and at the same time have my nostrils filled with lamp smoke was rather a damper on "sublimity." We soon came upon the remains of the old saltpetre works, where this article was manufactured in large quantities during the last war, and here by way of information I will say that the earth found on the bottom of the cave is strongly impregnated with nitre, or nitrate of potassa, and yields a strong percentage of that article. In the time of the last war, saltpetre could not be imported, and the manufacturing of it proved quite lucrative, they erected vats at about half a mile from the entrance of the cave inward, and impregnated water by passing it through the earth, and thus obtained the salts. This nitre proves its strong preservative qualities in the cave, for every bit of wood or iron, or any other material which was left there some 40 years since remains in precisely the same state as when first put there, no decay of any kind ever making its appearance in the Mammoth Cave. This to some appears quite strange, but when we consider the regularity of the temperature, which never varies from sixty Fahrenheit, and the presence of so much nitre with but little moisture, is easily accounted for. It also seems to have quite an exhilarating influence upon a traveler, for we find after a day's journey on foot of about twenty miles, that we are not much fatigued. This is also easily accounted for as above, when taken in connection with the great curiosity that naturally leads one on the tour.

We passed on, and were immediately astonished to hear on every side hissing noises, but our fears were soon allayed by being informed that we had arrived at the bats boarding room, and sure enough on gazing upward at the vast expense above, we found the ceiling blackened by these little creatures who have recently taken up their annual winter quarters here, and who were now disturbed by our lights. For a mile or so we were regaled by their singing, and their numbers might be well called "legion." Our eyes by this time were getting accustomed to the "blackness of darkness," which surrounded us, and we could more readily penetrate the vast avenue through which we were passing. It had now increased in size, so as to average about eighty feet in height, and some seventy-five in width, the roof being of an oval form from the base. We found the travel was through a rough canyon, as now we were descending rapidly, then ascending rocks and hills, and ever and anon changing from good to indifferent, and often awful footings.

Thus we kept on our way through what is called the "main avenue" and noticing on each side, diverging in all directions innumerable small avenues and caves, all of which our guide says are nothing in comparison to what we are nearing. I was ready to confess that for these two or three miles I'd not seen much, and was wondering upon the disappointment so far, when we were told to look out for the "grand vestibule" and entered into a great room which bore that title. Disappointment and all other of such feelings vanished, and in their place appeared those which immediately sent forth the poetic exclamation of "O! O!" and this settles the question of its appearance. It was a vast chamber of such a size that it wearied the eye to gaze into its immensity, but the guide said "this is nothing, come along." In a short time we came to the "gothic church or gothic gallery," so called, from its gothic appearance, and this was truly beautiful. It contains a natural pulpit and choir galleries, and in this spot meetings have actually been held, and worship and homage to the architect of this great wonder has been rendered from here. Our guides ascended the pulpit, and it was quite interesting to behold them about one hundred feet above us, with a roof over one hundred feet above them, stretching away to the other side for four hundred feet, and forming a room capable of holding tens of thousands of listeners.

Onward we went, perfectly bewildered by the scenes that met our gaze on every hand, and at every turn,—now an immense hall, or chamber, then a charming cliff, a giant's head, an elephant's nose, a fairy grotto; then a bottomless pit or hole, into which we could gaze with horror, and watch the lighted paper as it descended on its long journey towards the

bottom, until, almost lost in the wilderness of the scene, I would turn away and push forward, ever and anon tripping the toes against some fallen stone, then measuring one's length in the "clean dirt," as the guide called it; then picking one's self up again, rubbing the precocious phenological developments, then hearing the guide sing out "onward," we soon reached the Mummy Hole, from whence the remains of a giant was obtained, and now deposited in the Museum, New York. This was, with one or two exceptions, about the only remains ever found in the cave. We got to "Satan's Chair," where I seated myself to write you this morning.

After resting a little after the eight mile travel, we started again, as our guide said there was no time to lose, and were continually finding new wonders to admire and gaze upon. After many hard tugs over mountains and down valleys, we at last reached our most interesting spot, as our guide called it. We soon found it was called "Fat Man's Misery," and was quite a narrow winding passage-way of about 300 feet in length, which connected this avenue with another of great interest, it was hard work to get through, and we all found some tight fits; but unfortunately for himself there was in our company a Gent of rather corpulent dimensions, and as I gazed upon him, it was with feelings of pity and sympathy, not unminged with the ludicrous, for I saw we were to have a time, or rather he was. But what could the poor fellow do? To retreat he could not,—to remain until our return, in five or six hours, was not to be thought of, so try it he must. He rather doubted his ability to "get through," not but what I am large enough to accomplish most any great undertaking, said he, "but in this instance I am too large." For a few yards he made out pretty well, but soon got into difficulty, and was aground, or stuck fast, and then found the rocks on either side would not move an inch. What to do was now the question.

Some of the party were ahead, and they offered to pull, but this would be too severe for our friend,—some of us were behind, and offered to push, but this would be about as feasible, so I ere we were in a pretty predicament—but I find the hour of midnight is upon me, and my paper nearly used up, and I must be prepared for another journey in the Cave by daylight, so I'll leave our "unfortunate gentleman" in his position, and resume the consideration of his fate in my next.

J. A. P.

For the Journal.

THE COMMON SCHOOL.

MR. EDITOR:—The glory of Massachusetts is her common schools. There is, probably, no state or country in the world, where so much is done for educating the children and youth, thereby fitting them for stations of honor and usefulness. With the superior advantages within the reach of every one, it is hardly possible for a girl or boy to attain to womanhood or manhood, without having attained a good knowledge of the elements of an education. If, however, we go back over a period of fifteen or twenty years, we shall find that a far different state of things existed. When the late Secretary of the Board of Education, the Hon. Horace Mann, entered upon the duties of his office, he made it his first object to ascertain the condition of the common schools throughout the State. Without a knowledge of their deficiencies, and the state of the public mind towards them he could not understandingly devise the means best adapted to their improvement. He found, almost universally, poor school houses, a great deficiency in the qualifications of teachers, a lamentable want of interest on the part of parents, and books unadapted to the capacities of the scholars. Having taken a view of the field, he then set about devising means to bring about a change for the better. Of the results of his efforts I need not speak. To his indefatigable labors we are mainly indebted for that system of common schools which renders Massachusetts pre-eminent over the whole world. As we look at the common school now, we are astonished at the change. The small, inconvenient house is succeeded by one of larger dimensions, while convenience, health, and comfort, are kept prominently in view at their construction. A race of teachers with better qualifications, are moulding the minds of the rising generation. Parents are awaking to the value of the common school, and are giving the indispensable aid which they alone can afford. Books have been written by the best teachers and ripest scholars, embodying the fruits of their ripe experience, adapted to the capacities and wants of the scholars. Instead of a few weeks of school in each year, most of our schools are kept nearly the whole year, long enough, certainly, for the health and best improvement of the children. Too much schooling is but little better than too little. The child should not be kept at school all the time. There is need of ample vacations that the physical growth may keep pace with the intellectual.

As most of the scholars in our common schools know nothing of their advantage in comparison with the schools existing twenty years ago, I propose in future articles to give them some account of the District School as it was. I do not mean the school described by Burton in his "District School" as it was, but the school that the writer attended in his boyhood, first learned his alphabet, and began the ascent of that hill, along whose steps the flowers of knowledge are ever springing, and upon whose summit, according to the pictures in his spelling book, stands the temple of fame. Could the children and youth of the present day appreciate their advantages for acquiring an education—such an education as

will fit them to fill with honor any station in our land—it seems to the writer that they would apply themselves assiduously in the spring-time of life, that their manhood may be crowned with success, and their old age be illuminated with the light of life spent in usefulness, and the elevation of their race.

X.

For the Journal.

EDUCATION IS A SAFEGUARD.

MR. EDITOR:—When we behold the superior advantage which persons enjoy whose minds have received the polish of education, and the refinement of philosophy, we can but perceive in a striking manner its vast importance. One illustration is given where the characters, manners, and actions of savages are contrasted with those of civilized people. The one roams the forest like an untamed beast, his mind incapable of dwelling on the works of nature, and drawing with delights, wisdom and knowledge from the depths of science; he obeys only the propensities of his own wild nature and delight in cruelty and blood. The other pursues the course of science though rugged, and delights in occupations of usefulness; and instead of warring with his neighbors, he aims to promote his happiness and the best good of his country. Education is truly a safeguard to a country, for it is secured by the well-educated, while ignorance would expose it to danger and cause it to fall.

But all are sensible that this is not the only advantage, when they realize how much the individual himself enjoys besides being protected from the insults and devices of the vicious who surround him. The evil propensities of his nature seem rooted out, and with calmness he can receive that which ignorance would resent. His mind is superior to anger, and he considers that the person who would stoop to resent an insult from the weak-minded and ignorant, brings himself at the same time on a level with them. How important, then, that we endeavor, by every possible means, to improve the talents committed to our trust, and obtain an education, which will serve to ward off the many dangers to which we are exposed, and prepare us for extensive usefulness.

North Woburn, Dec., 1851.

T. P. T.

For the Journal.

SMALL PAPERS AND SMALL MEN.

MR. EDITOR:—I am one of your subscribers, and a constant reader, of course, and find many good things to commend in your columns. I was present, the other day, with several parties who were conversing on the subject of newspapers,—the reading matter, selections, and size of each. I stood up for the "Woburn Journal." They said it was rather small in size, but acknowledged that it was good. I said if they would listen a moment I would tell them an anecdote of the late Judge Dawes, of Boston. The Judge was quite a small man, but full of wit and humor. This was during the times of Chief Justice Parsons, Judge Davis, Harrison G. Otis, and other giants of the law. These men, when together, were full of jokes; and "Little Judge Dawes," as they used to call him, always came in for his share of them. Judge Parsons was a large man,—I remember him well. On this occasion he began to joke Judge Dawes about being so small. "Why," says he, "Judge, you'll get lost one of these days; and even now, amongst us big bodies, we can hardly see you." "Oh, yes," says Judge Dawes, "I know I am small, but I cannot help that; I am like a fourpenny ha'penny amongst half a dozen cents—not easily perceived, but worth the whole of them." When I last saw my friends, they were passing up Washington street.

Boston, Dec., 1851.

SIMON.

Dr. Reid, a traveller through the highlands of Peru, is said to have found lately in the desert of Alcanne the dried remains of an assemblage of human beings, 500 or 600 in number, men, women, and children, seated in a semi-circle as when alive, staring into the burning waste before them. They had not been buried; life had not departed before they thus sat around, but hope was gone; the Spanish invader was at hand, and no escape being left, they had come hither to die. They still sat immovable in that dreary desert. Dried like mummies by the effect of the hot air, they still kept their position, sitting up as in solemn council, while over that dread Areopagus silence broods everlastingly.

The steamers Winfield Scott and Union have discontinued their trips to New Orleans, and are destined to form a new line between New York and San Francisco. The former it is said is to go round to the Pacific, and is now fitting out for the purpose, to sail as soon as she can be got in readiness. The Union is to run in connection with her, on this side of the Isthmus.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—Yesterday morning South Boston was visited by the most destructive fire that ever took place in that part of the city; it broke out in Slane's extensive Glass Works on Second street, destroying them, with other property to the extent of about \$30,000. The cold was so intense that many of the noble firemen had their hands and ears frozen. By this calamity some 300 men are thrown out of employ.

Kossuth's arrival at New York was known in Milwaukee, 1000 miles distant, in 15 minutes after it took place.

From 1840 to 1850, the number of foreign passengers who arrived in the United States was 1,552,830.

WOBURN RECORDS.

The following resolutions were passed at a Town Meeting of the citizens of the town of Woburn, Jan. 14th, 1778, "to consult some salutary measures as may be taken at this alarming crisis, and most conducive to the public good." At this meeting a letter and a pamphlet, from the Committee of Correspondence of the town of Boston, was read, and a committee of nine were chosen to form a suitable set of resolves in reply. The resolves were reported at an adjourned meeting, Feb. 1st, and as the records say, were unanimously adopted. They are a good illustration of that spirit which, a few years afterward, achieved the American Independence, and was the first step towards a rebellion which has given us existence as a nation:—

COMMITTEE.

Dea. Sam'l Wyman, Lev't Wm. Tay,
Capt. Thos. Peirce, Lev't Joshua Walker,
Mr. Robert Douglass, Mr. Joseph Wright,
Dr. Sam'l Blodget, Lt. Sam'l Thompson,
Dea. Tim'e Winn,

W.

Resolved 1st, That we have no disposition to cast Government, or find fault with our British Constitution, as by law established, or to murmur against our civil Rulers, obstruct their influence, weaken their authority, or discourage their hearts. But so long as they keep within the bounds of the Law of God and the free Constitution by which they are empowered, our bonds of Allegiance and obedience to them are sacred & absolutely indispensible.

Res. 2d, That the King of Great Britain, as our Rightful sovereign, having ascended the throne according to the British Constitution, and with the universal voice and approbation of the people throughout the British Empire, and we look upon it as one of the brightest Gems in his Crown that he rules a free People and not over Slaves, and that his government is limited by the laws and Constitution of the Realm as well as by obedience of his subjects. The whole Kingdom, as well as these Colonies, have enjoyed the Blessing of this happy Constitution of Government since the Hanoverian line has filled the throne.

Res. 3d, That every part of the empire of Great Britain has a just right to expect that no Power of Government be exercised but what is entirely consistent with the British Constitution, by which the King of Great Britain holds his Crown, and the people their Liberty and Property and all that is dear to them in life.

Res. 4th, That every part of the British Empire has an undoubted right to petition the King of Great Britain that all Deerees and Statutes of Parliament which are unconstitutional and distressing to them, may be dismantled and made void; and that such petitions are not to be esteemed petitions of favour, but rights, and stands upon the same footing in law as all other Petitions of Right, and if well founded the aggrieved are entitled to a Redress.

Res. 5th, That all the Colonies, and this in particular, is greatly oppressed by the execution of Acts of Parliament that are contrary to the Constitution, contrary to the rights of the subject, and contrary to their sincere and hearty petitions. And that a concern for the happiness and prosperity of this people call upon them in a public manner to unite in all lawful, prudent and effectual means in their power to assert and defend their Rights and Rescuer those that are unjustly wrested out of their hands.

Res. 6th, That we look upon the Guilt of enslaving and taking away or dismantling the Rights and Liberties of a free, Loyal and Religious people in the single point of its injustice, vastly exceeding Common Murder.

Res. 7th, That the Rights of the Colonists, and those of the Massachusetts Bay in particular, have been infringed upon by the British administration in to many instances here to particularize, and that the violation of those Rights threaten the Province and continent with unavoidable Ruin.

Res. 8th, That we look upon these following, among many others, to be matters of heavy Grievance to us that the British Parliament have assumed a power contrary to the Constitution in making Laws to bind us without our consent, either in person or by our representatives, and in consequence of those Laws have taken away our money without our consent, and converted it to uses destructive of our best interests, to support a number of unconstitutional officers to prey upon our very vitals; And the manner in which our Governor receives his support, we look upon it as an innovation of our right, and a manifest token of Reproach and Contempt upon this Province.

The Delivering up of Castle William, which we look upon as the property of this Province, and under the Jurisdiction of it, and the key of our Defence, unto ye troops over whom our Governor declares he has no power or authority, is just matter of Grievance to this People.

That the officers of the Customs are invested with such an exorbitant power, and ye efforts made to screen them from paying their just Quota for the support of Government is Repugnant to the Laws and privileges of this Colony, our being deprived, in a great measure, of the Right of Trial by Jury, by extending the Power of the Court Vice Admiralty to such enormous degree, we look upon it as removing one Grand Bulwark and Security of our property. And we esteem the late act relating to his Maj's Dock yards, made by the British Parliament and extended to these Colonies, whereby it is put in the power of the King's Officers to seize a person for certain crimes committed, or supposed to be committed, in this country, and drag him away for trial to any County in Great Britain where the King or his Successors shall please to direct, to be very oppressive, and directly contrary to Magna Charta. That the affixing salaries or stipends to the offices of the Superior Judges in this Province, so as to make them entirely dependent on the Crown both for their Creation and Support, and on his Majesties pleasure for their continuance in office, and entirely independent of that people whose property, lives and liberties depend on their opinion and decision, we look upon very greatly alarming; and it is contrary to the spirit of our Master, and attended with Great and manifest evils, and may be the means of Great oppression in the land.

Res. 9th, That the Governor and superior judges of this Province ought to have Salaries Annually granted to them by this Province Equal to the dignity and Importance of their respective Offices.

Res. 10, that it is our opinion that our most Gracious Sovereign has no design to oppress us, or take from us our fundamental, essential rights and privileges as Englishmen; But if the present state and Circumstances of the

lonies could be properly laid before him he would Grant us a redress of our Grievances. Res. 12th. That a Committee be appointed to return ye Sincere thanks of this Town to the Inhabitants of the town of Boston, for their care and watchfulness in furnishing this town with a List of Grievances, and to assure ye Town Clerk to unite with them in all constitutional ways for the removal of these grievances, and also to keep up a correspondence with ye town of Boston, and any other town that shall be thought proper, and also to have the Town Clerk be requested to return an attested copy of ye proceedings of this meeting to the Committee of Correspondence of the town of Boston.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1851.
DEAR JOURNAL:—Since my last letter, many things have transpired in this city of no ordinary importance. The awful and melancholy catastrophe which occurred here, and by which many children were killed and wounded, as sometimes ago known to you; and we should not now allude to it, only for the purpose of again calling the attention of the teachers of your State to the self-possessed conduct exhibited by the principal of the school on this distressing event, in the hope that should an occurrence of the like nature arise, in any of their schools, they may bear in mind the example set them by Mr. McNally and thereby save the lives of their pupils.

Our Annual Thanksgiving with us as with you has come and gone, and the day passed off very creditably to the city, though its citizens do not attach so much importance to it as those of New England. If there is a time when a Massachusetts boy can say of his native state, "This is my own, my native land," it is then this festival makes its appearance.

The noted Forest vs. Forest case is now on trial in court, and the room in which the proceedings are held is densely crowded every day, and much interest is manifested as to the result. If the declarations of counsel were to be relied on in the opening of the cause, both parties seem to be innocent, but you know that many instances assertions of counsel go for nothing—they amount to nothing.

But, over beyond and above all else that has taken place here, has been the joy and excitement occasioned by the arrival of the immortal Kossuth upon our shores. Although the rays of millions had been offered, invoking the Almighty to give this noble man smooth seas and a prosperous journey on his way hitherward, still, as the steamer in which he was now to have embarked was a day or two behind the ordinary time for her arrival, many doubts were expressed and many fears entertained. But the fear and anxiety have been dispelled, and the great Hungarian has arrived in safety. As you are aware, he arrived at Staten Island about half past twelve in the morning, and in a few hours, the exclamation was upon all lips here—"Kossuth has come! Kossuth has come!" It was soon announced that he would make his grand entrance into the city on the following day. Saturday morning came, and with it the joy and gratitude which roved well the feeling the occasion had excited.

The day was a lovely one. The shipping in the harbor—the banners waving in the breeze—the gathering of the military—all presented a grand and imposing appearance. We stood at a given point on Broadway nearly three hours in order to see the entire procession. The military was an hour in passing and numbered about eight thousand.

When the distinguished guest made his appearance the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. It would be impossible to give a true account of the spectacle, for it almost baffles description. All classes, from the highest in authority, from the Judge on the bench down to the humblest and most abject artisan, vied with each other in rendering homage to the "Champion of Liberty." Thousands and thousands—how many hundreds it is impossible even to conjecture—met him at every turn, while all around re-echoed with their huzzas. The expression was frequently made by some of the oldest inhabitants, "This beats any thing I ever saw in New York." Among the inscriptions, we noticed the following—"The United States to the Russian Bear—mind your own business."

"Welcome Kossuth—Freedom's Champion—Tyranny's Exile—America's Guest." We only wish that the old Autocrat of Russia, or that tyrant, Francis Joseph, could have seen his reception.

I was not a little disappointed in the physiognomy and appearance of Kossuth. He has a very thoughtful and expressive countenance; and while he wears a smile upon it, still, there is something beneath this, which indicates that his thoughts and affections are with his native and cherished land, and with the martyrs who have there passed away while struggling for their constitutional rights and liberty.

It is just and right that he should receive a reception so kind and so cordial in the great commercial metropolis of the continent. It shows that the people prefer freedom to tyranny, and that they sincerely sympathize with the persecuted patriots of every land, who come here, whether it be to become acquainted with our admirable institutions and wonderful system of government, or to mingle their dust with the dust of Washington.

You have, doubtless, read the great speeches of Kossuth, made at the dinner given him by the City Authorities, the Press, and the Bar. His masterly arguments in behalf of intervention on the part of the United States, should the occasion arise, is thought by many to be almost unanswerable. But, whatever course our country may see fit to take, we hope it will act understandingly, so that if it does say to Russia, (as we hope it may), "Mind your own business and let Hungary and Austria settle their own affairs," it will be prepared to

tain the declaration, though it be at the cannon's mouth. Daily, he receives deputations and addresses, from various states and cities, to all of which he responds. Last Saturday, he made his farewell address here to the ladies, who are always for liberty, as well as for Union; and so well succeeded that they pledged to him their influence and support; of course his cause is safe. Yesterday, he left the city, to comply with the invitations of Congress, bidding him welcome to the Capitol and to the nation.

I sincerely hope that before he leaves the country, the great Hungarian may be induced to visit New England and especially Massachusetts, so that he may have an opportunity of witnessing your free institutions of learning—your common schools, and the industry and enterprise, which are so characteristic of the people of this portion of our republic. I hope that it may be his fortune to see the Rock where the Pilgrims landed—the place where "spoke Otis, Adams and Quincy," and the fields where fell the early martyrs to American liberty.

The New England Society of this city held their forty-sixth anniversary at the Tabernacle, last evening. We had the pleasure of listening to the Oration by the Hon. George S. Hillard, of Boston. It was an able and brilliant discourse, and was well received by the audience. While the speaker acknowledged and lamented the faults of our Pilgrim fathers, still he thought their many virtues far outweighed their errors. Did time permit, I should like to speak more at length of the manner in which the orator treated his subject, but as the mail closes soon, so must I.

Truly Yours, D.
For the Journal.

Mr. Editor:—We are glad the subject of Books has been broached by a citizen, and trust it will be agitated until there is some reform, at least with regard to changing or sleeping as it may be called, but always receiving books.

Woburn Dec. 23, 1851.

THE WEATHER.—The unprecedented cold weather still continues, and we hear that it extends as far south as Charleston, S. C. The papers at the south speak of the season thus far as being of unusual severity.

The thermometer in town yesterday morning stood at 7 below zero.

A GOOD CAUSE.—We learn that the Juvenile Missionary Society connected with Rev. Mr. Edwards's church, will hold a fair in their vestry on Wednesday evening, for the purpose of aiding in fitting out a seaman's library. Let all attend and aid our young friends in this commendable project.

LYCŒUM.—The next lecture before the Lycœum will be an important one; and the public are invited to attend free of charge. We hope Mr. Upham will be greeted by a full audience.

A LAD NAMED ALBERT HAVEN, belonging to Groton, aged fourteen years, died at Lunenburg, on the 6th inst., in consequence of injuries received from the kick of a horse on the day previous.

Samuel Eaton, Superintendent of the Kingsbury Woollen Factory, at South Coventry, Ct., was caught in the machinery and killed.

A letter from Raleigh, N. C., of the 17th inst., says the fire there has been terribly destructive, nearly one half of the town is in ashes. The loss is very heavy, and only partially insured. Great distress prevails.

Sarah Gerks, of Lancaster, Pa., has been committed to prison on a charge of forcing an infant to swallow pins and needles.

The freight agent on the Western Railroad at Chester Village, recently received a box, per railroad, directed to him, which on opening contained a live baby.

Jenny Lind has presented \$1000 to Miss Adelaide Phillips, of Boston, to aid her in pursuing her musical studies in Italy.

The subject of annexing Roxbury to Boston, is the all absorbing topic in the first named city at the present time.

The Academy at Swanton Falls, Vt., was burnt on Thursday night, resulting from a defect in the chimney.

It is proposed to establish a college for instruction in agriculture and the principals of mechanism in Illinois.

A leading medical practitioner, at Brighton, England has lately given a list of sixteen of paralysis, produced by smoking, which came under his own knowledge within the last six months.

There are said to be more Landholders in the State of Massachusetts alone, than in all England and Ireland together.

The East Boston Unitarian Society have extended an invitation to Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, of Lowell, and late of the Divinity School at Cambridge, to become their pastor.

DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY AND IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—Despatches from Washington furnish us with the disastrous intelligence that the Congressional library and a large amount of valuable public documents in the Capitol at Washington, were consumed by fire on Tuesday morning.

The fire was first discovered about sunrise by a watchman, and some time elapsed before the general alarm was given.

The flames at the capital would have been subdued at a much earlier period, but the intense cold weather made the hose nearly unserviceable by freezing.

The fire is supposed to have caught from the flues connected with the furnaces in the main basement of the capitol. All the fire companies belonging to Washington, and one or more from Alexandria were on hand rendering efficient services.

President Fillmore, the Mayor, Speaker Boyd, and numerous members and officers of Congress, were early on the ground, rendering all the aid in their power.

Many of the documents and books destroyed are of great value and no amount of money can replace them. The Library presents one mass of ruins, and with the Document Room above it, are completely burnt out, and fully three-fourths of the library is consumed, including the most valuable portion of the same. No serious damage has been done to any other part of the Capitol, except by water.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE KOSKUTH FUND.—A purse containing \$1000 from the Whig Central Committee of New York.

From the workmen of Messrs. Hoe & Co's Press Manufactory, \$400.

From the Watchmakers \$533.

From Stewart's clerks \$203 in gold dollars.

Mr. Webster, in his communication to the House, respecting Mr. Thrasher, says that as he had domiciled himself in Cuba, he was therefore a Spanish citizen. He examines the whole question of law and fact, from the treaty of 1755 to the sending of Mr. Thrasher to Spain.

Hon. Henry Clay's letter, resigning his seat in the U. S. Senate, was read in the Kentucky Legislature on Tuesday, when they passed a resolution to elect a Senator on Tuesday next.

The Senate have appointed Messrs. Foote, Shields and Seward as a committee to receive Kossuth.

For the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 3, 10, 16, is for articles well used.
3, 2, 9, 5, 11, is the place to which we go.
12, 3, 4, 10, 6, is not a desirable feeling.
7, 12, 1, is often seen and heard.
13, 12, 1, is something you'd better keep clear of.

My whole is something pretty, something I like, and something I'd like to see again in poetry.

READER.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Woburn Mechanic Phalanx Assemblies.

The Second Assembly of the Course will be given at 8 O'Clock on MONDAY Evening, Dec. 23rd.

Committee of Arrangements.

W. T. GRAMMER, JOHN FLANDER, SUMNER YOUNG, STEPHEN JONES, JR., TIMOTHY WINS, CHARLES S. CONVERSE.

Dancing to commence at 7 o'clock. Music—SMITH'S SALEMAN BAND.

Woburn Lycœum.

The 7th Lecture before the Lycœum will be given on TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 30th, at the Vestry of the Rev. Mr. Edwards's Church, by Hon. C. W. PHIPPS.

Lecture commences at 7 o'clock.

As the subject of the Lecture will be an Educational one, all persons interested in common schools are invited to attend without charge.

J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, J. EDWARDS, C. M. CHAPNEY, COMMITTEE.

Dancing to commence at 7 o'clock. Music—SMITH'S SALEMAN BAND.

Notice.

The citizens of Woburn favorable to Liberal Teaching, are requested to meet at the Vestry of the UNITARIAN CHURCH, this (Saturday) EVENING, Dec. 27th, at 7 o'clock. For order of the St. John's Church, Woburn, Dec. 27, 1851.

Deaths.

In this town, Dec. 19th, Mr. James F. Barret, aged 45 years and 3 in the latter.

22d inst, Mr. Sparrow Horton, 59 years and 3 months.

PICKEREL BAIT.

THE best of Pickered Bait, for sale in any quantity under six or eight thousand, by J. A. PARKER, Woburn, dec. 6.

POTATOES! POTATOES!

JUST received from Potato Island, 500 bushels of POTATOES, for sale cheap for cash. Also, a lot of superior Scotch BUTTER, directly from Vermont. J. S. ELLIS & CO., Woburn, dec. 23.

NOTICE TO WOOD CUTTERS.

THEO. LADD has for sale Woburn's Wood Cutting Association, the very best working axes to be had in the State. Also, Every one is warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Also, Miles White and White & Olin's Wood Cutting Association, with a good assortment of Oak and Walnut wood. dec. 23.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

MAY be had by purchasing an OVER COAT at J. W. HAMMOND'S, No. 1 & 2 Wade's Buildings, Woburn, dec. 23.

ALMANACS FOR 1852.

FARMER'S, Christian Family, and Comic Almanacs, for sale at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

COTTON FLANNELS, bleached and unbleached, at C. FLAGG'S Dry Goods store, nov 8.

SHOE BILLS, in large or small quantities, for sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

THEODORE LADD, DEALER IN HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.

Building Materials, Carpenters' Tools.

STOVES, FUNNEL, TIN WARE, &c., KEENE'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN. Particular attention paid to Tin Roofing. dec. 23.

WOBURN AND BOSTON RAILROAD EXPRESS.

The subscribers continue to attend to the EXPRESS business in all its branches, between Woburn and Boston. Orders received at No. 10 Court Square, Boston, and at the Depot in Woburn. W. E. YOUNG, C. S. CONVERSE.

ALBERT THOMPSON, DEPUTY SHERIFF.

Residence, Woburn Centre. All communications will receive prompt attention. oct 18.

WILLIAM WINN, JR., LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

BURLINGTON, MASS. Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. oct 18.

T. J. PORTER, Woburn & Boston Express.

Offices in Boston, No. 16 State street, and 46 North Market street. Office in Woburn, at Woodbury's Store. Orders for freight, packages, &c., promptly attended to. nov 1.

TREMAN, ELEANOR & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

FOSTER'S WAREHOUSE, BOSTON. Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold. Orders left at Fowler's Bookstore, Woburn, will receive attention. nov 15.

TAYLOR & SANDERSON, WINCHESTER & BOSTON EXPRESS.

Offices in Boston, No. 27 South Market street, and Railroad Exchange, Court Square. In Winchester, at Taylor & Sanderson's store.

T. & S. also keep on hand a large stock of the best WEST INDIA GOODS and GROCERIES, which they will sell very cheap at their store as above. oct 18.

COLE & ORDWAY, PAINTERS AND GLAZIERS.

Paper Hanging, Watercoloring and Coloring done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Staining. Stables and Blinds, of every description, furnished. Paints, Oils and Glass, of the best quality.

Shop first building South of the Branch Railroad depot. nov 1.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

BENJ. P. WYER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.

Also, a complete assortment of Boot and Shoe Kit, and Findings. WADE'S BUILDINGS, WOBURN.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

THE subscriber has just received a fresh assortment of Goods for the coming Holidays, consisting of

Annals, Bibles, Histories, JUVENILE BOOKS, OF ALL KINDS, SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS.

Also, a great variety of Toys, Games & Fancy Articles, all of which will be sold at the lowest prices.

dec 23 G. W. FOWLE.

POND'S IMPROVED UNION RANGE. 1850.

THE subscribers having had in use for several months a new improvement in their COOKING RANGE, which they have thoroughly tested, are prepared to offer them to the trade, and at them for the use of families, boarding houses, hotels, &c.

They are equally well suited for wood and coal, and are made of six different sizes, adapting them for both large and small establishments. The principal improvements we have made in this Range are, the placing of the oven on either side of the fire at pleasure, rendering it perfectly accessible without being obliged to reach over the fire when baking, and in bringing the boiler in immediate contact with the fire, so that they all boil readily. The oven is large and roomy, and the fire is so arranged about it, that we can warrant it to bake with great perfection. Other improvements have been made, rendering it perfectly simple in operation, (there being but one damper), and one of the most durable and economical Ranges ever made.

HOT AIR FIXTURES, for warming additional rooms, are attached when desired; also WATER BACKS and RATH BOILERS, of the approved construction. The above, with other approved patterns of Ranges, are prepared to put up, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Also, FURNACES, for heating houses, and PARLOR GRATES, of the best manufacture and finish, in great variety of patterns. MIRROR MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES, of beautiful design, with a full assortment of Stoves, Tin and Copper Ware, &c. &c., we offer for sale at our Store, Range and Furnace Factory, Nos. 28 and 29 Merchants' Row, Boston, at wholesale and retail, at the lowest market prices.

Their Ranges are made by quite a number of families in the city, and are of the most beautiful and durable construction. They would refer to the house just erected by Mr. J. A. Fowler, corner of Warren and Sumner streets, Academy Hill, Woburn.

Personal attention given to setting Ranges and Furnaces. MOSES POND & CO.

ALFRED A. CHILDS, 10 TREMONT ROW, OPPOSITE MUSEUM, BOSTON.

Mantle, Pier and Oval LOOKING-GLASS MANUFACTORY.

HOUSE AND SHIP ORNAMENTS, of antique and unique patterns and styles, furnished from his Manufactory at short notice.

Portrait and Picture Frames Ready Made.

HAS A FINE GALLERY OF OIL PAINTINGS, ON SALE.

OLD FRAMES RE-GILT AND VARNISHED.

Oil Paintings and Prints Restored.

B. F. BURGESS & CO., 303 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

Manufacturers of Hair Work, Wig Makers, &c.

BURGESS'S CREAM NUTRITIVE.

THIS article possesses four very essential qualities for the preservation and restoration of the human hair, viz:—Cleaning, Healing, Softening and Nourishing. It is a very high degree, so that it is a remedy for GRAY HAIRS or FALLING OUT, if applied in season. The proprietor has sold this LINIMENT or OINTMENT for the last two years, to the entire satisfaction of those who have used it. In using it, it should be rubbed into the roots of the hair, by the balls of the fingers, twice a week. None genuine unless bearing the signature of the proprietor. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the proprietor, at 18.

TEAR, TAILOR, KNIGHT'S BUILDING, WOBURN.

As a great variety of Broadcloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, of every shade and quality, for Fall and Winter Trade, which he will make into garments, for cash, at prices that will suit the most economical. Constantly on hand a large and extensive assortment of Satinets, Collars and Bosoms.

READY MADE CLOTHING, of every description.

All those that may be in want of garments, such as have become out of the season, and are not disposed to exchange, as he feels confident that his styles and prices will be satisfactory to all. Garments cut in any style, and warranted to fit.

P. TEAR, dec 18.

